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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8 at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., &c. 4to., 1847.

THIS volume is very unlike the majority of those records of Astronomical Observations which form an annually increasing load upon the quarto shelves of our scientific libraries. These may be, and for the most part are, of the greatest value, as containing the data upon which the future progress of one large department of astronomy is to be founded, but Sir John Herschel's work is a record of that Progress itself.

Practical astronomy is naturally divided into two branches:—1st, that which depends mainly or solely upon the perfection of the Telescope as an instrument of research—in which the highest resources of optical art are expended in the examination of the heavenly bodies considered singly, or in such small groups as may be discerned at one time in the field of a telescope;—2nd, that which depends more directly upon our power of measuring and subdividing time and space, whereby the relative places of the heavenly bodies are determined, the laws of their motions and the forms of their orbits: the divided circle and the clock are the characteristic implements of this branch of astronomy; telescopes of enormous power are, generally speaking, inapplicable to it. Now the bulk of the publications issuing from our national observatories belong to the latter class of inquiries; whilst the former has, with some exceptions, been left chiefly in the hands of amateurs, or at least of private individuals. The labours of Sir William Herschel, to which his son has in the present and in former works so largely added, belong in a peculiar manner to the first class. The telescope is almost the sole apparatus: fine telescopes, and the much rarer qualification of using them to the best advantage, are the requisites for success.

It will readily be apprehended that telescopic astronomy, and the records of telescopic observations, are of far more general interest than the reading of altitude and azimuth circles, the

counting of pendulum beats, and the determination of a few seconds of error in the tabular places of a planet. And though, as we shall see, there is a vast amount of numerical work in Sir John Herschel's pages, yet the results are so numerous and varied, so striking by reason of their novelty, and so picturesque in their details, that they are fitted to interest every one who is even moderately acquainted with the general facts of astronomy, and render the work eminently *readable*, which is precisely what (it may be stated without any disparagement to our regular observatory publications) the others are *not*. The difference may be illustrated by two descriptions of a distant country which we can never hope to visit. The one is a statistical report of its extent and resources, the number of acres of arable, pasture, or wood, the latitude and longitude of its cities, the altitude of mountains, the number of inhabitants, and the sum of revenue. The other is a graphic description of its natural features and political condition; the road-book of a traveller who has explored its recesses with the eye of a naturalist and a painter, whose sketches live in our remembrance, and by an appeal to universal associations, enable us to realize scenes and manners which we shall never see for ourselves, but which we learn to compare with what has been all our life long familiar. Thus does the astronomy of the telescope lead us to understand in some degree the economy of other systems; it brings to its aid every branch of physical science in order to obtain results regarding the nature and changes of distant worlds, and to enable us to interpret these results aright by the analogies of our own.

The title-page of Sir John Herschel's book explains its nature and importance: it records 'the completion of a telescopic survey of the *whole surface of the visible heavens*, commenced in 1825.' The grave had not closed for three years over his illustrious Father, when the Son proceeded to carry out and complete, by rare sacrifices, the course of observation in which for half a century Sir William had no rival; and by extending the survey to the southern hemisphere, he rendered compact and comparable one of the most elaborate inquiries of nature which two men ever attempted.

Sir John Herschel's position and attainments fitted him admirably for so great a work, and justly entitle him to the unenvied position which he now holds amongst the cultivators of exact science. Bearing a name honoured and revered by all, his career at Cambridge reflected upon it fresh lustre; the variety and extent of his acquirements gave him a reputation amongst his college contemporaries, afterwards fully confirmed by the not more impartial voice of mankind at large. Since that time he  
has

has been indefatigable as an author. First, in the systematizing of the higher mathematics, and in forwarding their study in his own university; — afterwards by treatises contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on Sound, Light, and Physical Astronomy, which still rank amongst the clearest, completest, and most philosophical in our own or in any other language. About the same time he wrote experimental essays on different branches of chemistry and optics in several Journals, and commenced his purely astronomical investigations, chiefly on nebulae and double stars, partly in conjunction with Sir James South, of which the details are given in different volumes of the *Astronomical* and of the *Royal Society's Transactions*. These memoirs collectively include a complete revision of the objects of the same description catalogued and classified by Sir William Herschel. But amidst these serious and systematic employments he found time for writing two admirable elementary works in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, one on Astronomy, the other on the Study of Natural Philosophy. They unite elegant and perspicuous language with logical order, great simplicity, and most apt illustrations, and have contributed in no small degree to the extended and popular reputation of their author.

But when the re-examination of the stellar heavens, on the plan adopted by his father, was complete, it yet remained that that part of the sky invisible in Britain should be subjected to a similar critical examination, and the result handed down to posterity, so that changes may be recorded, and their causes investigated. The *full* value of the works of the Herschels will only become known when centuries shall have rolled on, and when all our present writings about *terrestrial* physics shall be consulted merely as historical curiosities long superseded by the advance of knowledge. To finish so great a monument to his own, but more especially to his father's, fame, Sir John did not hesitate to quit in 1833 his home, endeared by many recollections, and undertake a voyage to another hemisphere, accompanied by his lady and a numerous family of young children, and embarrassed with unwieldy and fragile apparatus. But before a determination like his difficulties melted away. Having disembarked his instruments at Cape Town without accident, and placed them temporarily in one of the government storehouses, his next care was to look out for a residence in a locality suitable for their erection. This he was fortunate enough to find at the seat of a Dutch proprietor, Mr. Schonnberg, bearing the name of Feldhuysen, or Feldhausen, which he describes as—

‘about six miles from Cape Town, charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of Table Mountain, on its eastern side, well  
B 2
sheltered

sheltered from dust, and as far as possible from wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber; far enough removed from the mountain to be for the most part out of the reach of the clouds which form so copiously over and around its summit, yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the south-east winds, which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months, but which seldom *blow home* to the rock on this side, being, as it were, gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air imprisoned at the root of the precipice, and so gliding up <sup>an</sup> inclined plane to the summit on the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs towards Cape Town, which they fill with dust and uproar, especially during the night.—*Introd.* p. vii.

During four entire years\* (no inconsiderable portion of the *best* of man's life) Sir John Herschel devoted his nights to observation, his days to calculation and manual labour, all directed to the fulfilment of his arduous enterprise. During this time, too, he managed to keep up an extensive correspondence with men of science at home, and to exert himself energetically for the moral and intellectual improvement of the colony with which he had been thus incidentally associated. Not the least remarkable part of this expedition was that it was defrayed out of his private fortune, notwithstanding liberal offers which he received of pecuniary aid from the late Duke of Northumberland, which he thought it inconsistent with the entire independence of his plans to accept; he even declined, as was understood, the use of a government vessel to convey him to his destination. Opinions will differ as to whether he might not, without any compromise of liberty of research, have availed himself of offers most creditable to those who made them; but the reason of his refusal, and also of his afterwards availing himself of the generous proposal of the nobleman above named, to defray the expense of publishing the results, is best stated in his own words at a public dinner given to him after his return. He then said—

‘Much assistance was proffered to me from many quarters, both of instruments, and others of a more general nature—offers in the highest degree honourable to all parties, and I should be sorry to have it thought that, in declining them, I was the less grateful for them. I felt that if they were accepted, they would compel me to extend my plan of operations and make a larger campaign, and that in fact it would compel me to go in some degree aside from my original plan. But that campaign being ended, the harvest gathered in, and the mass of facts accumulated, I felt that the same objections did not apply to

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\* The ‘sweeps’ or nocturnal telescopic surveys of the heavens (381 in number) commenced on the 5th of March, 1834, and terminated 22nd of January, 1838.

the publication of its results; and I therefore refer with pride and pleasure to the prospect of being enabled by the princely munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, to place those results before the public in a manner every way more satisfactory, and without becoming a burden, as they otherwise must have been a very severe one, on the funds of our scientific institutions.'—*Athenæum*, 1838, p. 425.

The generous offer thus accepted was peculiarly well-timed. The labour of extricating laws from masses of facts, great though it be, is a labour of love to the man of science: but the labour and anxiety of publication is not usually so; and is commonly attended with difficulties which, in the case of the abstruser sciences, would be insuperable to most private individuals, but for the existence of those *societies* alluded to by Sir J. Herschel, which with all their many faults of omission and commission must ever enjoy the credit of having brought to light, or assisted in doing so, the immortal labours of many a patient student, and even the Principia of Newton. But the common mode of publication by detached memoirs, buried in a mass of heterogeneous learning, accessible only by a research through piles of quartos, is after all but an imperfect publication. It is quite impossible to expect that any man's works, even the most celebrated, shall be fully appreciated when they can only be read or seen piecemeal, and by very many persons not at all. He who wishes to do a service to the reputation of an eminent man, living or dead, cannot do better than collect his writings in simple chronological sequence, and hand them down to posterity without note or comment. Such a specimen of fraternal piety has been shown by Dr. Davy in his collection of his brother's immortal writings: such Dr. Faraday has in part done for himself; such a high-spirited Peer has enabled Sir John Herschel to do, in the completest and fittest manner, in the publication before us—and such the scientific world hopes that Sir John himself will soon undertake with respect to the multifarious and important writings of his father, scattered over not less than *thirty-seven* volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, and consequently, though often talked of, in reality hardly known except by meagre and superficial abstracts. From the late noble Chancellor of Cambridge, therefore, Sir J. Herschel received a benefit which will contribute in no slight degree to the extension and perpetuation of his fame. The whole execution of the work is worthy of the subject, the author, and the patron.

The eight years following Sir John Herschel's return to England were mainly spent in preparing the materials of this volume. Nor will the time appear at all excessive when we consider,

consider, *first*, the vast mass of rough observations accumulated during four years of incessant work; *secondly*, that ~~the~~ reductions were all performed by the author's own hand; *thirdly*, that everything is worked out in the most complete and systematic manner, so as to afford in fact a model of this sort of analysis. To this may be added that during the preparation of the work Sir John Herschel generously gave up much time to matters of general scientific interest, or for the sake of his friends. Amongst many which might be mentioned, the arrangements of the Government Magnetic Observatories occupied much of his attention,\* and within a comparatively short time he wrote two most excellent and detailed biographies of his astronomical friends, Baily and Bessel. We may, and must, lament, indeed, that time so valuable to science should have been largely spent upon the most mechanical arithmetical computations connected with the reductions of places of double stars and nebulae. The author no doubt laments it as much as we do, and informs us (p. 5) that he found himself at last unequal to the intended task of going through the whole of these reductions twice;† but it appears that he has always found a difficulty, or felt a scruple, in employing an assistant for such operations; which we regret, because we have little doubt that a mere plodding arithmetician would have done the work with as few, if not fewer, mistakes; and *years* might have been added to Sir John Herschel's term of vigorous exertion in the cause of science. The same objection does not, however, apply to the mechanical facility which he happily possesses (in common with his father) of fashioning his own tools and polishing the specula of his telescopes with his own hands. Such dexterity, and such mechanical habits, are of the highest value in themselves to the practical philosopher. They afford a seasonable variety of occupation conducive to mental and bodily health; as he is to employ the instruments, he can scrutinize their defects, and endeavour to remedy them in a way that a person not himself a mechanic might never think of. The very manipulation of such a kind as figuring reflectors will suggest to the ardent and anxious mind of the philosopher, who must devote many hours to it, improvements which might not theoretically occur to *him*, and which would *never* occur to an ordinary artisan. But the grand advantage of all is the absolute independence of external assistance and of skilled workmen which it gives:—

\* Amongst other efforts to engage public sympathy on behalf of the magnetic cause, Sir J. H. wrote a comprehensive article on the subject in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxi. p. 271.

† In one of his former papers Sir John Herschel, speaking of numerical calculations, says, 'for which I find in myself a great inaptitude.' (*Astr. Soc. Memoirs*, vol. v. p. 221.) It is sad to think of the tear and wear of so accomplished a mind exerted in the mere arithmetic of the volume before us.

‘The operation of repolishing was performed whenever needed, the whole of the requisite apparatus being brought for the purpose. It was very much more frequently required than in England; and it may be regarded as fortunate that I did not, as at first proposed (relying on the possession of three perfect metals), leave the apparatus in question behind. Being apprehensive that in a climate so much warmer, difficulties would arise in hitting the proper temper of the polishing material, slight imperfections of surface, induced by exposure, were for a while tolerated; but confidence in this respect once restored, and practice continually improving, I soon became fastidious, and on the detection of the slightest dimness on any part of the surface, the metal was at once remanded to the polisher.’—*Introd.* p. x.

The 20 feet Newtonian, on Sir W. Herschel’s construction, with specula of  $18\frac{1}{4}$  inches clear aperture (of which three were provided), was the sheet anchor of the campaign at the Cape. But along with it he carried a 7 feet achromatic by Tulley, with 5 inches aperture—a telescope which had served specially for the measurement of double stars in England, and of the performance of which Sir John gives in his papers in the *Astronomical Memoirs* a most flattering account, stating even that its performance appeared to improve with each fresh addition of power applied to it.

We shall now give a short analysis of the contents of the volume before us, which is a handsome quarto of 452 *well-filled* pages, illustrated by 17 plates.

The First Chapter is on the NEBULÆ of the Southern Hemisphere. To enter into any detail on this subject would be to discuss a general question of astronomy which could receive no justice within our limits, and a great deal of which is as much connected with other writings of Sir John Herschel and with his father’s as with the work before us. We have again the highly condensed, almost algebraical language, by which the characters and general effect of nebulae have been so graphically described by the father and the son. Many, which are visible both at the Cape and in Europe, are here re-observed; the remainder are either new or ‘have been identified with more or less certainty with objects observed by Mr. Dunlop and described in his Catalogue of Nebulae.’ These are 206 in number. ‘The rest of the 629 objects comprised in that catalogue,’ adds Sir John, ‘have escaped my observation; and I am not conscious of any such negligence in the act of sweeping as could give rise to such a defalcation; but, on the contrary, by entering them on my working lists (*at least until the general inutility of doing so, and loss of valuable time in fruitless search thereby caused, became apparent*) took the usual precautions to ensure their discovery.’

Here is a sad tale and warning: for errors like Mr. Dunlop’s  
not



not only deprive the more conscientious labours of their author of almost all their value, but they inflict a grave and positive injury upon the science which they pretend to promote. If men like Herschel are to spend the best years of their lives in recording for the benefit of a remote posterity the actual state of the heavens, in order that their changes may be examined and pronounced upon, what a galling discovery to find amongst their own contemporaries men who, without any wish to *invent* (we do not mean to charge Mr. Dunlop with that), but merely from carelessness and culpable apathy hand down to posterity *a mass of errors*, bearing all the external semblance of truth;—a quintessence of error so refined, that *four hundred* objects out of *six hundred* could not be identified in any manner, after only eight years, by the first observer of the day, and with a telescope seven times more powerful than that stated to have been used! We can add nothing to an exposure so humiliating.

Sir John's chapter on Nebulæ contains several distinct sections. It would have added to convenience of reference, as well as given a more just idea of the variety and quantity of matter in the volume, had the *Table of Contents* of the volume been more full.\* There is, in the first place, a catalogue of nebular and clusters of stars—1708 in number—chiefly in the southern hemisphere, which forms a sequel to the similar catalogue, by the same author, of 2307 objects of the same kind visible in England, and published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1833. There is complete symmetry in the mode of description and registration. The descriptions (in abbreviated terms) have reference to Brightness, Size, Form; relation to neighbouring Stars; and more particularly to the degree of Condensation of the seeming nebulous matter—a point of much delicacy and difficulty of description, but of capital importance with reference to Sir William Herschel's theory of *progressive* condensation of rare into dense nebulæ, and finally into planetary nebulæ, nebulous stars, or even clusters of stars. Here is a pretty classification of qualities in these respects (p. 140):—

Great	Lucid	Circular	Stellate	Discrete
Large	Bright	Round	Nuclear	Resolvable
Middle-sized	Faint	Oval	Concentrate	Granulated
Small	Dim	Elongate	Graduating	Mottled
Minute	Obscure	Linear	Discoid	Milky

The following is a specimen of the contracted description of a nebula:—

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\* The absence of an Index is also a real defect; and the Figures of Nebulæ, &c., in the plates would have had an increased value had their symbols or numbers of reference been engraved alongside of them.

‘(No. 2422). v B; L; v m E; p s p m b M; has a \* 10 m; n f.’

which, being translated, means—

‘Very bright; large; very much elongated; pretty suddenly pretty much brighter in the middle; has a star of the tenth magnitude, north following.’

Now this (which we select by chance) proves to be No. 139 of Sir John’s Northern Catalogue. Turning it up, we find this description of the same object:—

‘Very faint; round; a little brighter in the middle; 20" in diameter.’

The descriptions seem diametrically opposed. Such is the effect of difference of climate at Slough and Feldhausen. But if this be the case—if this be the effect of atmospheric influence (and such Sir John warns us, page 3, that it is) upon observations of the same object by the same telescope and, within a few years, by the same eye, can we hope to perpetuate descriptions which shall enable posterity to decide upon *real* changes of physical constitution?

Sir John gives more particular descriptions of some more remarkable objects. In general we may observe that his figures show less tendency to striking symmetry of form than some of those in his former catalogue; and it is now not denied that that symmetry was in some cases the involuntary deduction arising from a previous impression in favour of symmetric forms (as in the dumb-bell nebula and the well-known No. 51 of Messier’s catalogue). But the most interesting observations are upon the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, the star  $\eta$  Argûs, and the Magellanic clouds. Of the former, Sir John gives, in Plate VIII., an exquisite representation, which in all probability will be admitted by astronomers generally to be the most *careful* delineation of a celestial object ever transferred to copper. There are, perhaps, not ten persons alive in a position to judge of its minute accuracy; but this it will occur to no one to doubt who has read the present chapter and the paper on this nebula in the ‘Astronomical Memoirs’ of 1824 by the same author. The total want of symmetry of the whole; the sometimes sudden, sometimes infinitely graduated shading off of the misty light, resembling slightly the exquisite shading of a snowy surface tossed into fantastic forms by eddies of wind, rising here and there into seeming ridges, elsewhere into gently swelling domes, or depressed into troughs and basins with cusped boundaries; sometimes apparently representing flats of extensive uniformity, or again mottled in an indescribable manner, as with the touch of the miniature-painter’s brush—these varieties are well brought out in this magnificent engraving.

If we compare it with Sir J. Herschel's older one in the 'Astronomical Memoirs,' we find such a marked difference in the general character of the two that, though it is easy to see that they are representations of the same object, it appears to throw doubt (as we have already noticed) on the possibility of determining with sufficient exactness the features of such complex and ill-defined objects at one time, to give confidence to our belief of real changes at a future and distant one. Sir J. Herschel gives a hesitating expression of opinion that some of the diversities of the two drawings may be due to a nebular variation in thirteen years (p. 31); but such a conclusion would require strong evidence to support it.

Of  $\eta$  Argûs, Sir J. Herschel observes:—

'There is, perhaps, no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*), constitute the Milky-way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo. In all this region the stars of the Milky-way are well separated, and, except within the limits of the nebula, on a perfectly dark ground, and on an average, of larger magnitude than in most other regions. . . . In two hours, during which the area of the heavens swept over consisted of 47.03 square degrees, the amazing number of 147,500 stars must have passed under review. In the midst of this vast stratum of stars occurs the bright star of  $\eta$  Argûs, an object in itself of no ordinary interest, on account of the singular changes its lustre has undergone within the period of authentic astronomy.'—p. 33.

Sir John then goes on to state that by Halley (in 1677)  $\eta$  Argûs was marked as of the fourth magnitude; in Lacaille's and later catalogues it is denoted by the second; and as observed by himself, from 1834 to 1837, was counted as a large star of the second, or small one of the first magnitude. 'It was on the 16th of December, 1837,' he adds, 'that my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude.' This was his old acquaintance  $\eta$  Argûs. 'Its light was, however, *nearly tripled*.' About the 2nd of January, 1838, its light was judged to be a maximum, and all but equal to that of the very bright star  $\alpha$  Centauri; but it had manifestly fallen below that on the 20th of the same month. At the conclusion of Sir John's personal observations, in April, 1838, it had 'so far faded as to bear comparison with Aldebaran, though still somewhat brighter than that star.'

'Beyond this date I am unable to speak of its further changes from personal observation. It appears, however, since that period to have made another and still greater step in advance, and to have surpassed  
Canopus,

Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre, the former of which stars I estimate at double, the latter at more than quadruple of  $\alpha$  Centauri, so that Jupiter and Venus may possibly have a rival amongst the fixed stars in Argo, as they have on recorded occasions had in Cassiopeia, Serpentarius, and Aquila.'—p. 34.

The causes of fluctuations so great in the brightness of an object at so vast a distance are amongst the most difficult even to guess at, and the watching of these changes must be a matter of great interest to future astronomers, whilst it is yet a nearly untouched inquiry, but of which the basis is laid in the work before us.

Of the nebula adjacent to  $\eta$  Argus we have not space to say much. Sir J. Herschel has given a large engraved representation of it, mapping the included stars—a labour of no small amount:—

'To say that I have spent several months in the delineation of the nebula, the micrometrical measurement of the co-ordinates of the skeleton stars, the filling in, mapping down, and reading off of the skeletons when prepared, the subsequent reduction and digestion into a catalogue of the stars so determined, and the execution, final revision and correction of the drawing and engraving, would, I am sure, be no exaggeration.'

The tables of places of no less than 1216 stars belonging to the group of  $\eta$  Argus testify to the truth of this statement; and the similar tables for the two nubeculæ, or Magellanic clouds, serve to give us the highest idea of the indomitable patience of Sir J. Herschel as an observer. There are two sections attached to this chapter—one on the *Law of Distribution of Nebule and Clusters of Stars over the Surface of the Heavens*, the other on the *Classification of Nebulæ*, which present some interesting general remarks:—

'The distribution of nebulæ is not, like that of the Milky-way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens; or, if such a zone can be traced out, it is with so many interruptions, and so faintly marked out through by far the greater part of its circumference, that its existence as such can be hardly more than suspected. One third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are included in a broad, irregular patch, occupying about one eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly (indeed almost entirely) situated in the northern hemisphere, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa Major, the nose of the Camelopard, and the point of the tail of Draco, Canes Venatici, Coma, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulder of Virgo. This, for distinction, I shall call the nebulous region of Virgo.'—p. 134.

The chapter concludes with a detailed description of the two Magellanic clouds, or nebulous regions, in which (with his accustomed perseverance) Sir J. Herschel has determined the positions

tions of a vast number of individual stars, which he has made subservient to the construction of a general chart of the greater cloud in Plate X. of his work.

The Second Chapter is devoted to the subject of DOUBLE STARS. The great interest of these observations is altogether *prospective*. Sir John has now done for the Southern Hemisphere what his father commenced in the Northern more than half a century before; that is to say, he determined the existence and marked the relative position of many *pairs* of stars, which might afterwards prove to be not merely *optically* double, or seen by the effect of perspective nearly in the same direction, but *physically* double, that is, really in each other's neighbourhood (relatively speaking); and in the circumstances of a planet and satellite, one circulating under the law of gravitation round the other, or, to speak more correctly, both circulating round their common centre of gravity. With only one or two exceptions (such as  $\alpha$  Crucis and  $\alpha$  Centauri), Sir J. Herschel found no previous observations of old date upon double stars not visible in Europe, which, combined with his own, might give a first approximation to the orbits and periods of this highly interesting class of bodies. The accurate Lacaille visited the Cape before such observations were attended to; and Mr. Dunlop's Paramatta Catalogue of 253 Double Stars (Mem. Astr. Society, vol. iii.) appears to be little more worthy of confidence than his Catalogue of Nebulæ. Even the few years which elapsed between the period of Mr. Dunlop's first observations and those of Sir J. Herschel would have sufficed to give a first approximation to the orbits of the faster moving of these twin-suns. But Dunlop, through negligence, indolence, or something worse, has *failed to be the elder Herschel of Antarctic Astronomy*. The discrepancies are so great and frequent, that we can have scarcely any confidence in those whose agreement with the recent observations is sufficient to allow us to suppose that they *might possibly be correct*. It must have been disheartening to Sir J. Herschel to put down such a judgment as this, 'A great many mistakes appear to have been committed in the catalogue alluded to (Dunlop's), either in the places, descriptions, or measures of the objects set down in it,' p. 167. Again, 'It is useless reasoning on such hypothetical data' (Dunlop's Angles of Position), p. 288.

Sir John has two catalogues of double stars. The first contains 2102 such objects, observed and placed by the 20-foot reflector, with the angles of position, and a *rough guess* of their distances. The second contains *accurate* measures of the distances of the more interesting objects, and also of their angles of position by means of the 7-foot achromatic. There are appended  
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some very interesting '*special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the foregoing catalogues.*' With the two exceptions already referred to, no double star *not visible in Europe* can be said to have its orbital motion even roughly ascertained by these observations. But there will be a great harvest to be reaped some 20 or 30 years hence, when the objects in the Herschel Catalogue shall be re-examined by some equally conscientious observer.

There is one discussion introduced here too interesting to be passed over—it is as to the orbit of  $\gamma$  Virginis, a double star on the confines of the two hemispheres, and therefore observable in either. This discussion (p. 291 *et seq.*) is a continuation of one by Sir J. Herschel in 1832, printed in the 5th vol. of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*, as an example of a new method of discovering the form and position of the orbits of double stars from observation. In that paper he deduced, by peculiar methods, the elements of the orbit from 19 observations, partly of position and partly of distance, since 1780; he included also two older observations by Bradley and Mayer, in 1718 and 1756, and the whole appeared to be quite sufficiently satisfied by supposing the one star to revolve round the other in 513 years, in an orbit having a major semi-axis (as seen from the earth) subtending  $11''.83$ . He also made (in 1832) this prediction: 'The latter end of the year 1833 or beginning of the year 1834 will witness one of the most striking phenomena which sidereal astronomy has yet afforded, viz., the perihelion passage of one star round another, with the immense angular velocity of between  $60^\circ$  and  $70^\circ$  per annum, that is to say, of a degree in five days.'\* This occurrence actually took place during Sir John's residence at the Cape, though not exactly at the predicted time, but rather towards the middle of 1836, for some time before and after which the appulse of the two stars was so close, that even in the 20-feet reflector, under the sky of the Cape, and by the eye of Herschel, they could not be divided.

The elements of 1832 did not, however, long satisfy the requirements of this quickly moving star. Next year Sir John modified them, increasing the period to 629 years and the major semi-axis to  $12''.09$ . The comparison of the new elements with the observation from 1718 to 1833 agreed, as he stated, 'so well throughout the whole series as to leave nothing to desire.'† What a lesson this to physical philosophers in drawing conclusions! So far from leaving nothing to desire, these elements, with the exception of the eccentricity, had little or no re-

\* *Mem. Astr. Society*, v. 194.

† *Mem. Astr. Soc.*, vi. p. 152.  
semblance

semblance to the true elements of the apparent orbit; and the revolving star, instead of having described only about *one-fifth* of its ellipse in 115 years during which it had been observed, had in reality completed *two-thirds* of its period, perhaps more. To understand how this could possibly happen, we must refer to the interesting diagram, p. 293 of the work before us, which shows the true ellipse nestled so snugly into one end of the former hypothetical orbit, intersecting it in four points, that they nearly coincide for a large portion of the smaller orbit, and precisely that portion described between 1718 and 1833; but a few years after the latter date the variation both of position and distance became totally irreconcilable with the old ellipse, and a new orbit was first computed by the German astronomer Mädler,\* which has its major axis almost at right angles with the former one, and an area 11 times smaller.

Sir J. Herschel, with his usual candour, does not attempt to gloss over the error into which he had fallen. The error was quite natural, and the remark he makes is most just, namely, that 'this is not the first by many instances in the history of scientific progress, where, of two possible courses, each at the moment equally plausible, the wrong has been chosen.'† Sir John's final result is an orbit described in 182 years, with a major semi-axis of only  $3''\cdot58$ . But other astronomers are of opinion that a period of about 143 years is the true one. Mädler and Henderson were of this opinion, which shows that some uncertainty still exists;—an uncertainty inherent in the problem, since both hypotheses satisfy the observations fairly, as may be seen by comparing Sir J. Herschel's Table of Calculated and Observed Places with Professor Henderson's in Captain Smyth's *Cycle of Celestial Objects*, vol. i. p. 486. A good deal depends on the choice of observations to be satisfied; those by different astronomers, and particularly by the elder Struve, appearing to have peculiar and constant sources of error.

But there is a circumstance purely geometrical which creates great ambiguity. The inclination of the plane of the real elliptic orbit (for, throughout, the conformity of the elliptic motion to the law of gravity is assumed) to the radius of vision or to the ideal concave surface of the celestial sphere, is absolutely unknown à

\* *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 363, for 1838, and No. 452, for 1842.

† Fontenelle, we think, adds that the least probable is commonly the true one. A curious and similar, but less justifiable, mistake occurs in Professor Playfair's estimate of the shortest time required by a heavy body to describe the slide of Alpnach, supposing it a cycloid, which he makes about a fourth part too small. But it is just to recollect contrary instances, when they do occur, showing that fate is not *always* adverse to the bold inquirer. Of this several circumstances in the recent discovery of Neptune offer striking instances.

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*priori*. But though an ellipse seen obliquely always appears as an ellipse, the position of the focus (the principal or central star) may be totally distorted by the effect of perspective; and as the law of the equable description of areas will also hold in the distorted ellipse, we are wholly destitute of a perception of incongruity, which would immediately flow from attempting to satisfy observations by an apparent ellipse whose focus should coincide with the position of the greater star.

Sir John Herschel's method of determining sidereal orbits (described in the 5th vol. of the *Astronomical Memoirs*) will undoubtedly be mainly judged of by the fact whether his orbit or that of Mädler and Henderson shall be found to be correct, which future observations must soon determine. Its principle is two-fold: *first*, to take mean results deduced by graphical interpolation, instead of single results of observation, for the basis of calculation; *secondly*, to reject all measures of distance between the stars for the determination of the elements, saving only the axis of the ellipse, and to effect this by the use of angles of position merely. The first principle, we can hardly doubt, will be ultimately assented to. Upon the second we are more doubtful, offering however our scruples with the deference due to so great an authority. It may be very true that angles of position are far more accurately obtained relatively to the speed with which they vary; but this is not enough. The relation of the corresponding distances (or *radii vectores*) must be in some way or other ascertained; and Sir J. Herschel deduces them from the well-known principle that by the equality of areas the radii vary inversely as the square roots of the *angular velocity*. But to obtain the *angular velocity*, we incur chances of error far greater than that of determining *angles of position* merely. Sir J. Herschel determines them by drawing tangents to an interpolating curve. We have had some experience of such interpolation, and we can affirm that when the points of observation are at all distant or irregular, the drawing of tangents is a process attended with the utmost hazard of error—in very many cases exceeding, we should think, the probable error arising from micrometric errors of distance.\* It is in fact determining a quantity of a lower order of magnitude than that obtained from observation, whereas the errors in the direct distance are at least of the same order as those of observation. When the observations of position are multiplied and close, some allowance may be made for the goodness of the method; but when the observations are 20 years apart (as in the present case for 1781, 1803, 1822), it seems to

\* Captain Smyth mentions that Sir J. Herschel has abandoned the method of tangents, and employs first and even *second* differences. (*Cycle*, vol. ii. p. 280, *note*.)

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us to leave far too much in the hands of the interpolator. And, indeed, this may be gathered from the fact that Sir J. Herschel's interpolations of the older observations, in his paper of 1832 and in the present work, lead to considerable differences in estimating the angular velocities, and, consequently, the *radii vectores*; differences which we believe will be found pretty much equivalent to the chances of error in the direct measurement of the latter. It is indeed plain from the present work that Sir John has had trouble with his micrometers, and that they are instruments still in point of accuracy very far below the requirements of astronomy; but the very Table which he gives, comparing the computed and observed distances (p. 299) satisfies us that the observations cannot be so very bad—the extreme difference (of those micrometrically measured) amounting to only *a quarter of a second*, and the average to less than half that quantity. It is fair to add, however, that some of these numbers are the mean of several distinct results.\*

The Third Chapter, which contains two sections, appears to us to be the most novel, curious, and ingenious, perhaps even the most practically important of the whole. It is upon *ASTROMETRY*, or the measurement of the relative brilliancy of different stars. Every one knows that the stars visible to the naked eye are divided into six classes or *magnitudes*, the first being the brightest and least numerous. It is also well known that such a subdivision has hitherto been wholly arbitrary, not even a standard star having been fixed upon as the representative of each class; and that it has also been most inaccurate, since many stars marked of the third and even of the fourth magnitude are found to be brighter than those of the second, and this in far too great a number of instances to allow us to suppose that such inversions of order are always or generally due to actual changes in the apparent lustre of the objects themselves.

That Sir John Herschel should have succeeded (and we are persuaded all competent judges will admit that he has done so) in classifying a great number of the more important stars in both hemispheres in the exact order of their brightness at the time his catalogue was made, and this (in the first instance) without the aid of any other instrument than his unassisted eye; that he should have been able to put a determinate value upon the

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\* In the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy (29th of November, 1847) we find an interesting research, by M. Otto Struve, of the orbit of the satellite of Neptune, an inquiry of exactly the same kind as that in the case of double stars; with this difference, however, that the orbit is described in the short space of less than *six days*. The greatest error of distance (compared with the hypothetical orbit) is about  $1''$  or  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the distance measured. The greatest error of position is  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . The method pursued for finding the orbit is not mentioned, but was probably Encke's or Mädler's.

vague definition of 'magnitude,' and *that* conformable to the average value which practical astronomers have chosen to give it; that he should have been able not only to assign the order of the intermediate stars, but to give numerical fractional values to the intensity of their light, and by the coincidence of independent results show that these numbers may be depended on in most cases to within *one-twentieth of the interval separating two 'magnitudes,'* is a result not only of the highest importance to astronomy by converting what is vague into what is definite, and by declaring to all generations the gradation of the brightness of stars in our day, but it is a splendid example of an *induction* in science; an admirable lesson to the student of natural philosophy, of that intellectual alchemy (known, alas! to how few) by which precious truth may be extracted from a seemingly hopeless mass of rubbish, like an ounce of silver from a ton of lead. We must attempt to give some account of these ingenious processes.

The first section is on 'Astrometry, or the Numerical Expression of the apparent Magnitude of the Stars, by *the method of Sequences.*' We shall introduce it in Sir J. Herschel's own words:—

'Without dissuading from the introduction of new, and the improvement of old instrumental contrivances (or *astrometers*) for this purpose . . . I am disposed to rely mainly for the formation of a real scale of magnitudes on comparisons made by the unassisted judgment of the naked eye. The method which I have followed for this purpose, and which, to distinguish it from others which have been or may hereafter be proposed, I shall term the method of Sequences, is in some sort an extension and carrying out of Sir William Herschel's method of naked-eye comparisons, described in his papers above mentioned, so modified and generalized as to afford a handle for educing from it a *numerical* scale of values of the magnitudes of the stars compared, which it was not capable of doing in its original form and as practised by him. In this method, stars visible at one time, and favourably, or rather *not unfavourably*, situated for comparison, are arranged in *sequences* by the mere judgment of the naked eye, and these sequences treated according to a certain peculiar and regular system (to be explained presently) are employed to obtain in one unbroken series a graduating scale of steps, from the brightest down to the faintest stars visible to the eye. Numerical values are then subsequently assigned, and as the scale in this case is entirely arbitrary, and no photometric relations but those of *more* and *less bright* are used, these numbers may be so assigned as to conform on a *general average* to any usage or nomenclature which may be fixed upon or taken as the general average of astronomers. Waiving all discussion of the greater or less propriety of the magnitudes assigned by this or that observer, I have thought it best on the whole to adopt as my standard of astrometrical nomenclature the catalogue of the Astronomical Society of 2881 stars,

published in 1827, being well aware that the magnitudes there assigned are those of different epochs and different observers (but all of eminence), and that in individual cases many and considerable errors exist. The mode in which I have eliminated these errors and secured a true coincidence between the results of my observations and the magnitudes of the catalogue in question *taken as a whole*, will be explained in due course, and will I believe be found to be quite free from objection.' —p. 305.

We have then a tabular view of the results of individual nights' observation, in which a larger or smaller number of stars are arranged *simply in the order in which they appear more or less bright*: these are the *Observed Sequences*. One of these lists is then taken and compared with the other lists in the following way:—any two or more stars common to two lists ought to be found in the same gradation of brightness. If the stars be temporarily denoted by the letters A, B, C, D, &c., in the *true* order of their brightness, this order ought never to be inverted in the sequences, but if it is so (through unfavourable circumstances or errors of observation) it will be restored by the *average* of all the comparisons of the given stars. In the case when a star C, for instance, has been noted an equal number of times *brighter*, and *less bright*, than D, then they will be provisionally assumed to be equal.

By compendious methods which we cannot stop to describe, the average result of all the direct comparisons of stars by two and two in a continued chain from the brightest to the least bright, is presented in one table called a *Normal Sequence*. This includes about 140 stars, from the brightest of the first down to the fifth full magnitude (p. 334), every individual of which is known, with all the certainty which belongs to direct ocular comparison, to be less bright than its predecessor on the scale, but more bright than its immediate successor. But this list is very far from including all the stars in the original sequences, for many or most stars will not happen to have been *directly* compared with the particular star which ought immediately to precede or to follow them in a perfectly graduated list. For example, let A, B, C, D, &c., now represent the unbroken chain or normal sequence. By this we understand that on one or more occasions C has been compared in the heavens with B, and seen to be less bright, and has also been compared with D, and been found brighter than it. But we may suppose another star *c*, which has been directly compared with B, and found less bright, but not having been compared with D, but only with E or F, and found brighter than them, its place will be uncertain, because we should not know whether to place it before or after D or E; and the compared

compared stars may be even more distant on the scale. Sir J. Herschel extricates himself from this difficulty with admirable address in the following way.

Having written the names of the stars in the unbroken or normal sequence, he adds to each its 'magnitude,' taken from Mr. Baily's catalogue of 2881 stars before mentioned. These are confessedly but rude, often inaccurate indications. We find, for instance, stars marked as of the *third* and *fifth* magnitudes occurring (in the true scale of brightness) intermediate between two of the *second*. This looks hopeless enough. Sir John, however, first 'equalizes' these magnitudes by ascribing to each star the mean of its own and of the two preceding and two following magnitudes in his list; and then projecting these equalized magnitudes on paper, he pares down the remaining ruggedness of the transitions from the one to the other by drawing a smooth curve amongst the points representing the 'equalized' tabular magnitudes of each. One awkwardness occurs in the notation; there are stars brighter than the average of the first magnitude, such as Sirius, Canopus, and  $\alpha$  Centauri. These are denoted by fractions less than unity, and as such fractions tend to no definite standard, they remain, as Sir J. Herschel observes, at present wholly arbitrary, having no pretension to photometrical accuracy; thus Sirius has its magnitude denoted by 0.1.

The next step, which is to include stars not directly compared with their nearest rivals in splendour, is very easily conceived, for we can generally find in the corrected sequence\* to which they belong a star brighter and one less bright, which have had numerical values assigned to them by the process last described. *The mean of these values is to be regarded provisionally as that of the interpolated star.*

\* Take, for example,  $\beta$  Ceti; this star, in the *corrected* sequence No. 21, is found between  $\delta$  Argûs (2.55†) and  $\kappa$  Orionis (2.68), being the only star in that sequence intermediate between them. The arithmetical mean between these values is 2.61. Again, in the *corrected* sequence No. 28, I find interposed between  $\alpha$  Arietis (2.48) and  $\beta$  Hydræ (3.23) three stars,  $\beta$  Ceti,  $\varphi$  Phœnicis, and  $\alpha$  Ceti, from which, supposing these arithmetical means equidistant from each other and the two extremes, we find the value 2.67. And again, in the corrected sequence No. 30, I find  $\beta$  Ceti singly interposed between  $\beta$  [ $\alpha$ ?] Arietis (2.48) and  $\kappa$  Orionis (2.68), which affords a third value of 2.58 for the numerical expression of its magnitude on this scale. The mean of these three determinations, 2.62, may

\* *Corrected sequences* are formed from the observed sequences, when by mutual comparison they have been freed from conflicting errors. The *normal sequence* is constructed from the corrected sequences.

† The magnitude of  $\delta$  Argûs in the normal sequence.

be regarded as the magnitude (*on this scale*) within very moderate probable limits of error.'—p. 336.

What has now been stated explains so fully the scope of the method employed by Sir J. Herschel, that we spare our readers the detail of a final interpolation and additional rounding off of individual errors by a graphical process which completes the discussion; its success may be best judged of by its results. The following are the final estimates of 'magnitude' of two stars selected almost at random from amongst those pretty frequently observed: the numbers in question are derived from independent observed sequences on different nights.

$\alpha$ Lupi.	$\gamma$ Virginæ.
2·80	3·05
2·80	3·08
2·80	2·95
2·81	3·11
2·81	3·45
2·83	3·00
2·83	2·93
2·84	3·17
2·83	2·97
Mean 2·82	Mean 3·08

No less than 451 stars have their relative brightness thus determined, and Sir John gives us the welcome information that he is still occupied in applying his admirable system to the stars of the northern hemisphere.\* Of course the highest use of such a catalogue is to detect in future ages conspicuous changes in the brightness of the stars; but in the mean while, during the very time of its formation the author has been led to more than suspect evident changes in some of the objects which he examined even within that short period. The important case of  $\eta$  Argûs has been already mentioned;  $\alpha$  Hydræ and  $\beta$  Ursæ Minoris appear to have changed their magnitudes within short intervals of time. Sir John seems to regard it as probable that *some* change of brightness is the common character of suns; and—pursuing a happy suggestion of his father's (Phil. Trans 1796, p. 186, quoted in the work before us, p. 351), that certain changes in our own globe may have been due to the variable radiant energy of our own sun—he thus applies it:—

'The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one period to have clothed high northern latitudes with

\* We observe, however, that in the Appendix he gives some comparisons for southern and northern stars, and indicates that he has abandoned the inquiry for the present.

a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation, at another to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distribution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which in the immensity of time past may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun by its own proper motion may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of *their* radiation.—p. 351.

The other section of the chapter on the Light of the Stars is devoted to the account of an attempt to compare *photometrically* the stars with one another, that is, to discover the actual proportions of the quantities of light which they send to the eye.

This is altogether a more ambitious and difficult research than the last. If it has not been attended with the same success, we are not certainly disposed to find fault with the ingenious and patient experimenter, but rather to express our unqualified admiration at the address with which, from *rough* results apparently so hopelessly inconsistent as those which he at first obtained by the use of his instrument, he has constructed a coherent tissue of co-ordinated facts, not always even, or devoid of rents and patches, but still forming on the whole a very serviceable fabric. The student will be delighted by the quickness with which he catches at the expression of the laws which his results (after a good deal of manipulation) are compelled to yield—at the happy foresight with which he knows how, by neglecting what is discrepant in different series, to seize firm possession of what they have in common, to express it by a beautiful and simple empirical formula, and to compel even the accidents of the numerical quantities which enter into it, to aid him in the concise perspicuity of expression with which he unfolds his results.

All this, to be rightly understood and enjoyed, must be studied in the original; we will merely glance at the method and the results.

The light of the moon is taken as the standard of comparison. Her rays are deviated by total reflection in a prism until their direction nearly coincides with that of the star to be observed. The reflected light is condensed by a lens of short focus, so as to form a small radiant image of the moon, which is viewed by the eye at different distances until it appears nearly similar in brightness to the star. The distance is then measured. As the square of that distance, so is the light of the star. The state of more or less *fulness* of the moon is allowed for by calculation; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the comparative brightness of the same star on different nights varied so excessively as to seem to show that the method was altogether useless. It was observed, however, that the brightnesses of the stars thus obtained during one evening bore a pretty constant ratio *when compared with one another*, though not as compared with the calculated light of a full moon; and it was found that the error depended upon the *phase*, or fulness of the moon, and was owing to the greater or less brightness of the ground of the sky (illuminated by the moon's rays) against which the stars were seen. Thus—though the brightness of  $\alpha$  Centauri relatively to the effect of the whole lunar disc (calculated by proportion from the phase on a given evening) appeared smaller when the moon's phase was great than when it was small, because it was seen on a more luminous background in the first case than in the second—the comparative brightness of  $\beta$  Centauri will be similarly affected; and, therefore, the relative brightness of  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ , or of any two stars observed on the same night may be deduced. Sir J. Herschel finds from the totality of his observations a *co-efficient of reduction* applicable to all stars on the same evening,\* from which he obtains this interesting result, that '*the effective impression of a star on the retina is inversely as the square of the illumination of the ground of the sky on which it is seen projected.*' —p. 368.

After making due allowances on the ground just explained, Sir J. Herschel arrives (p. 367) at the corrected relative brightness of 69 stars. Of course some standard star must be taken;

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\* He assumes this 'equalizing factor' to be 'constant through any single series' of observations (p. 364, last line). But can this be granted? We rather think not. Indeed the important inversions in the order of brightnesses by the photometric method in p. 371, compared to the ascertained order of sequence when viewed by the naked eye, seem (after making due allowance for the limited number and difficulty of the observations) to show some fundamental defect in the assumption that the 'equalizing factor' is constant for the same evening. As the moon moves amongst the stars, they are placed in a more or less highly luminous ground depending on their angular distance from her; and though the elongation varied only from  $60^\circ$  or  $70^\circ$  to  $103^\circ$  (p. 355), this difference is not to be neglected; still less the greater or less proximity of the stars compared, to the horizon, owing to the more intense illumination of the background where vapours abound.

and he adopts  $\alpha$  Centauri as unity (1.000). We must remember that this star is much above the *average* brightness of the stars of the first magnitude. Canopus sends to the eye *twice*, Sirius *four times* as much light as this bright star. The data are confessedly imperfect, many of the experiments being the very earliest trials of the method; also the discrepancies are considerable; but such is the backwardness and yet the importance of the subject, that we are glad to accept of this table as a commencement.

A most interesting comparison is then made between the photometrical numbers and the arbitrary 'magnitudes' assigned by the method of sequences, which we have previously detailed; and the author arrives at this curious result, that if the arbitrary numbers called magnitudes be all increased by the fraction 0.4 (a matter attended with no inconvenience, seeing that now for the first time have the magnitudes been specified with any degree of exactness or comparability), the effective brightness (to the eye) of any star will be inversely as the square of its magnitude, or *the new scale of magnitudes will represent the distances of the respective stars from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the brightness of the stars themselves.*

The Fourth Chapter, which concludes the strictly *sidereal* part of Sir John's work, is on 'the DISTRIBUTION OF STARS and the Constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere.' Here we have a mass of patient and careful work most excellently reduced. The kind of observation is chiefly Sir W. Herschel's method of *gauging*, or counting the stars, visible at once in the field of the 20-foot reflector, over different parts of the heavens. The main result is the *clearly established increasing paucity of stars in zones receding either way from the great circle which is nearly traced out by the Milky Way*, which is founded 'on the actual enumeration of 68,948 stars in 2299 fields!' (p. 380)—

'Were we to calculate,' adds the author, 'upon these averages, the number of stars *visible enough to be distinctly counted in the 20-foot reflector* in our hemisphere, throwing together into one the gauges observed in corresponding zones north and south of the Galactic Circle by way of obtaining a broader average, we should find it to be 2,665,786, and for the two hemispheres, supposing them equally rich, 5,331,572, or somewhat less than  $5\frac{1}{2}$  millions. That the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt, when we consider that large tracts of the Milky Way exist so crowded as to defy counting the gauges, not by reason of the smallness of the stars, but their number.'—p. 381.

This estimate appears, we confess, smaller than one might have expected. But it is singular that in an almost simultaneous and quite



quite independent publication by the elder Struve, entitled *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, we find, deduced from the gauges of Sir William Herschel, a number of visible stars *nearly four times as great*; nor are we prepared at present to account for the variation, which lies, we observe, principally in the estimation of the numbers in the more crowded zone, the Milky Way itself. As we have mentioned Struve's very interesting work, we cannot help adding that the coincidence of its appearance with Sir J. Herschel's must give a great impulse to the study of sidereal astronomy; and that Sir John's important *facts*, most cautiously and sedulously separated from any theory whatever about the distribution of worlds and the 'Constitution of the Heavens,' come in excellent time to afford a fresh basis upon which reasonings like those of Struve may proceed, wherein the 'gauging of the heavens,' a task hitherto attempted only by the two Herschels, and now extended to the very Antarctic Pole, is not a more important element than the determination of magnitudes and brilliancy to which we have before referred. But all this must be postponed for the present.

The Fifth Chapter includes observations of Halley's Comet, with remarks on the physical condition of COMETS generally. If we had not nearly exhausted our space we might have dwelt upon the many curious points which this chapter brings into view; but it is the less to be regretted, as upon so popular a subject most readers will prefer consulting the original. Herschel dwells much upon the surprising increase of volume in the *envelope* of the luminous head or nucleus of the comet which took place immediately after its reappearance from the *perihelion*, or nearest approach to the sun. It was first seen and measured by Sir John on the 25th of January, 1836, when it was expanding at such a rate that it might almost be said (like tropical vegetation) *to grow under the eye* furnished with a powerful magnifier. Our author actually measured its changes from hour to hour; in one day it doubled its real bulk, and from the 25th of January to the 11th of February, after making allowance for its approach to the earth, its cubical volume was enlarged *seventy-four fold*. During all this time the symmetry and *definition* of the head or envelope was so well maintained that the bulk could be fairly estimated from the apparent increase of the diameter. On the 22nd January it was observed in Europe as a star of the sixth magnitude without *any envelope at all*. From that date it increased uniformly in its linear dimension.

These interesting facts (and others which we cannot stop to particularise) lead Sir J. Herschel to some remarks on the physical constitution of comets, the boldness of which will surprise most readers, but which are very characteristic of the warmth of the

the author's enthusiasm when something unexplained comes across him, and the geniality of the imaginative faculty which is ever present in the originators of great theories, though they may not always choose to expose their crude conjectures to the criticisms of the unsympathizing and morose.

Sir John is of opinion that the Envelope existed even off the 22nd of January, though invisible, and ceased to be so in consequence of its condensation into the state of a fog or mist, due to the cold arising from the rapid recession of the comet from the sun. He next infers that as the form of the envelope is not spherical, but paraboloidal, the surfaces of equilibrium of the vapour in its transparent state are so too; and that *the laws of gravitation as at present recognised are altogether insufficient to account for it.*—(p. 407.) What then? 'Such a form as one of equilibrium is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as attractive forces.'—p. 407.

'Nor let any one,' he adds, 'be startled at the assumption of such a repulsive force as is here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing (in the tails of comets) with phenomena utterly incompatible with our ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinary received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round in the perihelion passage of the nucleus in a direction continually pointing from the sun—in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive power, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a lower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus could give them, though ever so intense? The tail of the comet of 1680, in five days after its perihelion passage, extended far beyond the earth's orbit, having in that brief interval shifted its angular direction nearly  $150^\circ$ . Where can we find in its gravitation either to the sun or its nucleus any cause for this extravagant sweep?'—p. 408.

The solution indicated in the text, and defended at some length in a note (p. 409), amounts to this, that *electrical agencies must henceforth be admitted into astronomical theories.* And this electrical energy is not only to reside in the gaseous envelope of the comet (a circumstance in itself analogically not improbable), but also in THE SUN, and that with a force sufficient (as the above quotation indicates) to act with extreme energy at distances far beyond the radius of the earth's orbit! The phenomenon to be explained is no doubt very strange and unaccountable, and perhaps to many persons Sir John's argument may appear more conclusive than it does to us. Were this argument, and all similar arguments and hypotheses (for of course it is not intended to rank above a mere first idea of a possible hypothesis), to be enlisted in the

the cause of science only by Herschels, the world would certainly be more likely to gain than to lose by their introduction. But we dread the general amnesty which such high authority will appear to afford to the crowd of speculators who at present infest us with empirical nostrums for the solution of unexplained problems, and the interpretation of ambiguous phenomena. And—though perhaps we may smile at the triumph with which M. Demonville and the anti-Newtonians will hail Sir J. Herschel's admission, that a single law of attraction acting through the celestial spaces no longer explains the phenomena—we shall have a much more formidable array of sciolists, who, founding upon their own partial and inaccurate knowledge of many subjects, will undoubtedly strive to bring together heterogeneous laws to explain complicated effects, and build up what they call theories, devoid of probability, incapable of proof, and baffling to any head, save that of the inventor, to comprehend. We need hardly add that electricity has long been the talisman of this school; the salvo of every hypothesis, the endorser of every questionable bill current in the world of science. Without presuming to affirm that Sir John Herschel has not good grounds for putting forth in a tangible shape an opinion upon which, probably, he has long been speculating, we feel some misgivings about its effect as a lesson in philosophizing—one less impressive certainly, but more likely to be popular, than the severe examples of induction and analysis with which the rest of his work abounds.

The Sixth Chapter is on the Satellites of Saturn. The youngest reader who has ever surveyed in 'The Wonders of the Telescope' an engraving of Saturn with his ring and seven moons, must retain for life a kind of special interest in the details of so exquisite a microcosm, perhaps the most beautiful revelation of the telescope.

Our acquaintance with the Saturnian system has been exactly progressive with the optical power of our instruments. The discovery of the anomalous figure of the planet by Galileo, who pronounced it to consist of three distinct members—'*Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi*'—was succeeded by the more perfect view obtained by Huyghens, who ably sketched the form of the ring in its most open state, and correctly explained the mystery of its occasional disappearance as its plane passes through the eye of the spectator or the sun. The division of the ring into two parts and the belts on Saturn's body were noted by Cassini: and the determination of the exact dimensions of the ring, of its position as respects the planet, and the existence of finer divisions which seem to be perceptible on its outer portion, the rotation of the planet and of the ring, have occupied all the leading  
astronomers

astronomers of recent times—whilst the laws of its motion or equilibrium have engaged the attention of the ablest analysts, and speculations respecting its possible origin have been amongst the most favourite of the themes of cosmogonists.

Each side of this great ring (regarding it as one continuous body) has a surface nearly 140 times that of our globe, forming the greatest geometrical plane in existence. Its exterior diameter is 176,000 miles; whilst its thickness is estimated by Sir John Herschel at less than 100 miles, or one 1760th of its diameter; which is about the proportion that the thickness of a sheet of common writing paper bears to a circle cut out of it fully 7 inches in diameter! It is surely the most wonderful object in the universe!

Some time has elapsed since the present volume appeared. At that period seven satellites of Saturn were admitted. No new one had been discovered for almost sixty years, and *very, very* few astronomers had ever seen the two innermost, discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1789. Sir John Herschel records *but one, and that a doubtful* observation of the closest of the two, during his five years' residence at the Cape. The third, fourth, and fifth in order from the body of the planet were discovered by Domenic Cassini in 1684; the sixth and most conspicuous by Huyghens in 1655; and the outermost (at a disproportionate distance beyond the others) by Cassini in 1671: it was therefore the second of the series revealed by the telescope.

In consequence of some writers having numbered the satellites in the order of their discovery, and others in the order of their nearness to the planet, confusion has been introduced. This Sir J. Herschel proposes to remedy by adopting mythological names for them, and he has selected those of the Titans and Titanesses, brothers and sisters of Saturn, since, he very gravely adds, 'as Saturn devoured his children, his family could not be assembled round him!' Since the recent 'Special Commission' for dragging planets to light, few persons will be bold enough to enumerate, off hand and in order, the names of even the *primary* bodies of our system; but to include the mythology of the secondaries will be an effort trying to the astronomer who has forgotten his Lemprière.

Sir John Herschel has by his careful measures of the positions of the satellites enlarged considerably our hitherto imperfect knowledge of the forms of their orbits—an inquiry which in its general form is exactly analogous to the determination of the orbit of a double star *from angles of position alone*, which in this case was the more necessary because most of the satellites are utterly invisible in the achromatic equatorial, to which he trusted  
for

for direct measures of the distances of objects from one another. The inquiry was simplified in the case of the six satellites nearest to the planet by the assumption that their orbits are in the plane of the ring, which is not even approximately true for the outmost satellite. For four of the seven Sir J. Herschel has deduced the periods or mean motions (which generally coincide well with Sir William Herschel's determination), the epochs, eccentricity, and perisaturnium.

Since these observations were published a most interesting discovery has been made, that of an *eighth satellite of Saturn*, between the bright or Huyghenian satellite and the outmost discovered by Cassini, which, it has been already stated, lies at a distance seemingly disproportioned to the others. This most delicate observation (how delicate we can understand when we find Sir J. Herschel unable with his exquisite 18-inch specula, and under the sky of the Cape of Good Hope, to verify the existence of all the old seven) is due—not to the use of the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, nor of the unmatched achromatic of Pulkowa, the pride of the Munich workshops—but to the skill and energy of Mr. Lassell, a private individual engaged in the active daily fulfilment of the duties of a mercantile profession in Liverpool. To the same gentleman we owe the discovery of the satellite, and probably also of a ring belonging to Neptune; and he too has seen one of those four smaller satellites of Uranus whose existence is avouched by the authority of the elder Herschel, but which had never been seen out of the garden of Slough.

Whilst Mr. Lassell has successfully contended with two most serious impediments to the amateur astronomer, the arduous and periodically recurring calls of professional business, and one of the haziest and most overcast skies in the United Kingdom, he has vanquished a difficulty more serious than either—he has constructed with his own hands the implements he was to use—grinding his specula by a machine invented by himself, and executed by his friend and able coadjutor Mr. James Naysmith of Manchester; and mounting them in a tube with an equatorial motion—a problem which has for the first time been successfully resolved in its application to so cumbrous an instrument as a reflecting telescope of two feet aperture. It is needless to add that Mr. Lassell's time and mechanical skill would have been thrown away had he not possessed the highest qualifications of a successful observer. These are many: a keen eye and a steady hand, a patient mind, and a body inured to fatigue, watching, and privation of rest—a zeal unquenchable in the aspiration to unfold the phenomena of the Creator's universe—and a bold imagination to believe that it has discovered what  
it

it scarcely dares to hope—a rigid judgment and a habit of numerical accuracy resolved to dispel every illusion, however fascinating;—these are a few of the most indispensable gifts of the mere observer, regarded as such; and surely no one can doubt that occupations requiring such talents, when voluntarily made the engagement of hours withdrawn from anxious worldly toil, and usually given to rest, must ennoble the heart and the intellect, and shed a halo of serene dignity round a home which is besides cheered by the light of domestic sympathy. The discoveries now referred to have received very recently a well-merited acknowledgment in the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Lassell, in our opinion, claims the highest rank to which the practical astronomer can aspire; as such he is an honour to Liverpool and to England.—We must not, however, close this notice without adding that by one of those startling coincidences which do occur, and which have been lately not uncommon in astronomy, this very satellite of Saturn was *almost simultaneously* discovered in the United States of America by Mr. Bond. Not only was there no time for the transmission of the news one way or other across the Atlantic, but—allowing for the uncertainty which must affect the first observations of such a body (which can only be distinguished from a star by ascertaining its *motion*)—it does not clearly appear that a positive priority can be claimed for either the Old or the New World. Mr. Lassell discovered it to us, Mr. Bond discovered it to *them*.

Sir John Herschel's anticipatory remark, that 'should an eighth satellite exist, the confusion of the old nomenclature would become intolerable,' has been confirmed; and this incident will probably reconcile all astronomers to submit to the *Titanic* phraseology, notwithstanding the threat of *Lemprière*. The new body has been called 'Hyperion' with general assent.

The final chapter on the Solar Spots does not easily admit of analysis. It is with more regret that we abstain from that section of the Appendix which contains an account of most ingenious and interesting experiments on the force of solar radiation at the Cape, deduced from the observed heating effects of the sunbeam; of which we find the *philosophical* expression in the result that it would have sufficed to melt a plate of ice covering the ground 1 inch thick in 2 hours 12 minutes; and the *popular* definition in the fact that Sir John constructed an 'American dispatch' of some pieces of wood and two panes of glass, the sun being the only fire, in which eggs were roasted and beefsteaks broiled, 'and eaten with no small relish by the entertained bystanders.'—p. 443. In common with all interested in this advancing branch of science (not gastronomy, but meteorology) we regret

regret the absence of the copious series of observations on Solar Radiation made by means of the 'Actinometer,' an instrument originally invented by Sir J. Herschel, observations which he had prepared for the press, when an unforeseen source of error in the very construction of the instrument threw a doubt upon every result yet made with it. We cannot but hope that the same creative genius which has done so much for the deduction of correct results from data affected by certain or uncertain error, will yet find a way to extract from the great mass of existing observations of the actinometer a correction which will restore to them their value.

In taking leave of the author, and of his splendid work, we cannot help recalling the evidence which it presents of great and sustained labour. Here we have the actual record of sleepless nights, and abundant proof of the toil of busy days; we have before us the clear-sighted patient observer stationed on his little gallery at the tube of his telescope, whence he so 'oft outwatched the Bear,' struggling against fatigue and sleep;\* we have the mechanist of his own observatory, the optician and constructor of his own mirrors; the artist of his own illustrations; the computer who co-ordinated and reduced all the multifarious results of the campaign; and lastly, the philosopher who with consummate address has unfolded in clear and unambiguous terms the conclusions deducible from the whole. And if we are sometimes tempted to wish that some meaner hand had been found to work out the mechanical details of calculation, or to form those laborious star-maps of the densely populous regions of the sky which we have adverted to as displaying an effort of patience and care truly admirable, we are checked by reflecting upon the important lesson which it teaches;—that in every branch of human acquirement, toil is the only fair and sure condition of fame; that in the sweat of our brow the fruits of knowledge are to be gathered in, as well as those which the earth yields to our material wants; that the unflinching struggle of the mind against the tedium and disgust which operations of detail, or merely mechanical, often inspire, does really fortify the character and give weight to the decisions of the judgment.

The volume closes with the following paragraph:—

'The record of the site of the Reflector at Feldhausen is preserved by a *granite* column, erected after our departure by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached

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\* So in p. 167. 'An occasional entry may have been made for the homely but useful purpose of avoiding sleep, a thing not unattended with probability of broken bones.'

by a thousand grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness.'—p. 452.

We have put the word *granite* into italics—for we believe that the column, or rather obelisk, is of Craigleith *sandstone*. How difficult is it to establish certainly the simplest facts! Had any contemporary authority of weight declared that Archimedes' tomb was built of *lava*, Tully would hardly have 'paused' to look for the epigraph of the sphere and cylinder on a block of *marble*. A spirited woodcut of the site is given as a tail-piece; but Sir John has not added the inscription upon it, an omission which we take the liberty to supply, as it probably has not been published in this country:—

HERE STOOD FROM MDCCCXXXIV TO MDCCCXXXVIII  
THE REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BARONET:  
WHO DURING A RESIDENCE OF FOUR YEARS IN THIS COLONY  
CONTRIBUTED AS LARGELY BY HIS BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS  
TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND HUMANITY  
AS BY HIS EMINENT TALENTS  
TO THE DISCOVERY OF SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

*Note.*—Since these sheets were revised for press Sir John Herschel has published an enlarged edition of his *Elementary Treatise on Astronomy*, mentioned at page 3. The principal additions are in the departments of Physical and of Sidereal Astronomy, both of which appear to be entirely re-written. In the former he has given a *rational*, not a *technical*, elucidation of the lunar and planetary perturbations, including the disturbance of Uranus by Neptune, which led to the discovery of the latter; and in doing this he has illustrated a very difficult subject in a manner essentially new and original, as well as elementary. In the Sidereal department he has embodied several of the results of his own Cape Observations detailed in the preceding pages, and also some of those contained in Struve's *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*.

All this is a very decided improvement. We must, however, express a hope that this larger work (price 18s.) will not interrupt the issue of the unpretending volume of *Lardner's Cyclopædia* (price only 6s.), which has been found of such extensive utility in elementary education. The improved and enlarged treatment of the more *abstruse* department of Physical Astronomy will scarcely be felt by the great majority of readers (and especially of junior students) to be an adequate compensation for the increase of size and cost.



ART. II.—*Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*. By William Beattie, M.D., one of his Executors. In 3 vols. 1849.

DR. BEATTIE had, we believe, published books of various sorts before Mr. Campbell, in the near prospect of death, requested him to undertake the care of his papers. The only one, however, of which we had preserved any distinct recollection, was an account of a tour on the Continent, performed when he was attached to the household of the Duke of Clarence; and that would have been forgotten too, but for the ludicrous smallness of its anecdotes and flatteries. This mention of an old sin is due to numerous impenitent references in the present volumes: it is a pleasanter duty to say that the poet's selection of his biographer will surprise no reader of his Letters. It is evident that during several of his latter years Mr. Campbell owed as much to Dr. Beattie as any man ever did to a friendly physician: and it is also pretty evident that Mr. Campbell did not at that time live in habits of very close intercourse with any gentleman of superior standing in literature. Dr. Beattie's own allusions to their connexion are all modest; and we hope no one will ever again tell Campbell's story without doing honour to the best stay of his declining period.

We cannot say that the amiable Doctor appears to have made much progress in dexterity. He has neither sifted well the correspondence, nor does he produce his recollections and those of others in a clear order. The work is clumsily done. It contains, however—it could not fail to do so—many interesting passages; and if there is a good deal to weary the reader, there is no severer offence.

The main error is one common among those to whom tasks of this sort fall. He has overrated his theme, and consequently, but very much more, the greater part of his materials. The smallest star is the sun of its own satellites. Campbell however was a real star; and of such there are seldom many visible in the literary hemisphere. When he sank, the world anticipated authentic Memoirs: and with the more curiosity that his life had been on the whole obscure; but assuredly there was no expectation of three bulky octavos. Yet no man could be justified in pronouncing *à priori* that the executor who notified such dimensions must be in the wrong. It could never have been made out that Campbell was one of those whose writings may be classed with the highest trophies of practical achievement, whether military or political—men of the closet, who nevertheless have such sway over their contemporaries that hardly any details throwing light upon their characters will be other than acceptable

acceptable to posterity. But it might have come forth that, though the personal career attracted no great attention, it had included incidents which would invest the known works with a new meaning; or he might have left behind him, in the shape of letters, a really important addition to his works—a new body of valuable miscellanies. On neither of these grounds however can we congratulate Dr. Beattie. As respects facts of any importance his investigation has proved but sterile, and on the few elicited he seems to have rarely exercised acuteness of reflection;—nor was Campbell gifted with that nature which abhors a vacuum, and which renders the letters of some of the greatest of authors about the most delightful part of their legacies to the world; that ever-glowing necessity of the brain and the blood to which we owe the correspondences of Cicero, Erasmus, Voltaire, Scott, Byron—of Goethe, whose signet bore a star with the words '*ohne hast, ohne rast,*' *without haste, without rest*—and we may safely add by anticipation the name of Southey. Campbell, beside his fine genius, had some wit and a fair share of scholarship, but his genius seldom animates the page that was meant for a private eye: his wit, it would seem, lay dormant, unless excited by society or wine: and he kept his reading for the booksellers, who employed his active hours for the most part on lucubrations never famous and already forgotten. Let us be thankful that, though the exertion of his noblest faculties was never perhaps, after the first ardours of youth, an unmixed delight, yet as it must have been by far the highest he ever tasted, so it was one for which he durst now and then pay whatever price it might demand. What he did with his eye set on immortality, was first thrown out with vehement throes, half pain, half rapture, and then polished with anxious and timid toil; the happiest of the first suggestions not seldom suffering grievous mutilation, sometimes eclipse, in this cold process. Let us be thankful for what has escaped such risks. It is no wonder that an author so framed, and compelled to give a considerable space of every day to joyless, uncongenial tasks—should have found no stock of spirit and pleasantry for a copious and lively epilogue of correspondence.

He was a Scotsman, and of course his biography begins with an ell of genealogy. But he had little turn for antiquarianism: every heraldic allusion in his poems is a blunder; and Dr. Beattie's studies have not lain in the pedigree department. Whether the race of Diarmid adopted 700 years ago the surname of a wandering knight, who married the heiress of the primitive chieftains of Lochawe, together with

‘ The crest ’

That erst the adventurous *Norman* wore ’—

or, as most other septs always maintained, *Campbell* was only connected by the dream of Sennachies with *De Campo Bello*—and the name (in its earliest written form *Kambel*) was in fact only Cambheul, or Cawmul—Gaelic for *Wry-nose*, as Cameron (*Camschronach*) is *Wry mouth*: this is a controversy in which the Southron will take no interest. They will care nothing even about the gross blunder of the following lines—

. ‘ Who won the Lady of the West,  
The daughter of *Muc Aillin Mor* : ’—

though, we own, it still surprises us that any man of the race should have been ignorant that the *Sir Colin*, from whom so many chiefs have delighted to be styled ‘ the son of the great Colin,’ was no ancestor of the heiress of Lochawe, but the sixth in descent from her and her crested or crestless husband. The remoter history of the poet’s own branch is left in darkness, which also will be endured. The grandfather was one of the innumerable small lairds of the tribe—Campbell of Kirnan;—but on his death, the estate, which had been over-mortgaged, passed from his blood, and the ancient tower had been levelled to the ground long before the poet visited ‘ a Scene in Argyleshire : ’—

‘ The grass-covered road,  
Which the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea ; ’—

an exact picture—for the situation is on one of the little armlets of the Firth of Clyde, winding inwards among the mountains. On losing this possession the family dispersed; and a third son, Alexander Campbell, engaged in trade at Glasgow. He was successful;—looked up to among ‘ the Virginians,’ who kept the covered pavement of the Exchange to themselves, perambulating it at certain hours in flowing periwigs and scarlet gowns, with long gold-headed canes in their hands, and not to be approached there by any citizen below their dignity, unless leave were formally obtained.\* To this aristocracy of tobacco the American Revolution was a terrible blow; it ruined Mr. Campbell. Others might turn their energies and some remnant of capital into other lines of adventure; but his fortune perished utterly, and he was advanced in years. He had no courage for new enterprises, but received a small annuity from the Merchants’ House, to which his former

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\* See the curious paper on the change of manners in Glasgow furnished to the *New Statistical Account* by Mr. D. Bannatyne. Several paragraphs of it were lately quoted in this Review (Q. R., vol. lxxxii, p. 377).

diligence and unblemished integrity entitled him, and proposed to eke out the means of subsistence by boarding young gentlemen of the University.

He had married when past middle life, and was sixty-seven years of age when Thomas was born (27th July, 1777), in the High-street of Glasgow—the youngest of a large family. Six elder sons appear to have gone abroad—some to North America, but more to the West Indies, which were by-and-bye to Glasgow what Virginia had been. Though the daughters, three in number, were handsome, not one of them married; and as they grew up they all became governesses.

The Poet was baptized by, and called Thomas in honour of, the Rev. Dr. Reid, the eminent metaphysician, then Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, and an intimate friend of the family. He was the favourite child of his father's old age, and the pride of his mother's eye and heart—a delicate child, with a slight form, small accurate features, a hectic complexion, and eyes such as no one could see and forget; Lawrence's pencil alone could transmit their dark mixture of fire and softness. Many physiologists have noticed the contrast between the organization of the ordinary Gael and that of their aristocracy. Speaking generally, no class of gentry in Europe are above these last, whether you regard the proportions of the frame or the facial lines. Their blood, no doubt, has been largely dashed with intermixtures; and Campbell's countenance, we must own, said more than the heralds have been able to do in support of the story of the 'adventurous Norman' and 'the Lady of the West.' In his case, as in the vast majority of cases, the talents, so far as inherited, seem to have come from the mother. The father was a man of good sense and singularly placid disposition, without any spark of the celestial fire. Thomas, with his mother's higher gifts in much higher development, had something of the irritable temper that made her so unlike her husband; but women show weak points openly which men usually endeavour to suppress. Of the three, without doubt, the happiest nature, on the whole, was the elder Campbell's—he alone went through the world, in spite of his full share of its trials and misfortunes, with unbroken serenity; and he reached a term of years far beyond that granted to his more inflammable offspring, and sank at last by far gentler steps, though not to mingle his dust with that of kings and heroes in Westminster.

The boyhood was very extraordinary; but the verse exercises (vol. i. chap. 2) that attest the rapidity of progress, while their punctilious dates show no less the consciousness of the prodigy, are of less value in our esteem than the testimony of masters

and companions: though they surpass any such things that have been preserved of Scott, and fully equal Byron's,\* more of our readers will be contented with a reference than would thank us for quotations. It is not doubtful that in every great school, boys and striplings, never destined to achieve literary distinction of any sort, far less to win the name of poet, are constantly producing verses on a par (or all but) with what our most famous precocities have done. The talent of imitation is the best that such blossoms can exhibit. The impression made on near observers by the general superiority of vigour is a circumstance, we repeat, of higher importance; and of this impression in the case of Campbell the proof is abundant. In all tasks he was foremost, and he soon surprised his teachers by the evidences of an intellectual alacrity and resourcefulness such as never ought to be contemplated in the appointment of exercises for a class.

The High School of Glasgow, we are informed, was at that time, and continued for many years later, in greater estimation than it can now pretend to as a classical seminary. Since then the term for Latin has been abridged, and the Greek instruction abolished—concessions, it seems, to the enlightenment of the age—in other words, results of Municipal Reform. No one ever profited more by the old system than Campbell. But, though his health was feeble and his diligence uncommon, he was no retired schoolboy. He was well-beloved among his fellows, and took his share in all their diversions. Of these the most favourite was that very dangerous one of *stone-bickers*, which Scott describes in his story of *Green-hreeks*. In these rencounters Tom Campbell appears to have been often the dexterous David of the camp; but a grievous casualty occurred in one engagement, and, though his hand had not wielded the sling, he would never again join the muster. This sensibility of temperament showed itself in the delight the slender boy found in long holiday rambles among the moors and glens of the adjoining country, especially in the picturesque ravines of the Cart, and on the open pastoral banks of the Clyde, as yet un-

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\* We are alluding to the very boyish verses of Byron—of which we have seen more specimens than perhaps ever will be printed; but, we confess, even his best Harrow rhymes seem to us such as in most men's case would have never been thought of any consequence. Nay, we will confess that the repetition of the old vituperation as to the Edinburgh Review on the *Hours of Idleness* seems to us cant. But there are prose letters of Byron's from his sixth year onwards to his entrance at College, which, if ever they should be published, would claim a very different place among the examples of precocity. We never saw anything to equal the contrast between the childish feebleness of the handwriting (within pencilled lines) and the flow and pith of the language, in which thoughts and sentiments, often generous, sometimes fierce and scornful, but all unmistakably Byronic, are set down in some of the very earliest of these epistles.

deepened and undyked, unstained by dyes, and unvexed of steam-fleets. The impression of these first scenes of natural beauty is stamped with sad fidelity on the last sterling production of his Muse. Glasgow itself, we need scarcely observe, was then very unlike the great city of our day. The population was not probably above a sixth of what it is now. The ground on which the streets and squares inhabited by the upper classes have been erected, was quite rural. Many a huge cotton-mill marks the site of a farm-house of 1790. The venerable Cathedral and College were still the principal features of the fine, airy, well-built old town, as described by Smollett in the last and best of his novels.

Campbell passed at a very early age, according to the fashion of Scotland, from the School to the adjoining University—(October, 1791); and he speaks in his scanty memoranda of all those whose lectures he there attended with respect and thankfulness: as to John Young, the Greek Professor, his language is that of the liveliest gratitude. This gentleman, as a classical scholar unrivalled in Scotland, was besides a master of Italian literature and of music—an enthusiast in poetry. Nor has any teacher possessed above him the skill to inspire juvenile auditors with his own delight in the visions of genius, as well as in the anatomy of their records to the minutest tint and refinement of word and syntax. His affections were warm—no parent could have taken fonder pleasure in such a son as Campbell than he in such a pupil. An eminent divine, Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, tells our biographer how freshly he remembers Young's ecstasy when he had to read aloud the first of Campbell's metrical versions from Euripides—'the big round tears hung trembling in his eye.' It is little to say that the translations thus approved, some of which are retained in his last revision of his poetry, would have been sure of the prize against the maturest competition of an English university. Nor have we any doubt the Professor's criticism was as influential as his applause was agreeable: in a word, that from his studies under Mr. Young Campbell in the main formed and fixed his poetical taste—his bent for the presentation of simple, strong, and vivid thoughts and images within the narrowest space and with the most careful delicacy of finish.

These exercises gave him celebrity among his fellow-students; and very soon—College matters being still of primary interest, which it is scarcely to be supposed they can be in a manufacturing town of 300,000 souls—his fame extended over the neighbourhood; and this he turned to account in a very honourable way. When he was in his sixteenth year, his father's  
distress

distress was still further deepened by failure in a lawsuit, and on the arrival of this overwhelming intelligence his first thought was that now he might find scholars of less mark willing to pay for what help he could afford them in his leisure hours; and he soon had as much of this employment as was not incompatible with his own studies. The money thus earned was not for himself, but for his parents, or rather for his sisters, who, unless their education were to be liberal, had small chances of independence. In like manner, when the College session was over, he obtained Young's recommendation to a lady of the Campbell clan, who wanted a tutor for her boys, and went in this capacity to

‘ the Hebrid isles,

Placed far amidst the melancholy main.’

His journey through Argyleshire and his residence at Sumpal in Mull, introduced him to some of the wildest and grandest scenery of his native kingdom, which could not but give a powerful stimulus to his susceptible imagination. He now made acquaintance also with some of the sterner experiences of life; for though treated with kindness, he was for the first time to judge and act for himself in continued relations with a family not his own. To our wonder, Dr. Beattie wonders that his inquiries should have traced hardly any reminiscence of Campbell among the Hebrideans. He found only a dim tradition that the tutor afterwards known to fame was addicted to solitary rambles among the mountains, and rowing himself in moonlight about the loch. Some letters to College friends of the time, especially to one who, from mere fervour of affection, had walked with him great part of the way across the mainland of Argyle, are interesting for their artless reflection of the eager delight and unbounded trustfulness of young companionship. They also indicate both the fretting under new restraints, and the natural melancholy that more softly clouded his thoughts; and from them too we gather that here love first soothed and first pained him. A charming Caroline, who paid a visit to his employer's family, was nothing loath to accompany him in his walks and boatings. Sonnets ensued, and dreams, which had the common ending. Dr. Beattie seems somewhat reluctant to confess that the Hebridean exile produced also certain stanzas in honour of a ‘humble beauty,’ a ‘Maria’ of the reaping-field. Burns would never have turned his Highland Mary into Maria, nor would Campbell have done the like in the days of Lord Ullin's Daughter; but the Doctor's fear is to tarnish the romance in muslin, though the russet, by his own showing, was about as lasting wear.

Whether either Caroline or Maria had any share in the matter we are not instructed; but after a few months Campbell resigned

signed his post, and felt like an emancipated prisoner when he joined a comrade who had also been tutorizing among the islands, and the pair were at liberty to make out 'Balclutha'—*i. e.* Glasgow, in their own fashion. They walked all the way, thinking little of the hard fare of a shepherd's sheiling, or even of sleeping all night in their plaids under a bare cliff in October. 'Youth,' says Scott, 'is a fine carver and gilder;' the companion too was in his way a poet, and they had many precious things to communicate. Campbell's knapsack held, among other fruits of the summer, a complete translation of the Clouds, and two or three choruses from the Choephoræ—which also Dr. Beattie takes to be a Comedy by Aristophanes! (i. 155.)

In the vacations of three succeeding summers he lived in as many houses in the country as tutor. One of these places was Downie in Appin, where he had under his eye the whirlpool of Corrievreckan and other scenery embalmed in Gertrude of Wyoming. The winter always found him again in Glasgow, and every experiment made him dislike more and more the position of a preceptor—

'Far from the sports and nameless joys of home.'

One of his father's boarders and his pupils in 1795-6 was a gentleman afterwards distinguished at the bar of Edinburgh, and now esteemed as a judge—Lord Cuninghame. He was not much younger than Campbell, and out of lesson-hours they were equal companions. The Judge describes the family as strictly regulated, but cheerful. In addition to Young, whom Campbell adhered to during the very unusual number of six sessions, he now attended some of the philosophy classes and the lectures of the then celebrated John Millar on the law of nations. Campbell's liberal politics are ascribed by himself in his *Memoranda* to the influence of this eloquent professor; his letters, however, show that in 1794 he had begged five shillings from his mother, and walked to Edinburgh and back again, in order that he might attend the trials of Muir and Gerald for sedition, and that these men seemed to him glorious martyrs after the noblest classical pattern. Lord Cuninghame says that while he himself and the majority of the boarders took the same side in fireside debates, there were a couple of obstinate young Tories in the house, who maintained what battle they could against the dominant worship of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The Poles, he adds, were at the same date in high honour with their future laureate and life-long friend. All these controversies however were carried on with the greatest good humour, and the page is enlivened with some reminiscences of practical jokes out of doors, in which Tories and Whigs, preceptor and pupils, exhibited entire sympathy.

Several



Several surviving fellow-students well remember the extreme depression of Campbell's spirits, when he returned among them latterly from his tutorships. He was, in almost all respects, old for his years, and serious care had begun to fix itself upon him. He was the wonder of the University; session after session, Dr. Wardlaw says, the other youths saw him carry off prize after prize without a grudge, and admitted that the peculiar attention he received from the professors was honourable to them. In their houses he was a frequent guest; and this was an enviable advantage, for most of them had students of a superior class—occasionally young Englishmen of birth and fortune—domiciliated under their roofs, and lived also on terms of hospitable familiarity with the best families of the neighbourhood. This was especially the case with Richardson, Professor of Humanity (*i. e.* Latin), who, though neither a genius nor a masculine scholar, like Young, was a man of taste and acquirement, enjoying much local reputation as one of Mackenzie's coadjutors in the *Mirror*, and the author of some *Essays on the Characters of Shakspeare*, besides a volume of poems—this last long dead and buried. He had been tutor in the family of Cathcart, and acted as private secretary to the noble Lord when ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was now a rich elderly bachelor, very distinguishable among his brethren for trimness of the outward man, suavity of address, and the neatness of all his domestic arrangements. He was also the only one of the more eminent professors that was a high Tory; but no Whig among them patronized the young Tyrtæus with warmer zeal, and his good word was worth all the rest put together with the ladies—who readily saw merit in so comely a stripling, discovered presently that he could not only translate Ovid to Mr. Richardson's satisfaction, but pen for himself a sonnet to an eyebrow; and by and bye perhaps a little agitated the good gentleman's *ailes de pigeon* by dubbing his *protegé* 'the Pope of Glasgow.'

It may seem odd that, with such friends, he should have found cause for the anxiety that could not conceal itself from intimate observers. But it was so; and the notes supplied to Dr. Beattie by another acute class-fellow, the Rev. Dr. John Muir, go far to explain the matter. After mentioning the constant eulogies of 'the profound Young' and 'the elegant-minded Richardson,' Dr. M. says,

'This praise seemed to have impaired the links of his remaining career, for in the severer studies of mathematics and philosophy . . . . he did not excel. It seemed as if the praise he merited and received in the language classes had led him to form the idea that perseverance and industry were requisite only in meaner minds. The indolence incident

incident to our fallen nature was felt and shown by our youthful poet. He seldom even exercised his gift, except when roused by the prospect of gaining a prize, or by some stirring incident among the students.'

Within and beyond the academic walls, he could, by efforts of brief duration, command a measure and even a kind of applause unattainable to his coevals; and having tasted this cup, he more and more shrunk from graver labour. This is not the place for a disquisition on different methods of academical discipline: there is much to be said in favour of the Scotch system, especially with reference to the temper and habits of that people; but the temptation for rhetorical ambition in the chair itself, the preponderance of public exhibitions, and especially the large share of honours allotted for essays in English composition, are circumstances exceedingly dangerous for youths of the irritable fibre to which genius usually allies itself. A lad who has been accustomed to this sort of triumph—unless he has a fund of solid sense not often conjoined with a rapid development of the imaginative sympathies—will hardly be more likely to relish the calm toil by which the fondest self-love of youth can never dream of any achievement beyond the unobtrusive solidity of deep foundations, than a woman, who has once trod the stage amidst bravos and bouquets, to find full contentment in the duties and comforts of a village home. Every renewed experiment, we have seen, increased his aversion for domestic tutorship. That, however, was the only line in which his teachers could be of immediate use to him; and it was only by pursuing it that he had a fair prospect in the profession which his parents had set their hearts upon. They were zealous Presbyterians—and their ambition for Thomas was eminence in the Kirk. Most of the companions who supply notes for this chapter were destined for that career. With them Campbell attended one course of Hebrew, and his facility in languages being very remarkable, he thus acquired so much that, when in his advanced life he was induced to resume that study, 'a very little exertion,' says a friend of his and ours, 'enabled him to read the Psalms and Genesis in the original.' But here he stopped: he would not proceed with his friends to the Theological Professor; and Dr. Beattie intimates, about as distinctly as he ever intimates anything on a delicate topic, that the reason was a disturbance of Campbell's religious opinions.

'What were his religious principles at this stage of his career I have no positive evidence to show. He affirmed—in playful allusion to his intimacy with the masters of that language—that he was of the Greek Church. At the age of eighteen, as he informs us, "he became an emancipated lover of truth," and entered upon a course of "free inquiry" into the merits of certain infidel writers of that period. At the time

in

in question, or even earlier, as he acknowledged many years afterwards, he suffered great anxiety on the subject of religion, and spent much time in its investigation. At last his mind became settled, and he arrived at what he conceived to be "satisfactory conclusions;" but when brought into collision with his previous, and naturally strong, religious aspirations, those sophistries produced a discord in his mind, of which he never seemed fully aware. His adopted "opinions," however, had only a superficial hold; they could never eradicate the deep-seated impressions which he had imbibed under his father's roof; and if, during their influence, he was at times rash or unguarded in conversation, he was uniformly grave and circumspect in his writings.'—vol. i. p. 209.

The Doctor's language appears studiously obscure. At what period it was that he said he was of the Greek Church we are left to guess; but the extent to which he piqued himself on his Greek lore—probably never profound—was among the peculiarities which the casual acquaintance of his declining years smiled at; and from the contrast which the Doctor makes between the 'satisfactory conclusions,' the 'adopted opinions,' the occasional 'rashness of conversation,' on the one side, and, on the other, the 'uniform gravity and circumspection of his writings,' a reader may be apt to infer that Dr. Beattie alludes to the works by which Campbell is known to the world, and the talk of which his biographer was a hearer. Of all this we know nothing—well content to know that in his closing hours his language and demeanour were such as his good parents could not have disapproved. If any pleasant conjectures are set afloat, Dr. Beattie may thank the awkwardness of his own pen. Few would have thought it wonderful that the flattered 'Pope of Glasgow' should have shuddered, when it came near, at the vision of a Geneva cloak and a moorland manse.

He had, however, read Johnson's *Lives* and Boswell, and caught some notions of the perilousness of a life without a real profession; and though the chronology of his various attempts is hardly to be made out from these pages, where narrative and letters are jumbled together but not interwoven, there is evidence that he did feel his way, after the Kirk was dropped, as to almost every profession within his reach. He tried the counting-house of a mercantile friend, whose patronage might have advanced him either at home or in the West Indies; but the daybook and ledger soon disgusted him who had not been able to command his attention in the metaphysical or mathematical lecture-rooms. He tried surgery—but was driven away by the first operation he had to witness. Millar's rhetoric and Cuninghame's society tempted him to the law; he attended a course on Heineccius, and found his curiosity pleasantly stirred; but these were the flowers

on the threshold, and when he looked farther, the prospect was gloomy. If he were to fix on the bar, he must remove to Edinburgh, and find means of subsistence there while in training. But the greatest difficulty was behind. Poor as the Scotch Bar's prizes are in comparison with those of the South, its initiatory cost was (we suppose still is) much heavier. In those days, or not long afterwards, the fees amounted to 500*l.*—Campbell might about as rationally have contemplated meeting a demand for 5000*l.*

For young ambition, however, in Scotland, when it does not point to arms, the grand magnet is always the forensic gown: and his would not readily abandon that aim. His hopes appear to have been fed on light enough diet—for example, his letters show that he indulged great expectations from an 'eminent physician's' promise of an introduction to an 'eminent barrister,' who, he fancied, was at once to instruct him gratuitously in the learning of the robe, and unlock for him some mysterious resources by which he might support himself during the novitiate. For the 500*l.*—we hear of no calculation on that point: we can only fancy that youth carved and gilded with unusual boldness and brilliancy. But the busy barrister's reply to the physician, when it did come, was fatal. It is no part of the Scotch advocate's arrangements to have legal pupils about him; he would as soon think of giving private lessons in dancing; nor has he employment for any assistant, except one clerk to write from his dictation—a situation which in this gentleman's case was already filled. Mr. Cuninghame must have quitted Glasgow before the date of this hallucination. Its dispersion threw Campbell into despair; but by and bye—we know not how many months had elapsed—he recurred to the main dream, and resolved on at all events transferring himself to Edinburgh, and trying what could be done on the spot. His few clothes and books, with a considerable bag of MSS., were committed to the carrier, and for the second time he walked to the capital, where he found no acquaintance whatever except Cuninghame. This gentleman was now attending the chambers of a Writer to the Signet, as is common enough with those meant for the bar, and his old friend and tutor obtained the vacant stool of a copying-clerk at the same desk where he himself was content to labour. But such labour, even if the ulterior prospects had been as clear as they were to Cuninghame, it is exceedingly doubtful that Campbell could have long endured. He very soon rejected it. The same kindness procured him a trial of two other establishments: but he could abide no stool and no desk out of his own garret.

Having all but resolved to resign for the third time, he was wandering

wandering about the streets one Sunday when he met an acquaintance, one of the masters of the Glasgow High School, who remarked his downcast air, and showed great concern when informed of his circumstances. This Mr. Park was on his way to call on Dr. Anderson, author of some *Lives of British Poets*, and honourably remembered as an active Samaritan of the literary community. It chanced that the doctor's daughters had observed from their window the schoolmaster's approach, and inquired who his companion was—that pale youth who looked so woful as they parted. He told Campbell's story; and the party greatly admiring a certain 'Elegy on Mull,' which he had got by heart, requested him to bring the poet with him on his next visit. There are so few marking events in Campbell's life, that his biographer seems justified in considering the meeting which ensued as of that order. Dr. Anderson, though not the first author that he conversed with, was the first professional author—the first man acquainted with 'the trade.' The Edinburgh trade was just beginning to show signs of life—Anderson himself had already suggested and been employed in sundry schemes towards that breaking up of the London monopoly, which Constable with the *Edinburgh Review* and Walter Scott at his back ere long effectually achieved. The doctor, warmly encouraging Campbell as to his poetical vein, and promising instant endeavours to procure a purchaser for some of the MS. plays from the Greek, informed him that any man who counted on living by his verses would pretty certainly find himself out in his reckoning: but that if he would undertake to do what the booksellers wanted done, there would be no lack of employment, the dullest of it not so bad as copying leases and wills, and by which he might subsist, reserving for the Muses such brighter hours as alone are propitious to their worship. Here were new lights, and hopes comparatively at least feasible. A bargain begun about the *Medea* hung fire; but one for an abridgment of Edwards' *West Indian History* was forthwith concluded—a duodecimo volume—for 20*l.*; which sum the experiences of a copyist and a tutor had not taught Campbell to consider with disrespect. And here it should not be omitted, that small as his pay from the solicitors must have been, he had contrived not only to live on it, but to save a few pounds. So severe at this time were his personal habits.

He rejoined his friends at Glasgow in evident exhilaration. The abridgment advanced at a swift pace—for what will not the first glimpse of independence lighten? and having been smitten one evening, when on a country visit, with a young lady's singing of an indifferent set of words, he brought down next morning the ballad

ballad of *The Wounded Hussar*, which found its way to the newspapers, was reprinted with music, encored in theatres—and gave Dr. Anderson the opportunity of introducing his name advantageously among various circles in Edinburgh. The Hussar was followed by a Dirge of Wallace, which was never included by Campbell in any edition of his writings, and is here reprinted from the Galignani copies, from which he had often petitioned for its removal. Excepting the close of one stanza, we see little in it beyond an echo of the then fashionable strains of Alonzo the Brave, and the like. Alluding to the huge rusty blade shown at Dumbarton Castle, which if Wallace ever used it must have been used with both hands, Campbell has these lines:—

‘For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield—  
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand.’

But this piece, too, had great local success: and he was now encouraged to think of a poem on a considerable scale. Some couplets on Hope, produced during his melancholy sojourn in the Hebrides, were recalled to memory, and the capabilities of the subject expanded on him. He made additions as suggestion rose and opportunity served; the most, it appears, in the same house where he wrote the Hussar, and no doubt conceived the Wallace Dirge, that of Cordale in the beautiful vale of Leven, hard by Dumbarton.

That summer the young poet dreamt another dream. This was a magazine, to be set up in alliance with a few of his old intimates but of which he, the editor *in fore*, would not hesitate to undertake for three-fourths of the letter-press. Some of his letters on this scheme are most buoyant. Sydney Smith said there were three things every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article. Every clever knot of young academics fancy they could conduct a journal and rule the opinion of the world. On this occasion there was no publisher who would risk his capital.

This vision was not dispersed without many a pang—and Glasgow had sunk with his disappointment. He made up his mind that Edinburgh must be his head-quarters: his abridgement was finished; he had been requested by its publisher to superintend the printing of some Greek text for that University, and counted on further employment from the same house. His father, however, was now very feeble, and the sisters being married Thomas could not bear to think of a permanent separation from the humble Penates. His parents were persuaded to remove also; and the approach of winter (1798) found him and them together in a retired outskirt of the Canongate. It was a busy

a busy winter with him, and an anxious one still: he continued to correct Greek proofs, and do other taskwork for the bookseller; but some qualms having again disturbed his vista of a purely literary career, he had reverted to the idea of Medicine, and entered himself at two of the classes connected with that pursuit. He had also reasoned himself into the propriety of resuming the practice of private teaching; and the Glasgow professors having written in his favour to their Edinburgh brethren, he found as much of that as there was leisure for. The chemistry lecture much interested him; and whether as tutor or as fellow-student, or as associated in the debating societies of the college, he soon became familiar with several young men since distinguished. In a letter of the time he expatiates on the wonderful promise of Henry Brougham, by two years his junior, predicting the highest triumphs in the abstruser sciences, from which no more sparkling, no more golden seductions, have ever entirely weaned that athletic appetite. In some memoranda of far subsequent date he mentions Francis Horner, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Cockburn as among his acquaintance 'before he was known as an author.' Another, whom he takes care not to mention, was John Leyden. Meantime he gave many secret hours to his poem, and by and by the MS. was submitted to Dr. Anderson; who read it with great delight; urged, and superintended most careful revisions; as chosen passages acquired what he considered the requisite finish, communicated them to other friends—and finally negotiated with a Mr. Mundell, whose offer of 60*l.* for the copyright was accepted. The day before the first sheet was to be sent to the printer, Anderson told Campbell that the only part he could not entirely approve was the very opening of the poem. The original draft is now given us, and there can be no question that the criticism was justified. Campbell received it with some mortification, and Anderson called on him next day, rather late, to apologise for his freedom. The poet had passed a wakeful night, and was now fast asleep—but the first twenty-two lines of the *Pleasures of Hope*, nearly as we have them, were decipherable on the blotted leaf by his bedside—and those beautiful lines were indeed a cup of gladness to the kind censor. Even to the unrivalled view from the Calton Hill over the Frith of Forth and the Perthshire mountains, it will henceforth be an additional glory that it (and not, as hitherto reported, some Hebridean prospect) suggested the poem which it would be idle to transcribe.

How long Campbell adhered to his medical lectures we are not told by the medical biographer; but we conjecture he had not made out the session with any of them. Ere it closed, the poem

poem was ready, and the shadows it cast before it had attracted considerable notice. While yet in real obscurity he had knit a friendship, to be dissolved only by death, with John Richardson (of Fludyer-street), then a law student—then, as ever, a student of everything good and graceful, and who will go down with the singular distinction of having enjoyed confidential familiarity through life with three of the brightest of his age, Thomas Campbell, Walter Scott, and Joanna Baillie. It was through him that Campbell, shortly before the appearance of his volume, was introduced to Scott. Though Scott had printed nothing but a few translations from the German, he was well known for antiquarian and literary accomplishments, and his house was the centre already of a very extraordinary society. The *Pleasures of Hope* appeared in April, 1799—the author being then, as he himself notes, ‘exactly twenty-one years and nine months old:’ and neither the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* nor *Childe Harold* was welcomed with a readier chorus of admiration. Henry Mackenzie, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Alison (author of the *Essay on Taste*), and Thomas Telford (the engineer), immediately called, and begged the honour of his acquaintance. Scott invited him to meet the whole remarkable knot of his friends (Leyden only excepted) at dinner; but Campbell being in Scotland much such a name as Smith is here, it seems the claims of the stranger were not suspected till the host rose and proposed the health of the Poet whose work all present had been enjoying. Dr. Beattie clears up Scott’s passing allusions to a feud between Campbell and Leyden. Campbell had fancied he traced to Leyden an absurd exaggeration of his earlier distresses—which at last, it seems, took the shape of a newspaper paragraph, detailing how he had been actually on his way to Leith to drown himself when he fell in with the schoolmaster Park, and that thus his very life was due to the first interview with Dr. Anderson. Campbell’s pride was grievously wounded, and he had for some time cut John Leyden. This stalwart borderer was then labouring zealously for Scott’s assistance in the collection of the *Minstrelsy*, and on their first meeting, after the issue of the *Pleasures*, said, ‘You may tell Campbell that I hate him, but that, dash it! he has written the best poetry that has been penned for fifty years.’ Scott reports that he conveyed the message with the fidelity of a Homeric herald, and that Campbell replied, ‘Tell Leyden that I detest him; but know the value of his critical approbation.’ Scott adds, that he thought he saw his way to making up ‘that feud,’ but Leyden soon after started for London—and India—so there the matter remained. We have no belief that Leyden either  
invented



invented the story or wrote the paragraph; but we can very easily understand that there was a repulsive instinct between that very rough subject and the pretty looking, probably somewhat prim little junior, originally no doubt introduced to his notice as the Pope of Glasgow.

Campbell, in his Memoranda, reflects with some bitterness on having parted, for 60*l.*, with 'a copyright which was worth to the bookseller for several years an annuity of full 200*l.*;' but he candidly adds that Mundell gave him in free gift 50*l.* on the forthcoming of each of the early reprints, and as there were two of these within the first year, and three in the second, the reinforcement to resources like his must at the time have been most welcome. The delight of the parents may be imagined—or we should rather say of the mother, for the mild old man was now obsolete and near his grave. In her first visits to Edinburgh shops she had, it seems, been accustomed to give her address as 'Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan,' and though her husband never possessed a yard of the estate—nor indeed could have done so although it had remained with the old blood—the family name is so widely spread that the licence might be excusable; but though she did not drop the 'of Kirnan'—as sacred as a German *Von*—she now always added, in a raised voice, 'mother of Campbell the poet—the author of the Pleasures of Hope.' For this we thank Dr. Beattie.

We adhere in general to the opinions expressed concerning Campbell's poetry in an article on his Collective Edition of 1836 (Q. R., vol. 57); and at any rate there is no room on the present occasion for a revival of that criticism. Now instructed that in 1836 there was no vigour left to be stimulated, we may wish it had been given here and there in gentler terms—at the close, perhaps, in terms of somewhat broader approbation; but we do not anticipate that the judgment of posterity will be much different. The rapture of April, 1799, on the first appearance of the Pleasures of Hope was very natural. Burns had lately died. Cowper was sunk in hopeless insanity, soon to be released. Their vivid examples had not sufficed to abolish the drowsy prestige of Hayley. Of the great constellation that has since illuminated us, but few of the more potent stars had ascended above the horizon. Crabbe, under a domestic sorrow of which Campbell was destined to participate, had fallen into a dejected inactivity, and was all but forgotten. Rogers had some years earlier published the Pleasures of Memory, to which the Pleasures of Hope owed more than the suggestion of a title; but that genial effusion only promised the consummate  
graces

graces since displayed, though too parsimoniously, by its now venerable author. Wordsworth and Coleridge had sent forth 'Lyrical Ballads,' some of them exquisitely beautiful, and in the aggregate most deeply influential; but these were as yet, and for a long while after, appreciated only within a narrow circle: no one misunderstood and undervalued them more than did Campbell himself. Southey had produced nothing that survives in much vitality. Moore was at college or at Anacreon. Byron had not yet lain dreaming under the elm of Harrow—nor Wilson listened to 'the sweet bells of Magdalen tower.' The moment was fortunate, and the applause more creditable to the public than advantageous (in the upshot) to the new poet.

Excitable as his temperament was, and joyously as it was excited at this brilliant season, there was always a thread of the national forecast in him: and his letters show that the first tumult had scarce subsided before he recurred to a grave contemplation of his own practical futurity. We hear nothing further of physic; but he speculates more and more on the chances of success as a lecturer on the belles lettres, and we cannot doubt that what he really looked to as his ultimate establishment was a chair, classical or rhetorical, in one of the universities; nor can it well be doubted but that if he had stuck to Scotland he would within reasonable time have had the offer of such a position. But, caressed lion of the hour as he was, he could not mingle with the varied cultivation of Edinburgh and not recognise in himself the effects of imperfect training and narrow society: he felt that much was wanting before he could sustain in the general intercourse of life the rank which his poetical success had opened for him. He had while yet in Mull read with envious but hopeless longings of the continental wanderings of young Goldsmith: now, he thought, he had at command the means of travelling; and his acquaintance with Scott having awakened curiosity about the language and literature of Germany, it was to that quarter that he was most desirous of turning. His Whig allies in the Parliament House suggested that while abroad he might be an useful correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle*, then conducted with eminent spirit by a Scotchman who associated on intimate terms with the loftiest of the party aristocrats. Mr. Perry tendered handsome remuneration, and requested the recruit to visit him ere he embarked. Campbell assented, but the nervousness of self-distrust recurred—it would still be better that he should have rubbed himself a little more upon the world before hazarding his bow and his brogue to the criticism of London:—and he took ship at Leith for Hamburg in June, 1800. He yet designed to perform most of his travels in Goldsmith's pedestrian fashion; and

this was realised. He does not seem to have been diligent as Perry's intelligencer; but he remained in Germany for ten months, acquired some facility in the language, conversed with Klopstock, and it must be supposed profited in various ways by his adventures. We owe to them a large proportion of his best poetry. The magnificent stanzas *On leaving a Scene in Bavaria*, though not perhaps written till several years afterwards, are clearly foreshadowed in one of his letters to Richardson while voyaging on the Danube; but several very famous pieces were transmitted by post to Perry, and gave his newspaper such illumination as no other in recent times has owed to its 'own correspondent.' From the rampart adjoining a convent of Scotch Benedictines, who had received him with great cordiality, he witnessed the storming of Ingolstadt; and that vision of the realities of war gave its life to the noble lyric on *Hohenlinden*, which field he had traversed a fortnight before 'the drum beat at dead of night.' We may observe that he had some courteous intercourse with the officers of the French army when they occupied Ingolstadt, and was even introduced to their General and Madame Moreau. The *Ode to Winter* was another contribution. The rumours first of Danish and then of Prussian adhesion to the designs of the First Consul cut short his stay in the South. He hastened back by a different route to *Hamburgh*; and, on seeing the warlike appearances at *Altona*, the most popular of his songs, '*Ye Mariners of England*,' was dispatched to glorify Perry. The glance at our *Martello system* in

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,

may have partly reconciled the editor to the prevailing patriotism of the inspiration. It was at *Hamburgh*, on this second visit, that he fell into company with some of the Irish who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798, and their distress suggested the '*Exile of Erin*.' The far more pathetic '*Soldier's Dream*' was sent from the same place. Some other pieces, then published in the *Chronicle*, have, like these, been included in numberless editions of his poetry. One has been now for the first time reprinted from the newspaper. Campbell was struck with the chanting of a Latin ditty, in honour of *Marshal Laudohn*, by a troop of *Imperial dragoons* whom he met in a forest. One of the officers gave him the words, and he transmitted a free translation:—

'Rise, ye Croats, fierce and strong,  
Form the front, and march along!  
And gather fast, ye gallant men,  
From *Nona* and from *Warrasden*,

Whose

Whose sunny mountains nurse a line  
 Generous as her fiery wine !  
 Hosts of Buda ! hither bring  
 The bloody flag and eagle wing :  
 Ye that drink the rapid stream  
 Fast by walled Salankeme !  
 Ranks of Agria !—head and heel  
 Sheathed in adamantine steel !  
 Quit the woodlands and the boar,  
 Ye hunters wild on Drava's shore !  
 The trumpets sound, the colours fly,  
 And Laudohn leads to victory !  
 Every baron, sword in hand,  
 Rides before his gallant band.  
 The vulture, screaming for his food,  
 Conducts ye to his fields of blood.  
 Men of Austria ! mark around  
 Classic fields and holy ground—  
 For here were deeds of glory done,  
 And battles by our fathers won.  
 Heirs of plunder and renown,  
 Hew the squadrons—hew them down !  
 'This is glory—this is life.  
 Champions of a glorious strife,  
 Moving like a wall of rock,  
 To stormy siege or battle shock !  
 Grenadiers ! that fierce and large,  
 Stamp like dragons to the charge !  
 Foot and horsemen, serf and lord,  
 Triumph now with one accord !  
 Soon the rapid shot is o'er,  
 But glory lasts for evermore !'—vol. i. p. 339.

May the day be not remote when such really national choruses shall again resound wherever the standard of Austria is unfurled!

The poet embarked for Leith, but some alarm of privateers drove the convoy from its course; and finding himself in Yarmouth Roads with the prospect of detention, he quitted the vessel and took coach for London. He arrived with few shillings in his pocket: but Perry at once did everything kind and flattering. It was now at Perry's table that he first met John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whence two of his most valued friendships. Perry carried him to dine at Holland House, where the noble host made the same impression that always waited on his most polished benevolence; and Mackintosh astonished him by the matchless affluence of his conversation, which was yet less admirable than its modesty. Mackintosh invited him to dine with 'the King of Clubs,' or 'The Club'—the

—the one instituted by Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds: and here he met, among others, the two Smiths, Sydney and his hardly less remarkable brother, Robert—commonly called to the end by his Etonian style of *Bobus*. While intoxicated with this new brilliancy, and negotiating for a regular connection with the newspaper which had been his *open sesame*, he received news of the death of his father (ætat. 91); and his letter to the Rev. A. Alison, who had watched the old man's last hours and announced the event, has these natural and touching sentences:—

‘When I think that the father of so many sons **was** interred by strangers, I have no consolation but in one reflection, that in you he had the delegate of my affections, if the sentiments of nature can at all be transferred. But yet, to the bosom of confidence, I confess that a sore self-accusation lies on my heart. I left him in his last days! The thought is exceeding bitter. I should not have wept for his loss, if I had shared but his last benediction.’—vol. i. p. 361.

He was speedily in Edinburgh, where he found his mother's distress aggravated by the discovery that the allowance from the Glasgow Merchants' House could not be continued. On this occasion, as on all others, Campbell's feelings of family love and duty were generously displayed. Precarious as his own position was, he undertook at once to make good the forfeited annuity; he also proposed to two of his sisters that they should get rid of their engagements, join their mother and set up a boarding-school of their own in Edinburgh, he becoming bound for the larger house and new furniture requisite. The plan was adopted: it ensured comfort otherwise unattainable for the afflicted parent, and for a time promised well for the sisters. Ultimately their school did not prosper; and Campbell, in his endeavours to support them in their struggles, was forced to contract a debt ‘on Judaic terms,’ the burthen of which hung over him for many anxious years; but he never complained.

His arrangements were oddly interrupted. In the smack that brought him to Scotland was a lady passenger, who sat daily on deck with the Pleasures of Hope in her hand, and mentioned casually (the poet's person being known to none on board) that she had heard with regret a rumour of Mr. Thomas Campbell's imprisonment in the Tower on a charge of high treason. He laughed at this, and had forgotten it, when, as he was at dinner a week or two afterwards, he had a summons to attend the Sheriff of Edinburgh. The officer carried a search-warrant, and he and his papers were conveyed to the sheriff. That magistrate received him with solemnity. One of his fellow-voyagers from the Elbe to Yarmouth had been a certain Donovan, a Croppy of 1798. Government had been warned of this man's return by some  
Hamburgh

Hamburgh inquisitor, who thought fit to add that he had for his companion the author of 'the Exile of Erin' and other dangerous songs, a travelling agent of the Morning Chronicle, notorious when in Germany for haunting rebel society, and vehemently suspected of having conveyed to Moreau intelligence concerning the movements of the Austrian troops. Donovan was now in the Tower, and it might be necessary to confront his associate with him. Campbell answered, that he had never seen Donovan except on board the Hamburgh ship, and was wholly ignorant of his subsequent adventures. The sheriff opened the trunk and began to examine the MSS. Innocent letters and diaries appeared, scraps of unfinished poetry, and, by and bye, the original draft of 'Ye Mariners,' which this loyal functionary had not before heard of, and now read with equal surprise and delight. 'Mr. Campbell,' said he, 'upon my word, I think we had better have a bottle of claret to sustain us through the rest of this batch of treason.' The sequel can be guessed. To avoid another introduction of Mr. O'Donovan, we may as well say here that Campbell encountered him a twelvemonth later, evidently in poor plight, on the streets of London:—

"Ha, Donovan," said I, "I wish you joy, my good fellow, in getting out of the Tower, where I was told they were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace." "Och," said he, "good luck to the Tower! black the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one could get me into it for life!" "My stars! and were you not in confinement?" "Tschach! The government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a state prisoner. The Tower gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me out to walk where I liked all day long—perfectly secure that I should return at meal-times. And then, besides, he had a nice pretty daughter." "And don't you go and see her in the Tower?" "Why, no, my dear fellow. The course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money: and she found out that my Irish estates, and all that I had told her about their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So, when the day arrived that your merciless government ordered me to be liberated, I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to the newspapers."—vol. i. p. 366.

To return to Edinburgh. On Campbell's arrival there, it struck Mr. Cuninghame that his continental trip had much assuaged the fervour of his liberalism. On the other hand, he was introduced about this time to the late Lord Minto, who had been enchanted with his first fruits, and manifested an earnest wish to be of service to him; and Campbell, feeling this kindness very sensibly, but also sensitive to other considerations, took an early occasion to inform the Tory peer frankly that his 'opinions' were 'republican.' The Earl, we dare say, cared nothing about Campbell's

Campbell's politics, except as fearing they might lessen his own chances of helping him. Meantime he was requested to visit Minto Castle; and this was done as soon as the mother's affairs had been all settled, and order taken as to a certain entanglement of his own, which now pressed. Ere he started for Germany he had projected and begun a poem on a grand scale, to be entitled *The Queen of the North*; and his bookseller had advanced some monies on the understanding that it was to be finished abroad, and ready about this time for publication; but alas! the sheriff's search had discovered only fragments of *The Queen*, and Campbell was embarrassed by the nonfulfilment of his bargain. The result was, that on being released from the poetical bond he agreed to execute a piece of humbler work for Mundell—to wit, 'Annals of Great Britain,' a compendium of our history from the accession of George III. to the opening of the century, in three octavos, for each of which the allowance was to be 100*l.* It was at the same time arranged (the bookseller certainly showing remarkable generosity on this point) that there should be a new edition, the *Seventh*, of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in a splendid quarto form, with engravings, to which all the subsequent poems, printed in the *Chronicle* or yet in MS., were to be annexed; the book to be published by subscription, and a considerable share of the aggregate profit assigned to the author. With these engagements, and the expectation of more regular gains from the newspaper in London, Campbell found his mind comforted; and after enjoying for a while the easy society of the Alisons, Gregories, Richardson, and so forth, he proceeded to Minto. It does not seem that he ever recurred to the *Queen of the North*, nor do either the hints now given of its scheme, or the few verses that we can examine, inspire much regret on that subject. The *Queen* was *Edina*. The poet was to survey the richly varied scenery from the Castle of Edinburgh, and, depicting all this in his verse, interweave the most striking episodes of history that could be connected with the panorama. When he set to work in Germany he soon discovered that his stock of national lore was neither large nor accurate; and now on the spot, with the *Advocates'* library at his elbow, it is easy to understand that he shrunk from the projected breadth of his canvas and a glimpse of the materials that must be digested before he could fill it up. But there was a radical fault in the plan: hardly any art could have disguised its artifice. He had proposed for something of epical dimensions a conception purely lyrical: and nothing so wearisome as an overgrown ode.

The ensuing visit to Teviotdale brought him to a near view of

of life and manners of which hitherto he had only read and heard, or obtained slight and casual glimpses. The impressions which his letters acknowledge are probably much what the reader might anticipate; but as his feeling does not seem to have been modified by any subsequent experience, and its continuance could not well fail, in a country like this, of having some influence on the general shaping of his destiny, we shall make room for a specimen of these early confessions.

'*Aug. 28, 1802.*—Lord Minto's politeness only twitches me with the sin of ingratitude for not being happier under his hospitable roof. But a lord's house, fashionable strangers, sofa'd saloons, and winding galleries, where I can hardly discover my own apartment, make me as wretched as my nature can be—without being a *tutor*! Every one, it is true, is civil to me; the very servants are assiduous in putting me right when I lose my way in the galleries; but, degraded as I am to a state of second childhood in this new world, it would be insulting my fallen dignity to smile hysterically and pretend to be happy.'

'*Sept. 4.*—Lord Minto's company is uniformly agreeable; his conversation, when you get him by himself (though he affects neither wit nor learning), is replete with sincere enthusiasm and original information. But still this is a lord's house—although *his*. His time is so much employed with strangers—fashionable, proud folks—who have a slang of conversation among themselves, as unintelligible to plain sober beings as the cant of the gipsies, and probably not so amusing if one did understand it. A man of my lowly breeding feels in their company a little of what Burke calls proud humility, or rather humble contempt. It has astonished me to see what a cold repulsive atmosphere that little thing called *quality* can spread around itself, and make us believe that it exists at least as a negative quality—like that of cold. But like all other little passions this *hauteur* is cowardly,—a little indifference on the side of the vulgar makes those minions of fashion open their eyes, half shut with affectation of pur-blindness, and look at least more respectfully. As to conversation—the human mind at a certain elevation of rank grows more barren than the Alps.'

Campbell took final leave of Edinburgh and of Scotland (as his residence) at the opening of 1803: but what finally decided the step is left in some uncertainty. Dr. Beattie attributes a good deal to endless annoyances from some near connexions, for whom he had done what he could, and, with his *mother* on his hands, could now actually do no more—(we fear the cautious phrases used can leave little doubt as to who these connexions were);—but nevertheless intimates that the superiority of London as a theatre of literary adventure must have had the chief sway. By whatever cause it was quickened, the step is still viewed regretfully by those who observed his earlier as well as maturer years. One of these writes thus—

'Had



‘ Had he now obtained a professorship, or settled as a lecturer on belles lettres, he might have been happy; for he would have been under the observation of those whose opinion he respected—the friends of his youth, and the admirers of his reputation.’—vol. i. p. 374.

On arriving in London he met Telford, and the kind engineer tells the not less affectionate Alison—

‘ If he will only do as well as we anxiously wish, he may become one of the most important—as he already is certainly one of the greatest men of the age. I am so deeply interested in his welfare and fame that I am eternally giving him advice; but he knows it is from downright affectionate regard. I have asked him to live with me at the Salopian, where I may have him constantly in check.’—p. 423.

Charing-cross was a convenient position for Telford, who had to do with parliamentary agents and all the substructure of road and bridge bills; but the poet did not long adhere to it. He says, the noise of the immense thoroughfare (in those præ-macadamite days) was enough to drive any man crazy. It may be possible that the mathematical exactness of Telford’s rules and notions proved also somewhat fatiguing to him; howbeit, he took a den for himself in dull and dingy South Molton street. When Lord Minto came to town he attended him every morning for an hour or two—as a sort of private Secretary; but whether this continued during the whole session of Parliament, does not appear. We suppose it had not been possible for Perry to offer him quite such an engagement with the Chronicle as had been counted on; for he soon accepted one from Dr. Tulloch, proprietor of a heavier print, now remembered only by the Anti-jacobin’s couplet—

‘ Thou Morning Chronicle, and Morning Post !  
Couriers and STARS, Sedition’s Evening Host !’

This doctor was also owner of a Philosophical Magazine, and not unwilling to enliven its science with some admixture of general literature; so Campbell undertook to assist him in that department too. Tulloch, like Perry, was Scotch; and indeed, though Campbell had abandoned his old country, he always lived very much among his countryfolks. We have heard him defend himself for his truancy, on the ground that there were more of them in London than in Edinburgh—and, perhaps, fifty years ago this was hardly an exaggeration. His connexion with Tulloch’s paper and magazine lasted during many years. Now and henceforth some part of his day was regularly spent in the Star office. But he had by no means dropped his kindly intercourse with Perry; and occasional verses, and now and then a prose *jeu d’esprit* too pungent for grave Dr. Tulloch, were still welcomed by the Chronicle, and applauded at Brookes’s. His visits to the  
King

King of Clubs were repeated, and he appeared from time to time at Holland House, where once at least he conversed at leisure with Mr. Fox, and left a very favourable impression on that excellent judge, especially by some criticisms on Virgil. But feelings not remote from those we have found confessed at Minto Castle come out in the letters that paint, to old intimates, his morning reflections on the brightest evenings of the highest and most accomplished London society.

‘Much as the wit and erudition of these men pleases an auditor at the first or second visit, the trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them to advantage. Where every one tries to instruct there is but little instruction. Wit, paradox, eccentricity—even absurdity if delivered rapidly and facetiously—takes priority of sound reason and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learnt? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened and the spirits are finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution: their inquiries are desultory, and all improvement to be reaped must be accidental.’—vol. i. p. 384.

In another page he wonders that Sydney Smith can endure so much of ‘the devil’s drawing-room—London.’ But he does not advert to the other singularity, namely, that that drawing-room never tired of Sydney. Peradventure some light may be thrown on all this by a brief note from the worthy historian of the Scotch poets, Dr. David Irving, who, about the same time, met Campbell under no gilded ceilings, but at the plentiful board of Messrs. Longman and Co., in Paternoster-Row; a sort of ordinary maintained by that great firm for the benefit of its literary allies and subjects. The Doctor says:—

‘Among other individuals, not so easily remembered, the company included Walter Scott, Thomas Young, Humphry Davy, and George Ellis; and I may add without any hazard of contradiction that such guests as these could not now be assembled at any table in the kingdom. Scott had not then attained the height of his reputation; but he was at all times conspicuous for his social powers and strong practical sense. Upon that occasion he was full of good humour, and had many stories to tell. Ellis, possessing an ample fund of elegant literature, was a model of all that is pleasant in society. Young was alike distinguished in science and erudition. Davy, who was so great in his own department, seemed willing to talk in an easy and unpretending strain on any topic that was discussed. Among these men Campbell did not appear to much advantage: he was too ambitious to shine, nor was he successful in any of his attempts. He was much inclined

clined to dilate on the subject of Homer, but on various points was opposed with equal decision and coolness by Dr. Young, who, in all probability, was familiarly acquainted with Wolf's *Prolegomena*—which had been published eight years before and introduced a new era in criticism. Davy was ready to interpose any remark that occurred to him, though it may be presumed that his chemical was superior to his classical analysis. On the subject of Greek poetry, Scott was silent. Campbell began to wax somewhat too earnest; but, finding that he did not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled, he started from his seat at an early hour, and quitted the room with a very hasty step.—vol. i. p. 434.

Dr. Beattie, who only knew Campbell in his later period, pronounces this scene of May, 1803, and its exit 'very characteristic.' We already begin to see in Campbell something of the besetting weakness of one whose better inspiration he often rivalled—Goldsmith.

Ere the close of that year he took a step for which poor Goldy never had courage. A Mr. Sinclair, his uncle by marriage, had met with reverses in the City, and was now living in a small house somewhere on the 'Five Fields,' that is, the desolate region since covered with the solemn squares of Belgravia. He had a large family of daughters; of whom the youngest, with a name that might have satisfied any romancer, united romantic and majestic beauty of feature and form. Campbell fell in love with his cousin, and she responded. The old people suggested prudential objections; but the swain, besides detailing sundry agreements with Tulloch and the booksellers, had actually a 50*l.* note in his desk; and the fair Matilda coinciding in his hopeful views of the Exchequer question, the wedding was speedily solemnized. They took lodgings in Pimlico, and there their first boy was born, Thomas Telford Campbell; but the Poet had from early days dreamt of a cottage and garden of his own—

'Oh! that for me some homestead this might smile,  
Some cottage home!'——

He now thirsted to realize the vision, and leased and furnished a house on Sydenham Green, which he inhabited for seventeen years—in fact, the only dwelling-place on this side the border that will be remembered in connexion with him. His letters overflow with simple and honest happiness; the wife is of angelic sweetness, and the sight of her and her babe makes labour for the first time a delight to him. He now keeps a horse: the ride to and from the 'Star-chamber' every forenoon is good for his health; in the evening he advances with the '*Annals*,' and throws off minor *Essays* for various magazines. One series of papers was on Agriculture, and Campbell, who probably could not tell barley from lavender

lavender in the field, says he thenceforth overawed the farmers that occasionally rode to town with him by the profundity of his views concerning the rotation of crops and the virtues of manures. After Dr. Thomas Young's treatise on Bricklaying in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, nothing of this class astonishes us. Let us quote one of the young father's tender effusions over his child :—

‘ Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands—long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep—I durst not waken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the extasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and Nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out.’—vol. i. p. 472.

The sequel sheds a melancholy gloom over these happy sentences.

We have no intention to dwell so minutely on Dr. Beattie's second and third volumes. The events are few, and the interest, where there is any considerable interest, has a painful complexion. Our object was to put together such an outline of the earlier career as might explain the sequel; and already perhaps few will see much reason to wonder at the scanty issue of Campbell's dazzling blossom.

After the lapse of a year or two, one of his sisters being desirous of a situation in London, he thus replies to a letter in which she had expressed such notions of his influence as it was very natural for her to have entertained. When one of an obscure family acquires any species of eminence, how prone are the rest to exaggerate his acquisition; or where, as in this case, there could be no question of the solidity of his claims, to magnify egregiously their own

own chances of profiting thereby. There could not be a kinder brother, but his sisters did not always remember that he was now a husband and a father, as well as a son and a brother.

' *Feb. 1805.*—I cannot pretend to much interest among the great. I would not be right in saying I have none. One has no exact measure for a thing so dependent on accident or the feelings of others. Lord Minto, the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Henry Petty, and Lord Webb Seymour, have been often heard to lament that I was not provided for. I have been introduced to others of the nobility, but acquaintance with them I never could keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties. I exhausted a good deal of time and money in one London campaign, and got no object attained that I desired. I have still retained acquaintance with one or two respectable families, but not in the highest rank. I think they are better hearted than the high gentry, and enter into one's affairs more in earnest. The great are indifferent creatures. I have some hopes from two intimate friends, a Mr. Weston, of the City, and Sydney Smith, the preacher. It may seem a fault in my character that, having so many great and good friends, I can get nothing done, either for my own advantage or the benefit of those I love. It was a remark of your worthy aunt, in depreciating my character to the Sinclairs, that "I made friends, but never kept them." I am not surprised that a person so unlike myself should think exactly so of me. I feel, however, the injustice of the observation in the value I attach to friendship. I have all my early and equal friends still attached to me, and I have reason to think very *truly*. The great and the rich have been kind to me, and have said such things as would have made you believe I was to be amply provided for. As to intimacy, I never could even wish it with them; it is got by sacrificing independent feelings. I have never parted with the best part of my character.'

At Sydenham he found society that suited him. That neighbourhood was studded with the residences of comfortable families connected with the commerce of London, and with several of these he and his wife soon came to be on a footing of close intimacy. Weary wives, idle widows, involuntary nuns, were excited splendidly by such a celebrity at their doors. The requests for autographs were unceasing. No party could be complete without 'the Pleasures of Hope;' he was here in no danger of being overborne or outshone; his appetite grew by what it fed on, and perhaps half of Dr. Beattie's second volume is occupied with the memorials of as silly an interchange of semi-sentimental twaddle as ever encumbered the history of a true genius. That there was great worth and real kindness on both sides we make no question, but the record is humbling enough when one thinks that at this very period he could still be Campbell—that to moments snatched from Stars and Philosophical Magazines, abridgments  
of

of the Annual Register, Essays on Turnips, and the pic-nics of stiburban bluestockings, we owe compositions—few, alas, and far between, like his own angel's visits—but still entirely worthy of his first promise.

He continued however, though at intervals gradually widening, to be seen in the higher circles that had been so willing to welcome him; and, from the time of his marriage, Dr. Beattie says he can trace a series of plans towards the improvement of his fortune set on foot by the Whig leaders, whose great merit of zeal for friends we have always been most ready to acknowledge. One was not a very radiant project: it pointed to some chair of English literature in the University of Wilna. Dr. Beattie on this topic is mysterious. We can make out that the grand obstacle, according to Campbell's own view, was his burst of Polism in the Pleasures of Hope; but whether one of his rivals really forwarded the lines about Kosciusko to the Autocrat of Russia, or Campbell seriously apprehended that if he were appointed, it would only be under a covert design of lying in wait for the first outbreak of his liberalism, and then lodging him for life in Siberia, we have no means to decide. The thing was soon dropped, and who carried the prize our Doctor is too stately to reveal. What the other schemes were, we are not told. Meantime his earnings were not sufficient for his expenditure. Dr. Beattie says:—

‘It has been generally supposed that Campbell wrote very little at this period of his life; such was not the fact; but it is true that what came before the public comprised only a small proportion of what he wrote. His flow of thought was not rapid; and he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place. Nor did this habit of nicety and precision diminish with experience; for erasures are more frequent in his later than in his early manuscripts. He was rarely if ever satisfied with his own productions, however finely imagined or elaborately finished. Aiming at that perfection to which no modern author, perhaps, has attained, his progress was not equal to his perseverance; for what was written in the evening was often discarded the next morning.’—vol. ii. p. 16.

Campbell himself candidly and shrewdly says:—

‘I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was *over-calculating* the gains I could make from them. All artists are apt to make similar mistakes. The author sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of the work in one day, and in high glee computes thus:—Well, at this rate, I can count upon so many pounds a day. But innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day, may require to be re-written

written to-morrow ; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including threepence of profit, into the till, has a more surely gainful vocation.—vol. ii. p. 24.

His difficulties by and bye were perplexing ; the Wilna scheme appears to have alarmed his duns, far and near, like an electric shock ;—but on such mischief—if it ends in the pestering—with the detail of little borrowings, all reluctant and all honourably repaid—why should Dr. Beattie wish anybody to dwell ? The only lesson needs no index, and, however expounded, would be expounded in vain. If a man of brilliant talents, without any delinquency that can rouse serious reproach, be seen exposed to broad and tangible extremes of misfortune ; if a man like Campbell, bright among the brightest of his day, sincere and upright in his heart, were exhibited as undergoing some real calamity in consequence partly—even mainly—of such improvidences and miscalculations as are easily forgiven to the smallest of his kind ; if we saw him cast into prison, his home dismantled, his wife and children turned penniless upon Sydenham Green, there would be something to stir the coldest blood ; and many, incapable of being fired with Lochiel or melted by O'Connor's Child, would hang over the record as willingly as they sigh at a melodrama. But Campbell's pecuniary miseries never reached any romantic climax.

They were lightened—for the moment at least they were greatly relieved—and the chance of ultimate pressure was ever after kept at bay—by a pension obtained for him during the brief reign of All the Talents. Its amount was nominally 200*l.* a year, but fees and charges reduced it to 168*l.* ; and be it never forgotten that, whatever the annuity previously allotted to his mother had been, he now raised that payment to a full moiety of this sum, and down to her death, in 1812, never permitted any personal difficulty to interfere with her benefit.

The pension having been in fact the gift of the Foxes, he pays a visit of gratitude to Holland House—but not until after the lapse of two years :—

' Jan. 21, 1808.—The meeting was formidable to me. They are kind and most *voluntarily* benefactors to me ; but that makes the meeting somewhat awful. Lady Holland is a formidable woman. She is cleverer by several degrees than Buonaparte ! The fear of appearing *not* at my ease is always my most uneasy sensation at that house. Pride and shyness are always sparring in my inside. But on this occasion I was peculiarly fortunate. I walked for about an hour, almost alone, with Lady H. I do assure you I was quite spruce ! Most fortunate was the mood upon me at the time—none of your Scotch *marveilleuse honte* ; no, no—I felt such self-possession, such a rattle of tongue and spring-  
tide

tide of conversation, so perfectly joyous, that I acquitted myself like a man, and went away as well convinced that my dignity had been unimpaired as if I had been dining with Cullen Brown. Off I marched with Sydney Smith; Sydney is an excellent subject—but he too has done me some *kind offices*, and that is enough to produce a most green-eyed jealousy in my noble and heroic dispositions! I was determined I should make as many good jokes, and speak as much as himself; and so I did, for though I was dressed at the dinner-table much like a barber's clerk, I arrogated greatly, talked quizzically, metaphorically; Sydney said a few *good* things—I said many!!! Saul slew his thousands—David his tens of thousands. Mrs. S. helped me to two delicious dishes—and I was exceedingly hungry—veal and pickled pork, both highly commendable, particularly the latter.'—vol. ii. p. 134.

The following passage may be conveniently placed by the foregoing. The family with whom one of his sisters is living, come up to inspect London, and he calls on them (1810):—

'I was a little afraid of the Dover-street interview with the M.'s. Although my sister spoke of them highly, I had contracted an idea that they were proud people. On my way I had prepared to put my looks and manners into the most dignified attitude! But though I behaved sublimely to the footman, and almost knocked him down with overawe, I had no sooner got to the inside of the drawing-room, than I found it better to put off my godlike air, and resume my human appearance. They were plain, sensible, and civil people, with good characteristics, and a little *cordiality* of manner—just what I wanted—nothing that was over-much, or that might have led me to suppose they were saying in their hearts, "Let us be kind and civil to this man, and not avail ourselves of his sister being our governess." I am quite glad that my sister is there. I stayed to dine, and took the latest Dulwich coach.'—vol. ii. p. 192.

Dr. Beattie seeing Campbell complain in many letters of painful shyness, while correspondents, in the main eulogistic, charge him, in his earlier stage, with arrogance in his tone of talk, appears to be of opinion that the two failings could not have existed in the same man. We must beg leave to differ from the Doctor. In those failings—(without attaching much importance to the poet's own double confession just cited)—we see merely different shapes of the same too indulgent self-esteem, or, if the phrenologists please, different developments of the same love of approbation—the convex and concave sides of the same deformity. We do not forget old Homer's twofold division of *shame*; but what is called *shyness* by men speaking of themselves, is often neither less nor more than arrogance not screwed up. It was a serious misfortune for Campbell that he was always thinking so much about what other people were thinking of him. This was the parent of many unlucky consequences—among others, of great and  
needless



needless loss of pleasure to himself. There was no reason why he should not have set his rest on old equal friendships—no man but a fool ever does not: there was no reason why he should not have been kind and attentive to persons vastly his inferiors who had any sort of claim upon him—no man with a heart like his could have been otherwise. But he might have done and been all this, and yet enjoyed in moderation—and, as a student and artist, profited largely by enjoying—the calm contemplation of that grand spectacle denominated the upper world. It is infinitely the best of theatres—the acting incomparably the first, the actresses the prettiest. He could not bear to go to it unless he was himself to be the star. He could not be comfortable in his corner, and come forth when he got his cue; far less could he relish the more delicate luxury of a side-box. But though all this continued to be the case, what Dr. Beattie might truly and fitly have added was, that in his later time Campbell's manners in general society were free from all presumption. His bearing, as we remember him, was truly gentle; the only uneasiness that he occasioned was by his own manifest uneasiness—a thing sufficiently puzzling to persons who had from childhood admired him afar off.

By and bye he joined a volunteer regiment, called the 'North Britons,' and for a time was constant at drill and also at mess. This last was not good for his health. Already his newspaper engagement bringing him daily to town, he had been quite enough exposed to the temptation of festive boards and tavern meetings. Moreover, temptations of a like kind were not wanting at Sydenham itself. There were jolly aldermen there as well as enthusiastic spinsters. Above all, the original of *Paul Pry*, Tom Hill, then a flourishing drysalter in the city, and proprietor and editor of the 'Theatrical Mirror,' had a pretty box in the village, where on Saturdays convened the lights of song and the drama, Matthews, Liston, Incledon, and with them their audacious messmate and purveyor, the stripling Hook. The dignity of Campbell's reputation surrounded him amidst these merry-makers with a halo before which every head bowed—which every chorus recognised. All this was very different from Holland House, from the King of Clubs—even from the Divan in the Row. To Campbell it was more fascinating. Even so Goldy, in the circle of Burke and Johnson, sighed secretly for his Irish poetasters and index-makers, and the 'shoemaker's holidays,' as he called them, of Highbury Barn. Dr. Beattie, who carefully remarks at the close of the Glasgow College period, that Campbell had 'as yet,' in spite of much dangerous example, practised great moderation at table

\* See Mr. Foster's very entertaining book, 'Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography,' pp. 476-488.

(vol. i. p. 209), now writes with reference to the volunteers and so forth:—

‘This occasional absence from home, it was said, and the facilities which it offered for entering more freely into company, fostered a taste for conviviality which was neither friendly to study nor domestic retirement. The social pleasures of the evening were followed by a painful counterpoise of depressed spirits and inaptitude for mental exertion. I do not presume to say that his mode of life was different from that of many of his own standing; but what was pursued with impunity by others was often extremely prejudicial to him. By a too easy compliance with their solicitations, he was led to countenance a style of living and thinking—not altogether in accordance with the high standard of which he had given a solemn earnest in his Poems—which laid the foundation of habits that in after years he found it very hard, or even impossible, to conquer.—vol. ii. p. 87.

We are not surprised to find that working the brain and also the stomach in this style, his nerves—never very firmly strung—were sorely disturbed. Appetite by and bye failed—a walk of a mile knocked him up—he could hardly sit his pony for an hour—he was forced to drop all penmanship for weeks at a time. At last he had a really alarming attack of *Coma vigil*, and it took some months’ seclusion in the Isle of Wight to restore him.

These misfortunes affected his purse seriously. Among other efforts for relief he entered upon a tedious negotiation about a Collection of the British Poets—already sufficiently detailed in the Memoirs of Scott, who, at one stage, seemed likely to associate himself with Campbell in the editorship, and received, as the treaty dragged on, not a few Philippics against *The Trade*. This indeed was always a favourite strain with Campbell, though no reader of these volumes will find anything whatever to justify it. Hear him—

‘Cadell and Davies asked my terms for thirty lives, and I gave in the same estimate which Sir James Mackintosh offered—a thousand pounds. They are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men’s brains! . . . It is of consequence to the general cause of letters that neither journeymen like myself, nor masters—independent artists like you, should be overreached in their transactions. Constable is a deep draw-well. It is not two months since he made me absolutely believe he had not been meant by nature for a bookseller. But God knows he is not the worst of the bunch. . . . We scorned Philip—we laughed not ill-naturedly at Louis XIV.; but at this Buonaparte we gnash our teeth with the laugh of wretches on the wheel. Either he is more respectable than we allow, or we are grown a parcel of cowards not to treat him with dignity. Perhaps in my feelings towards the Gallic Usurper—Wretch, Tyrant; as we charitably call him—there may be some personal bias; for I

must confess that ever since he shot the bookseller in Germany I have had a warm side to him.\*

However, out of this frustrated scheme sprung two others, both successful, and one of them eminently so. First, the preparation of an *Essay on English Poetry*, with *Specimens* and biographical and critical *Notices*, on which Campbell kept working at intervals during seven or eight years; at last completing the book published in 1816 by Mr. Murray, whom he justly describes as 'a gentleman, albeit a bookseller:' a work not unworthy to be handed down with the classical verse of its author, and which cannot now be re-perused without moving deep regret for the trivial and perishable nature of his other prose writings, whether buried in the utter darkness of petty magazines, or bearing his name on their tombstones in the purlieus of 'Bedlam and Soho.' Secondly, the plan of *Lectures on Poetry* at the Royal Institution, suggested by this compilation while in progress, realized with applause in 1812, and repeated for three or four seasons to diminishing audiences.

Having just read over Campbell's *Essay and Notices*, we could not but speak of them as we have done. At the same time we must add that, even considered without reference to other matters, that book itself is not to be thought of without some pain. Excellent as it is, who can help feeling that the plan was unfortunate—that he was 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' from first to last, and has left us but *specimens*, not only of what others had done, but of what he could have done?\*

But we are trespassing somewhat as to our chronology; and the earlier Sydenham period should not be lightly dismissed—for, besides all this prose-work, good, bad, and indifferent, it produced, with one or two small exceptions, whatever of lasting worth he was ever to add to the poetry of his adolescence. The *Battle of the Baltic* and *Lochiel* are the first in date; and Dr. Beattie is enabled to illustrate very curiously the elaborate anxiety with which both were brought into their ultimate shape. The original draft of the *Battle*, sent to Scott in 1805, consists of thirty stanzas,—one third more than the published copy—and though the superiority of the latter is very decided, we see that Campbell's endless tinkering obliterated not a few passages such as few would have parted with, far fewer could have afforded to lose. Take for instance this picture of the English sailors:—

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\* Perhaps in the recent reprint for the 'Home and Colonial Library'—a miscellany conducted with singular skill and without the slightest pretension—the omission of the long-verse extracts is favourable to Campbell. The attention of the reader is more kept to his pleasing guide.

' Not such a mind possess'd  
 England's tar ;  
 'Twas the love of noble game  
 Set his oaken heart on flame,  
 For to him 'twas all the same—  
 Sport and war.

' *All hands and eyes on watch  
 As they keep—  
 By their motion light as wings,  
 By each step that haughty springs,  
 You might know them for the kings  
 Of the deep !*

*Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *Glenara* were written soon after, and all these pieces were added to *Gertrude of Wyoming* when that exquisite poem, begun in 1806, and occupying the noblest hours of five successive years, was at last issued in quarto, *more majorem*, December, 1810. All the proud prodigality of poetical genius that had been developed since the opening of the century seemed but to have quickened the appetite of the public, and the reception of *Gertrude* must have been equal to the author's highest anticipation. In this work he achieved his greatest honour. In the *Pleasures of Hope*, it is true, we find more lines that have passed into parts of speech ; but the *Gertrude* also will stand that sort of test well—and it has such a pervading charm of pensive sentiment, with so many flashes of electrical inspiration, that we must, on the whole, place it above the early Poem. The contemporary criticisms might alone, if we had a folio's space at command, restrain our pen now. The *Edinburgh Reviewer's* private letter shows how well he understood Campbell :—

' It ends rather abruptly—not but that there is great spirit in the description—but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults however are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages—and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness ; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. These are not great faults, but they are blemishes ; and as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them—for with you they are faults of over-finish, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private—for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves ; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know

how truly you are a great and original poet, till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them—and let me see them at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children.'—vol. ii. p. 173.

One more of the 'full-dressed children' soon followed, to ourselves perhaps the very dearest of the family—the *O'Connor's Child*. It was included in the second edition of *Gertrude*; and if we except the ode of farewell to Kemble (1817), 'The Last Man' (1823), and the stanzas on the Improved Clyde (1826), it would have been better that Campbell had never again touched verse.

Dr. Beattie produces in his first volume some fragments of a mock-heroic poem on the meal-mobs of Edinburgh, during the 'scarce years' (1800-1801), which might have been dispensed with. That Campbell, however, had a fine vein of humour and satire in him was always asserted among his intimates, and his effusions in that line in the *Chronicle* have often been alluded to as among the moving causes of his pension. The Doctor gives one specimen of 1813, which may perhaps make some of his readers sorry that there are no more; a closer search of the files, they will exclaim, might be well bestowed. Dr. B. says—

'The following *jeu-d'esprit* or "Suggestions" by Campbell appeared in the columns of a morning paper. The lines evince a strong party spirit, but are very characteristic of that vein of pleasantry by which he often turned the rancour of political prejudice into a harmless jest.'

The said 'Suggestions' begin with—

'As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
And the Marshal *must* have them, pray why should we not  
As the last—and I grant you the worst—of our loans to him,  
Ship off the whole Ministry body and bones to him?'—

—and so on, till we reach—

'Nay, I do not see why the great Regent himself  
Should in times such as these lie at home on the shelf;  
Though in narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,  
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse*?' &c.—

vol. ii. p. 229.

All this is very clever in its way; but the piece is Moore's—and its true title is 'Reinforcements for Lord Wellington.' (See Longman's 8vo. of 1845, p. 170.) Who has been 'suggesting' the learned Doctor?

Whether *Gertrude*, or Anti-Regent squibs (genuine or imputed), or Lady Charlotte Campbell had most to do with the introduction of the Bard of Sydenham to the 'Court of Blackheath,' we cannot pretend to rule; but he now became an honoured

honoured visitor of that refined circle. Our readers will regret with us that Dr. Beattie has not condescended to a fac-simile of the original drawing by his hero of the scene commemorated in the following extract; performers, H. R. H. the Princess of Wales (ætat. 45), 'the daughter of Mac Aillín Mor,' Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Thomas Campbell:—

'I *must* be getting down now, for I have attained the summit of human elevation—dancing a reel with royalty! Imagine four personages standing up at right angles to each other, *thus*. . . . . I overheard Miss —, one of the ancient azure-hose, remark that Mr. C. had the neat national trip! This was conciliatory; but she looked and spoke *at* me as if she had more respect for my heels than my head. Seriously, I am pleased with all this; but I begin to dread that I have got into too much good luck by this princely acquaintance. I told the great personage that I loved operas to distraction! Then why don't you go often to them? she demanded. They are so expensive, quoth I. Next day a ticket for the season arrived! God help me! I shall be obliged to live in London a month to attend the Opera-house—all for telling one little fib!'—vol. ii. p. 216.

Another figure at the only Court that could ever have at all suited Campbell—and, if all tales be true, a more highly favoured one—was Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the great artist volunteered a portrait of the new Laureate and Terpsichorist of Blackheath. Campbell is about the same time described by Byron as 'a spruce high-priest of Apollo, looking as if the God had sent him a wedding-suit fresh from Olympus.' At home rather slovenly, it would seem that when visiting, the smartness of his attire was always noticeable. Even as an elderly man he was curious in waistcoats and buttons. He had begun to get bald ere he saw London, and assumed a Brutus. This impaired his appearance ever after; if he had been as 'knowing in wigs' as George IV., it would have done so; but his choice was abominable. It is pity that Lawrence did not insist on his depositing the incumbrance when he sat, but his pencil reproduces it without much embellishment. The features themselves required none. It is one of Lawrence's sterling works. Great was Campbell's own anxiety on the occasion:—

'If you see Mr. Lawrence again, implore him to say what he decides about my "lovely portrait." I have got so smoky and old-looking that I wish to get back my imaginary beauty, just to see how I shall look when I grow young again in heaven. That is the merit of Lawrence's painting; he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at oneself in the mirror.'—vol. ii. p. 222.

In 1814 he visited Paris, then garrisoned by the English; but his letters contain nothing worth transcription. He was presented

presented to the Duke of Wellington, but the Duke was unluckily not told that he was the Poet, and the Poet was a little mortified at being received merely with the civility due to an ordinary gentleman of Clan Diarmid. In 1815 he was called to Scotland by an event of consequence—the laird of Kirnan died; not a Campbell, but related to the family, his admiration of the allotting half the pension to the mother had made him set down his remote kinsman for a legacy of 500*l.*, with a share of any unsettled overplus of personal estate. This bequest turned out to be worth 5000*l.*: and henceforth there really ought to have been no more of pecuniary embarrassment. The capital sum, however, thanks to the terms of the will, remains at this day for the behoof of the poet's only surviving son. Being in Scotland, he had thoughts of repeating his Lectures at Edinburgh; and Scott, in encouraging this notion, had an ulterior object in view, for the Professor of History was infirm, and it was hoped that an arrangement might be made for Campbell to mount the chair as 'assistant and successor:' but this scheme failed—how, Dr. Beattie does not inform us. Campbell never lectured in Scotland, but he gave a course at Liverpool in 1818.

In 1820 he undertook the editorship of Mr. Colburn's Magazine. His salary (to cover also six articles in verse and six in prose yearly) was 600*l.*; and conceiving that it would be necessary to remove from Sydenham, he took a house in Seymour-street West. Some months were to intervene ere he entered on office, and he employed them in a run to Germany, moved chiefly by the desire of collecting materials for Lectures on Continental and Ancient Poetry, which he meant to deliver at the Institution, and then print in the Magazine. He reached his old haunts at Ratisbon, went on to Vienna, and spent, on his way back, some useful and agreeable weeks at Bonn. Here he furnished up his Hebrew, with a view to commenting on the poetry of the Old Testament, and made acquaintance with W. A. Schlegel, of whose conversational merits we have this notice:—

'Schlegel is so attentive as to call every day; but he talks without listening even to questions, and upon subjects on which he has not information to make him edifying. He thinks he understands English politics, and pesters me with his crude speculations about our impending national bankruptcy and the misery of our lower orders! Yesterday he asked me if I thought our peasantry happier than the serfs of the feudal system—and I asked him to-day, what was the price of labour in Germany—in order to institute a comparison between the situations of the poor in both countries; but my German philosopher was too great a man to know anything. When he has nothing to say, he prosed away like the clack of a mill when there is no corn to grind. One could take down a book from a shelf, ten times more wise or witty than almost any man's conversation,

conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with ; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we may happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation ; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book standing on two legs.—vol. ii. p. 364.

This strain smacks of Goldy : but whether the last touch be a crib from Sydney Smith's 'Book in breeches,' or Sydney had pointed a wail of Campbell's, we are not sure. When he reappears in London as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Dr. Beattie—we believe a contributor to that work, and so originally introduced to him—is very luculent in his expatiations on the dignity and importance, also the success of the undertaking ; he, moreover, ascribes great part of that success to Campbell's own papers, and he dwells on the delightful circle of co-operators now congregated around the chief—his fatherly kindness to them—his enlarged hospitalities, and his exemplary discharge generally of all his new duties. To several of these things we demur. The *Magazine* was in his time (as it continues to be) lively, varied, and popular : but though the Editor's abridgments of his Lectures were very fair articles, none of them made the least of what people call a sensation ; and the only sensation ever made by his poetical novelties (with two exceptions, already alluded to) was far from flattering. Dr. Beattie acknowledges that Campbell's good nature led him often to insert articles which, when in print, he could not bear to look at. That is probably the case with most editors—but still it was wrong. Again, we are forced to infer that the new conglomeration of younger literati \* was by no means a fortunate circumstance ; that it encouraged and largely developed the ancient weakness of Campbell—the love of being in that sort of society where he could predominate at his ease. Like Jedediah Cleishbotham, 'he was a man, and had been a schoolmaster : ' we may add, that he seems to have been latterly as wedded to his pipe as Dr. Parr—but lacked that awful pedagogue's potency to usher all his appendages into worshipful chambers of Whigdom. Lastly, it is admitted that he did not conduct himself with due care in his

\* Campbell's attempts to enlist men of letters of his own standing appear all to have failed. The replies of Moore and Smith are characteristic and diverting—especially 'the preacher's'—

'*Edinburgh, Dec. 13, 1820.*—What line of conduct do you mean to hold on the subject of religion ? I beg you to be quite explicit on this point. . . . Remember also that a *Mag.* is not supported by papers evincing wit and genius ; but by the height of the tide at London Bridge—by the price of oats, and by any sudden elevation or depression in boiling-peas. If your *Mag.* succeeds, it will do so as much by the diligence and discretion you will impress upon your nature, as by the talents with which you were born. As for me, I am rusticated—indolent—cut off from the society of clever men—and engaged in the E. R. But answer my question, and I will consider the matter. Will any political changes take place soon in Germany ? Can you promise us any decapitation of High-Dutch Princes ? Yours truly, S. S.'



relations with the publisher; for ere long he was in debt more than a year's salary—a very mischievous feature in editorship, as we need not hint to the initiated. Campbell's politics, of course, tinged the journal; though, as respected our domestic matters, not offensively. His Polish mania interfered more heavily. From even an earlier time his letters show him as preyed on by adventurers from that quarter and patriotic refugees of kindred souls. General Pepé, the Neapolitan hero, Colonel Macirone, the illustrious author of a *Treatise on Street-fighting*, barricades, pikes, &c., and we know not how many Italian and Spanish carbonari, now haunted him and his Magazine. One foreign connexion was, however, eminently useful to it—it had the distinction of including, in several successive numbers, Mr. Blanco White's first and only valuable work, *'Doblado's Letters.'* This was indeed worth a wilderness of monkeys.

Before he had been editor for a year a terrible affliction befel Campbell. The subject is painfully delicate, but Dr. Beattie's mode of dealing with it is pitiable. In one page (ii. 401) we have him saying of the poet's first-born—'symptoms of a malady, to which we need not particularly allude, began to dispel the hopes,' &c. &c.: two pages lower commence not allusions—but extracts upon extracts from letters about the choice of lunatic asylums; the Doctor himself adding in a note, that there was an hereditary taint—that one of Mrs. Campbell's sisters was then in confinement; and elsewhere, that Campbell's difficulties about selecting a keeper for his poor boy were increased by the 'very irritable' state of his wife's own nervous system. This was, indeed, a fatal blow to Campbell, for the malady proved incurable—and he had now no other child in life. For some time he would not, could not understand, that the case was fixed: but at last the conviction came, and thenceforth hope was none for him upon this earth—over all the futurity gloom far blacker than death. In justice to Campbell it is quite necessary that this sad part of his history should be clearly apprehended and fully weighed. There was no occasion for Dr. Beattie to do more than state the broad facts; but while the correspondence and details of journeys to different asylums are worse than superfluous, the hesitating dimness of his main text on the whole subject is merely absurd. It is well known that the gentle mother herself, undermined by this great grief, sank into such a state of health that Campbell's house was in every sense the house of mourning during all the remainder of her life. It is a solemn thought, in how many cases the home of genius has been overshadowed, even within our own time, by reason of similar calamity.

In 1824 he rallied his energies so far as to complete and carry through the press another volume of poetry; but this brought

no comfort. The principal piece, *Theodric*, was saluted by an unanimous verdict of—Guilty without extenuating circumstances. He had quite persuaded himself that it was the consummating glory of his Muse, and the disappointment was horrid. Dr. Beattie, we should add, admires *Theodric*: this no doubt was the tone of that 'literary brotherhood,' so distinguished for 'variety of power and unity of purpose' (ii. 399), which clustered round Campbell as the Magnus Apollo of the New Monthly.

We are now favoured with another chapter of mystery. Campbell had always regarded with dislike and jealousy our English universities. He had never, we dare say, been much of a Presbyterian, but, though a great admirer of our Liturgy, he appears to have continued all along, in the main, an Anti-Anglican: he moreover had a natural preference for the Scotch modes of instruction. It had for years been a reverie of his that it would be a noble achievement to found a liberal and latitudinarian university in London—that such an institution would, far more effectually than any other device of feasible attainment, shake the mediæval supremacies and superstitions of Cam and Isis, and help forward the grand sister causes of civil and ecclesiastical Reform. In the troubled and ominous year 1825, he at length had the satisfaction to perceive that his expositions on this head were telling among Reformers more qualified than himself to start such an enterprise and conduct it through initiatory struggles. The College in Gower Street was founded: and great was the surprise when, in the first formal announcement of its arrangements, the name of the Poet, universally known for the primary mover, did not appear. That he was to be installed as Warden, and hold at the same time some Professorial chair, had been taken for granted out of doors. Why no such appointment was offered him remains, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, *in obscurum*; as do, we may observe, several other odd things in the early history of the Institution. Dr. Beattie must, one might suppose, have heard Campbell relate his own views and impressions on a topic to him so important; but neither text nor margin, narrative nor correspondence, affords any light whatever. No one doubted, or can doubt, that Campbell was mortified; and it is possible that his mortification was too severe to be told for the sympathy of the brotherhood.

He received consolation from a distant quarter. The agitations about academic changes in the south had been watched with very intelligible interest in the north: and the younger students there began to think the time was come for some quasi-democratic efforts on their part. The office of Lord Rector, of which we really

really do not know the original scope, had long been considered at Glasgow as merely affording the Principal and Professors an opportunity of paying a compliment to some leading gentleman in their vicinity: and when parties were nearly balanced, or politics in a lull, the usual arrangement was to have a Whig Rector one year, a Tory the next, whose duties we believe were strictly limited to a procession across the quadrangle, a brief speech of formal civility delivered in an embroidered gown, and an orthodox evening in the refectory of the Sanhedrim. The election was with the students in certain classes—those we presume of the first foundation: these were all however very young students—the majority boys from twelve to sixteen: and they had for ages voted in their red togas and antique Nations as their masters in conclave settled beforehand. The scheme was to make this undergraduate-poll a real one—to have Lord Rectors of their own free choice—and it was very natural and honourable for the Glasgow lads to think first of the originator of the London novelty, and greatest literary name connected with their own college within living memory. Campbell was delighted when he heard of this rebellion against the *Senatus Academicus*, then mostly composed of Tories—he and his Whig friends in the North exerted every energy—the ‘ancient solitary reign’ of the dignitaries fell at the first assault, and was (apparently) abolished for ever. The poet’s letters on this subject—the overflowing rapture he shows about ‘his dear boys’—and his proceedings when he went down to be installed, harangued the unwonted multitude in the Great Hall, banqueted with the humbled dons—who hedgingly created him LL.D.—and was regaled with honest zeal by the youthful members of a newborn ‘Campbell Club;’ all these matters occupy large space in the book, and will probably be smiled over by many of its readers. But we confess the whole chapter leaves a rather pathetic impression on our minds. We should recollect Campbell’s disappointments and distresses. Ever nervous, ever jealously sensitive, the darkness of his domestic circumstances must have made him brood in many a melancholy hour over the comparison of what had once been expected and what had been done. This last was much, yet very inadequately answerable to the former. He had won a distinguished name—his genius had met with cordial acknowledgment; but others had far surpassed him in boldness of enterprise, in energy of toil, in grandeur of achievement, in extent of influence. He had not put his stamp on his age—he had gratified but not governed it; his small volume, exquisite and admired, might never have existed, and the blank would hardly have been noticeable. Lastly, his recent additions had been voted worthless by acclamation. Was he exhausted? Had he done his all? Had he really done enough

enough for immortality? Could he be sure that he was not to sink step by step into actual oblivion? At such a moment to have his old renown hailed anew by a rising generation, and see himself enthroned by their hands where he won his earliest trophies, may well have been oil and balm to many a secret wound.

A genuine spark was awakened amidst the embers. It was now that surveying the haunts of his youth, so much altered since he first wandered among them, he penned these beautiful lines, the last quite worthy of his pen that ever dropped from it:—

‘ And call they this Improvement?—to have changed,  
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,  
Where Nature’s face is banished and estranged,  
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more ;  
Whose banks, that sweetened May-day’s breath before,  
Lie sere and leafless now in summer’s beam,  
With sooty exhalations covered o’er ;  
And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream  
Unsightly brick-lanes smoke and clanking engines gleam.

‘ Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;  
One heart free tasting Nature’s breath and bloom  
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon’s gains.  
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?  
See, left but life enough, and breathing-room  
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,  
Yon pale Mechanic bending o’er his loom,  
And Childhood’s self, as at Ixion’s wheel,  
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

‘ Is this Improvement—where the human breed  
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,  
Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed  
And man competes with man like foe with foe,  
Till Death that thins them scarce seems public woe ?  
Improvement !—smiles it in the poor man’s eyes  
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour?—No.  
To gorge a few with Trade’s precarious prize,  
We banish rural life and breathe unwholesome skies.

‘ Nor call that evil slight. God has not given  
This passion to the heart of man in vain,  
For Earth’s green face, the untainted air of Heaven,  
And all the bliss of Nature’s rustic reign.  
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain  
From fetid skies ; the spirit’s healthy pride  
Fades in their gloom. And therefore I complain  
That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst glide,  
My Wallace’s own stream, and once romantic Clyde !’

The election was repeated next year (this again, we believe, an innovation), and the Lord Rector enjoyed the second celebration

bration with no less fervour. His sky now much needed some rays of comfort, and these happy visits to his *Alma Mater* were among the last vouchsafed to him. His second and most promising boy was early lost. In 1828 his poor wife died. The troubles of his editorship accumulated. Some indiscretions brought threats of legal procedure against the bookseller, and he began to look more narrowly into the state of Campbell's account. The Poet resigned in 1831; and was unwise enough to engage in a negotiation about the property as well as editorship of a rival Magazine, called 'the Metropolitan,' which never acquired any very sound footing, and died young. By 1834 this 'bubble,' as he terms it, and other causes, had surrounded him with fresh embarrassments—worse than ever, indeed—nor do we see how he could have escaped from them but for the generosity, never vainly appealed to, of Mr. Rogers, and then the death (otherwise a most afflicting blow) of his old friend Telford. The engineer left Campbell 1000*l.*; and, joyfully discharging his debt to the senior bard, he shook himself free from *The Metropolitan*.

His day had begun to sink: the third volume is the record of his twilight—not an overgraceful twilight—and which we shall be pardoned for treating as rapidly as if it had been tropical. What Dr. Beattie considers as redeeming glories of the declining hour seldom strike us in the same fashion. Of these, the foremost in the practical department was the founding of the 'Polish Literary (!) Association,' which the Doctor pronounces 'one of the noblest triumphs of modern philanthropy,' but in the history of which we discover little to interest us, except that it originated certainly in Campbell's fixedness of political creed, and was attended with many illustrations of his charitable temper. We are afraid there is reason for the general suspicion that it was made subservient to purposes not contemplated, or at least not well weighed, by the amiable founder. It became, we apprehend, instrumental to the designs of that knot of Republican Conspirators who had then their head-quarters here in London, and who have lately had every opportunity of familiarizing the civilized world with their true purposes and characters. A smaller matter was a new London clubhouse—one of the numerous imitations of the Athenæum. This, instituted in 1823, had Campbell among its original members, and for some years he was a pretty regular attendant. What special disgust had affected him in 1829, Dr. Beattie does not say; but he quitted the Athenæum and set up, close by it, *The Literary Union*, which has either expired long ago, or perhaps adopted some more Greekish title. It is hardly unfair to surmise that he had been offended by the reluctance of the old committee to facilitate the admission of some of his Polish and Irish cronies. In the new house he had his heart's content—

content—he ruled supreme; and it continued, while he was in London, to enjoy whatever advantages his presence and patronage might imply. We need not go into his dreams, after the Reform Bill, about being M.P. for his native city. It is evident that he had been deluded by the young hot-bloods of ‘the Campbell Club,’ and was never seriously thought of among the bearded electors: but here again his disappointment was sore. Then he had a vision of being knighted—and we wonder how he escaped the Guelphic ribbon—but it was never offered; and there was another pang. In the literary line he did nothing that is pleasant to recur to. The most trumpeted and the most flagrant failure was his *Life of Mrs. Siddons* (1834). Much was even then expected on this head; he had been from his youth exceedingly intimate with her and all that extraordinary family, and it was hoped that in reviewing her career he might exhibit once more the chaste and tasteful critical rein of his *Specimens*. But while his *Ode on the Retirement of Kemble* will always form our great actor’s best monument, the *Siddons* pyramid has already crumbled into dust. Evil communications had cockneyfied the author of *Hohenlinden*. A short excursion to Algeria produced ‘*Letters from the South*,’ in 1836; but that work does not tempt us to linger. It is impossible to consider the rich results of his early travels without regretting deeply the narrow sphere within which most of his subsequent life was bound. That chapter proves abundantly that, though few poets have trusted more to the impressions offered by books, yet none was more accessible to the power of realities. Fed and stimulated by a greater variety of scene and action, he might probably have done enough to cast the best of what he has left us into the shade. But it was now too late even for Africa. Campbell was exhausted. We hope he had merely been tempted, in consequence of booksellers’ debts, to lend his name to some other still more imbecile productions of the press. Far be it from us to ‘allude to them particularly.’

Our readers, after what we have hinted, will not be astonished to find that his wife’s death had been by no means an unmitigated addition to his list of afflictions. Some time afterwards it seemed as if he had made up his mind to start afresh in life. He took a house better than he had ever before had, and in a more fashionable situation—one of the quiet old court-yards of Whitehall: and here for one season he gave dinners and evening parties of considerable pretension. It was then rumoured, and Dr. Beattie now confirms the report, that he indulged visions of a second matrimony. The brass buttons shone with renewed gayness; and though in letters of earlier date he had expressed his wonder that ‘gentlemen of a certain age, if they will wear wigs

The spread of communist doctrines and the spirit of insubordination are new in that region, and must present a fatal barrier against any permanent or satisfactory settlement. We are not cheered in the contemplation of this prospect by the plan suggested by Lord Beaumont for the pacification of the peninsula and its final government. 'To avoid the dangers of a republic (p. 41) and the arrogance of a metropolitan mob, to promote brotherly affection and the unity of the provinces on a permanent basis, and yet to prevent the evils of centralisation, and at the same time to gratify the wishes of the people for self-government,' he proposes 'To create and restore at Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Faenza, Ferrara, and Rome republican institutions, or rather, well-developed municipal governments; they have all once been capitals, and still possess the reminiscences of self-government. Each city should have its separate chamber, with its president and its ministers and executive committee; they would manage their own affairs, and, exhausting their energies on municipal disputes, they would never desire to interfere with the central government, which would be presided over by a stadtholder, with responsible ministers, and managed by a diet or *corort* sitting alternately at Bologna, Florence, and Rome.'

For the office of stadtholder, he adds, 'justice as well as interest points out the Duke of Tuscany as the fittest person.'

We believe there is a vast portion of our countrymen who earnestly wish that our members of Parliament would content themselves with our own struggling population at home, and the distracted condition to which recent measures have reduced our colonies, and would abandon the internal government of the continental nations to themselves. We have heard the same wish expressed by foreigners, coupled with an expression of wonder that persons should choose to pronounce judgment and volunteer advice in matters with which they are so totally unacquainted. The Italian legislative chambers have less complicated and less onerous business on their hands than our own legislature; but what would be our opinion of the wisdom of a Florentine senator who, while lamenting the party strife in England, should propose a plan for the pacification of it, and the conciliation of the antagonist interests involved in the question of free-trade and protection, by suggesting that the country should adopt the territorial division of our Saxon ancestors during the Heptarchy, establishing a supreme parliament or wittenagemot to manage the confederation—the sittings thereof to be held alternately at Colchester, London, and Ipswich, and the Duke of Cambridge to be installed as its hereditary speaker or burgomaster!

friends—brothers—sisters were dead—all but one, and she too was dying; his last hopes, on a point he would not name, were blighted. As for fame, it was a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at his age, to his own solitary experience, it was bitter. Left in those chambers “alone with his glory,” was it wonderful that his philosophy, at times, took fright? that he rushed into company—resorted to that which blunts, but heals no pang? and then—sick of the world, dissatisfied with himself—shrank back into solitude? Yet he would tax no man’s sympathy—he would get to the end of his journey as uncomplainingly as he could; he was weaker than other men—not, perhaps, more wicked. If censured for his faults, he would only say to his friends, “Strike—but hear me!”—vol. iii. p. 410.

We are under no temptation to enlarge on the topic thus dismissed by Dr. Beattie, whose evidence, however, in the opening of the extract, is important, and will be exceedingly welcome to many. His allusions to his friend’s desolate hearth remind us of the lamentation of an ancient British bard:—

*God hath provided unpleasant things for me:  
Dead is Morgeneu, dead is Mordar,  
Dead is Morien, dead are those I love.\**

The constitution was broken long before he repaired to Boulogne. The ensuing spring found him rapidly sinking. Dr. and Mrs. Beattie hastened to his side, and joined Miss Campbell in every assiduity that reverence could dictate. The concluding chapter will be perused with more satisfaction than any other in the Doctor’s third volume. *Sat est vixisse.* The end was devout, serene, even happy. In his own words:—

The strife is o’er—the pangs of Nature close,  
And Life’s last rapture triumphs o’er her woes.

‘*June 12th.*—He has passed a tolerable night—sleeping at intervals. By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick—followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention—suppressing, as much as he could, the sound of his own breathing, which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion he said—It is very soothing! At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels—directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour. When this was done, I asked him, Do you believe all this? Oh yes, he replied with emphasis—I do! His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers, he raised his hand to his head—took off his nightcap—then, clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realise all the feeling of his own triumphant lines:—

\* Merdinn Wylt—quoted by Mr. Herbert in his very curious book, the *Cyclops Christianus*, p. 79.



This spirit shall return to Him  
 Who gave its heavenly spark ;  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
 When thou thyself art dark.  
 No ! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recal'd to breath,  
 Who captive led Captivity,  
 Who robb'd the Grave of victory  
 And took the sting from Death !

' Later in the day he spoke with less difficulty—he said something to every one near him. His niece, who was leaning over him in great anxiety, and anticipating every little want, he said,—Come—let us sing praises to Christ!—then pointing to the bed-side, he added—Sit here.—“ Shall I pray for you ? ” she said—Oh, yes—he replied ; Let us pray for one another ! In the evening, a relation of my own, whom he had known many years, and who accompanied us from London on this visit, read prayers from the Liturgy at his bed-side,—and that Liturgy, of which the Poet had so often expressed his admiration in health, was a source of comfort in the hour of sickness. He expressed himself “ soothed—comforted ; ” and, after a few words uttered in a whisper, he fell into a quiet slumber. As we sat by his side—reflecting on what had passed—we thought with Rogers :—

Through many a year  
 We shall remember with a ‘ sad ’ delight  
 The words so precious which we heard to-night !

' *June 14th.*—At a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and in a slow, distinct whisper, he said—*We shall see \* \* to-morrow !*—naming in the same breath a long-departed friend. After giving him a teaspoonful of some liquid at hand, he moistened his lips with it—adding as usual—“ Thank you—much obliged ; ” and these were the last connected words we heard from him.—vol. iii. pp. 372-375.

Next day, June 15th, 1844, he expired. It was not unfortunate that he had ceased for some space to be before the English world. All was forgotten except the upright and generous qualities of the man, and the few imperishable creations of a genius in its own sphere seldom surpassed. It being known that he had from an early time counted on ‘ going to sleep in Westminster Abbey ’ (vol. ii. p. 176), his remains were brought over accordingly. On the 3rd of July they were interred in the Poets’ Corner, hard by those of Chaucer and Dryden, and the obsequies were discharged in a very honourable manner. On one side the bier stood the chief of his clan, the late Duke of Argyle, and on the other Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister : the attendance included a large assemblage of hereditary and acquired distinction : and the service was read by a friend and brother-poet, one of the prebendaries, Mr. Milman. The inscription on the coffin

was

was 'Thomas Campbell, LL.D., author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, aged LXVII.' A monumental statue (by Mr. Marshall) is now about to be erected in the Abbey. It has two very common faults: it conveys the notion of a much taller and more athletic man, and the attitude is somewhat theatrical; but the poet's features are preserved with happy fidelity.

His place is safe: yet the young aspirant should not neglect the warnings which, lasting as his honours will be, his history enforces. On the gravest of these, indeed, it would be idle to say a word: this tale is but one of the thousand that preach trumpet-tongued—to the deaf—the imprudence of any poor man in commencing life with no profession but that of the pen. That is, we fear, a hopeless affair. A lesson by which some may possibly profit, is the danger of precocious celebrity—too easily as well as too early achieved—inducing afterwards reluctance for labour, with at the same time a sore, anxious fretfulness for the high and commanding authority which waits only on patient, strenuous ambition:—a pain continually sharpened, it may be, by the consciousness that the supereminent prize was, nay is, within reach—yet this spur rarely overmastering the chill of tremour and the fatal creeping of laziness. From which indulgences springs a thirst for others to cloak them—above all to cloak them from one's self; namely—not to mention gross things—the tendency to cast about for ignobler gratification in the acquisition of such a standing in the world as may be best promoted by worship of its secure influences—that is, by the art or trade of tufthunting, at present the most flourishing of mysteries—or, if there be too much of pride or languor, or both together, for assiduity in this line, the falling back on the humble but soft cushion which is always ready for any real celebrity, however stunted in its development—the cheap luxury of assentation: which last appears undoubtedly to have been Campbell's Delilah. Both foibles however spring from one and the same root—*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*—and which is after all the worse growth of the two, it might not be so very easy to determine. They are frequently intertwined; the man who fawns upon the great is apt to lose no opportunity of making himself amends by playing the cock-of-the-club among those who will let him. Campbell was singularly free from the former blot. The balance of the culpabilities should be left for those who can acquit themselves of having tampered with either; and they will not perhaps be the sternest of critics for the mistakes and failings of a conscientious and benevolent man, who paid a good deal for them in his lifetime, and never injured any one but himself.

ART. III.—1. *The Chess-Player's Handbook.* By Howard Staunton, Esq. · 1847.

2. *Maxims and Hints for the Angler and Chess-Player.* By Richard Penn, Esq., F.R.S. New edition: 1842.

3. *Le Palamède: Revue Mensuelle.*

4. *The Chess-Player's Chronicle.*

ENGLAND has not hitherto been the land of arm-chair amusements. The turf and the chace, the rod and the gun, have numbered among their votaries the mass of those whose means allowed them anything beyond the vicissitudes of labour and rest. And these active sports still keep their ground, but with a difference:—the sportsman of Queen Victoria's epoch has his evening as well as his morning to employ—conviviality is chastened, and music or conversation claims the hours formerly resigned to the bottle. A similar change has been wrought among those whose mornings are passed in the more sedentary pursuits of commerce or study. The tradesman and artisan have partaken the movement, and through every rank of society, save the very lowest, there is evinced a preference for intellectual recreation over animal refection. Reading-rooms and mechanics' institutes multiply, and their supporters have wisely desired to vary the attractions which they present. To these and similar causes we in great measure attribute the growing popularity of Chess. Others may go deeper, and say that in this anxious period, when all those appliances which seem designed to save time and trouble only leave us a few additional minutes for 'toil and turmoil, cark and care'—in this age of mental high pressure, men seek in their very diversions something of intellectual discipline for the battle of life: and this view also has probably much of truth. But however we account for it, the fact is certain that the study and practice of Chess are rapidly increasing.

At the beginning of the century the most laborious search for works designed to teach chess would scarce have discovered fifty, and most of these were, and in foreign languages. The list might now be enlarged tenfold. Chess has truly a literature of its own. To Damiano, Philidor, Lolli, Greco, Ponziani, and the anonymous Modenese are added Petroff, Jaenisch, Szen, Alexandre, Bourdonnais, Calvi, Laza, &c., on the Continent—with our own countrymen, Sarratt, Lewis, Walker, Staunton—and a crowd of less voluminous but ingenious contributors, from the clerical sphynx, the Rev. H. Bolton, to the unmusical though chess-honoured names of Bone and Muff. There are manuals of every price and calibre, and both the openings and terminations of games are analysed with the most industrious accuracy. Of this among the most striking examples are

are Major Jaenisch's volume on the variations of a single opening (the King's Bishop's Gambit), and M. Alexandre's quarto, the *Encyclopédie des Echecs*. The latter contains analyses of all the legitimate openings, with the different forms which they may be made to assume by probable variations in the attack or defence. It is a great literary curiosity, but we fear not likely to be often employed except by writers on chess, or by the patient victims of a game by correspondence. Its bulk is alarming, and its notation, though not difficult, is less simple and obvious than that in the ordinary treatises. Equally remarkable in another way is a recent publication by the English *Chess-Champion*, Mr. Staunton, which compresses in a small 12mo., we will not say all that can, but all that need be learnt from books as to the laws of the game, the best principles for conducting it, the chief openings and their happiest variations, with examples of each from actual play by the masters, and a numerous selection of interesting chess problems. Nor is this all—the Chess-player's Handbook also supplies an explanation of all the different modes of chess-notation, and a very full analysis of those various positions towards the termination of the game where the drawing or winning turns on the nicest points of play. The work is illustrated by 200 neatly executed diagrams, the arrangement perfect, the type clear, and—the price is 6s. 6d. ! As a mere specimen of what printing can do in the nineteenth century, it deserves examination. Another, and a yet more elaborate work of the same comprehensive character, is the *Schach-Spieler's Handbuch* of Bilguer and Von der Laza, the pride of German chess-players. We believe that a curious collector might now make up a library of 1200 volumes on this so recently little-heeded subject.

But\* chess has not only its Handbooks and its Encyclopædias—it has also its own periodical literature. There issues monthly from the Polytechnic press *The Chess Chronicle*, in 40 neatly printed pages, which are wholly and solely devoted to chess in all its forms—correspondence, challenges, anecdotes, problems, games actually played, and games which might, could, would, or should have been played. Mr. Staunton is the editor—the circulation large and continually increasing. Turning to the Continent, we behold a rival periodical, the *Palamède*, by M. St. Amant, also popular and well-conducted, though less exclusively devoted to chess, other games of skill occasionally finding a corner in its pages. Even the shock of the last tragicomic Revolution has left it flourishing in republican glory.\* The nomenclature may indeed be a little embarrassing, having

\* The Journal is continued by M. Kieseritzky under the name (from the well-known Café) of 'La Régence.'

been long since adapted in France to the ancient *régime*. Instead of the energetic Ferz or Vizier of the Eastern game—or the stately and influential Queen Consort of the English chess-board, our neighbours appropriately installed La Dame, the great lady, the reigning favourite, as head of the court and chief prop of the crown, while the Monarch was supported on the other side by no mitred prelate, but the official Fool with cap and bells. We might moralize this, but we would rather speculate on the future. How will the dignities of the chess-board be treated where the pictures of even a citizen-king have been regarded but as targets for patriot ball-practice? La Dame may indeed be easily replaced by a nude figure of Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity; and for Le Fol, the principal difficulty will be to select the character best entitled to bear the bells. But what name can be found unprofaned which may suit the leader of the mimic state? We shall be sorry to hear ‘Barricades to your President’ substituted for ‘Check to your King,’ or ‘Mate’ revolutionized into ‘Abdication.’ There is (or lately was) an excellent Journal in Germany, the Berliner Schachzeitung, and we believe two have been set up quite recently, one in the United States and another in British India. Some half-dozen Sunday newspapers, too, ‘swell the triumph and partake the gale,’ enlivening their columns with subtle problems or well contested games; and yet, singular contrast! but fifteen years ago, Mr. G. Walker’s ‘Philidorian,’ though treating of other games as well as of chess, and diversified by much of wit and humour, as well as of technical research, lived but for six numbers,\* and then expired, ‘a prey to torpid apathy.’ We believe that the chess-clubs alone would now suffice to keep the Chronicle going; and this brings us to our last and most decisive piece of evidence.

The clubs are almost a new feature of the case. It is true that ever since the time of Philidor one or more chess-clubs have existed in London, but so ephemeral, that in 1843 only one remained that had told above five years: moreover even at these the attendance was thin, and confined to a particular circle. Now there is a club in almost every considerable provincial town, while those of our great cities nearly vie with the two here, the ‘London’ and the ‘St. George’s.’ It seems almost invidious to particularize—but Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, and Bristol have produced some of the finest provincial players. Brighton also stands high, as do Halifax, Wakefield,

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\* These six numbers make a charming little volume. There is a tale of Chess Diablerie, better than all the similar attempts since made; and the lucubrations of Mr. Rummins on Whist are most entertaining.

and several other Yorkshire towns. It would be difficult to guess at the aggregate numbers enrolled in all the clubs, but we should conjecture that those of Yorkshire alone number 400 members; and, be it remarked, these members are all *bonâ fide* chess-players. There is not even a well-spread table to attract; coffee and tea are generally the sole refreshments. Let our readers suppose it club-night, and with us take a peep at the proceedings. The room is well lighted—there is a good fire—sundry gentlemen of various ages are sipping coffee, with the addition, perhaps, of a cigar. But observe the business-like air of the meeting; our friends mean chess and nothing else. Look at that stout gentleman with very large shoes—he is a merchant, and this his recreation after severe business. Contrast his intense though heavy application of intellect, with the air of nonchalance and assumed superiority on the keener visage of his opponent, a surgeon in small practice, but of much local celebrity as an oracle of Liberalism and spouter at ‘literary societies.’ See—our solid friend has moved at last, and his antagonist, who has thrice cleared his throat and four times ‘taken snuff, in the vain hope of accelerating the process, plays on the instant. Two or three admirers behind him look approval at each other—but the destinies frown—our ‘man of genius’ has risked all in a premature though brilliant attack, and, ere long, will console himself for a lost game by confidential whispers:—‘Oversight—get careless—so *very* slow—shouldn’t mind the Knight—*time* him,’ &c. In a corner of the room the Secretary is playing over, for the instruction of some of the rising members, one of Staunton’s games, just reported from the metropolis. Elsewhere a visitor from a distant club is doing battle with the President, who seems fully conscious how much is expected of him. But, look where you will, all is chess—a tourney à l’outrance maintained between various pairs of champions, till midnight clears the lists. When it is considered that hundreds of meetings such as these take place weekly throughout England—that they are attended by persons filling a respectable place in society, and of good, perhaps superior average attainments—that they are absolutely divorced from gambling and intemperance, and require no other stimulus than that of innocent rivalry in an intellectual amusement—that they are not only finding supporters in the middle classes, but giving birth to kindred institutions among our intelligent mechanics and artisans—it will, we think, be admitted, that there must be something in Chess not wholly unworthy the notice of our readers at large. We propose meantime, without any pretence of deep research, to say a few words to such of them as  
are

are not wholly unacquainted with the game, on a few points which we deem interesting in its history, its practice, and its morals.

Its birth-place has been the subject of as much contest as Homer's. India, Egypt, Arabia, Greece, China—each has its claim. All attempts, however, to trace it to a classical fount are futile. Both Greeks and Romans had games resembling draughts—possibly like backgammon:—but the two distinguishing characteristics of chess—the various values and powers of the pieces, and the dependence of the fate of the game on that of the principal piece—are nowhere alluded to. We might add, though in this perhaps we shall be deemed fanciful, that we deem the spirit of the game too accurately scientific for the genius of early Greece. The claim of China seems more plausible; but we cannot be induced, by the ‘centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration’ prevalent among the Celestials, to believe them either the oldest nation of the East, or generally the ‘*repertores doctrinarum atque leporum*.’ The distinctive chess now possessed by the Chinese has the air rather of a game degenerated and confused, than of a great invention, perfected during the lapse of 2500 years.\* The weight of authority, as well as evidence, appears in favour of India, from whence the Arabians and Persians both admit that they received it. But if we are glad to be supported in this view by Sir William Jones, we cannot likewise subscribe to his idea that chess, as now played, is unchanged from its original form—that this Minerva sprang complete from the brain of some Thunderer. We think that Sir William himself furnishes evidence to the contrary when he traces the very name of Chess, with the titles and shapes of the chief pieces, to the Chatur-anga,† which certainly constituted a very ancient eastern form of the game. Decisive proof is unattainable, owing to distance of place and time, and want of records; but we cannot doubt that practice discovered imperfections, which were gradually corrected. Those who have observed how difficult it is to get up a game at the ‘Four-chess’‡ even at a club in the present day, and how tedious and unsatisfactory it often proves, unless the antagonists are both quick and well matched, will readily conceive how

\* We are aware that we are here differing from a most learned writer—the Hon. Daines Barrington—whose article in the ninth volume of the ‘*Archæologia*’ assigns the invention to China.

† Chatur-anga (Sansk.) signifies ‘the four members of an army,’ or elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers. It was also called Chaturâji, or the four kings, since it was played by four persons, two allied against two, each commanding eight pieces. The board contained sixty-four squares as now. There were many grades of success up to a complete victory, the stakes won varying proportionably. A throw of the dice decided which piece should be moved, or at least restricted the player's choice.

‡ See *The Philidorian*, page 207, for an explanation of this variety.

two armies came to be condensed into one, the redundant King being changed into a Vizier or General. Another natural improvement would be the dismissal of the dice, and leaving the player free in his choice of the piece to be moved. The very anomalies of the game—such as queening a pawn, castling, and playing the pawn two squares at the first move—seem as though they had been suggested by long experience; the former to diminish the number of drawn games, the two latter to bring the pieces more rapidly into collision. We admit these to be improvements—but from their very nature they cannot well have belonged to such a grand ‘first conception’ as Sir W. Jones supposes. It is observable, too, that the Chatur-anga has wholly disappeared, as though it had been merged long since in the more perfect form of modern chess: while Mr. G. Walker has published some translations from ancient Persian chess MSS., which, showing an approach to the present mode, must, we think, be regarded as denoting a distinct intermediate game. But be this as it may, the Persians affirm that the game reached them from India in the sixth century, and we might naturally suppose that it would enter Europe *viâ* Constantinople, whither every product of the East found its way; and, in point of fact, we find this to have been the case, as our earliest European notices of the game are drawn from Byzantine writers.\* Whether the Western portion of Europe received it from travellers who had visited the Golden Horn, or the Crusaders brought it home with them from Palestine, seems scarce worth disputing; indeed it was most likely propagated in both ways: but it clearly became very prevalent shortly after the first crusade, whereas till near that time it appears to have been known to none but the Scandinavian nations, whose roving mariners probably brought it for themselves from the East.† Wherever the game was introduced, it appears to have rapidly acquired popularity—a result hardly to be wondered at in an age when scarcely any intellectual resources were accessible save to the clergy. Spain and Italy seem to have early attained a pre-eminence in skill, which the latter did not lose till the middle of the last century. But if the skill of other nations was less, the keenness, we had almost said ferocity, with which the game was

\* For instance, it is alluded to by Anna Comnena, in the twelfth book of her *Alexias*, in a manner which shows that in the twelfth century it was familiar there. A most costly set of chessmen, extant till the Revolution at the Abbey of St. Denis, were dressed in the Greek garb of the ninth century, and Sir F. Madden (who has collected all the earliest stray notices of the game) respects the tradition that these pieces had been a gift from the Eastern Emperor to Charlemagne.

† We ought perhaps to have excepted also the Moors of Spain, who may have derived it early from Arabia.

pursued,



pursued, appears to have been greater in the North. We have an unpleasant proceeding on the part of Canute recorded—how he made away with a nobleman to whom he was under deep obligation, because he refused to be cheated point blank. Nor was there much dignity in the later squabble between our Henry I. when Prince, and the Dauphin, who revenged a series of defeats by striking his adversary with the chess-board, and was in turn most unroyally drubbed by the English fist: but generally, wherever chess is mentioned in old chronicles or metrical romances, it is as the occasion of some act of violence or bitter feud. The great size of the early chessmen,\* and the use of metal in the boards, must have rendered them tempting weapons for an angry man—the rooks especially seem to have been often used as Homer's heroes employ some huge stone.

As the anecdotes approach modern times they assume a more civilized character. There was something almost chivalrous in the manner in which great players, especially those of Spain and Italy—as Ruy Lopez, Paolo Boi, and Leonardo ‘il Puttino’—used to traverse land and sea in search of a worthy antagonist. And though we may not think that the first of these worthies was appropriately rewarded by Philip II. for his skill with a Bishopric, we read with pleasure of the encouragement which in those days ‘lords and dukes and noble princes’ used to give to a game which was almost a science. No amusement, perhaps, has been patronized by so great a variety of remarkable personages as chess. Charles XII. of Sweden was passionately fond of it, though his play had the characteristic imperfection ‘qu’il faisait toujours marcher son Roi.’ The calmness with which he could sit down to the game when he had barricaded his house at Bender, contrasts curiously with the headstrong folly which prompted so desperate a resistance. The Marechal Boufflers was a skilful player. Napoleon found the game a great resource, especially in his monotonous captivity at St. Helena. There is something melancholy in the thought, how often his mind must have wandered from the mimic troops before him to other fights in other fields; yet perhaps the best inscription for Napoleon's chess-board (which we trust is at Mad. Tussaud's, as well as his Waterloo chariot) might be supplied by Juvenal's lines:—

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit orbi  
Illustresque animas—

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\* See Sir Frederick Madden's Remarks on the Ancient Chessmen found in the Isle of Skye.

We cannot add, especially so soon after the 18th of June,  
impune et vindice nullo !

Charles I. was actually playing when he received the news that the Scots intended to deliver him up. Frederick, 'the Great Elector' of Saxony, returned calmly to his game after yet bitterer tidings. Certainly, one of the characteristics of the game is its power of engrossing the mind, and withdrawing it from subjects of painful contemplation. We have found its absorbing interest deaden even the force of acute bodily pain. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the boundless range of combinations, in which the mind may wander without ever seeming to go too far.

It has often been asked, 'Are great abilities requisite to make a first-rate chess-player?' and the under-valuers of the game have replied triumphantly by pointing to the number of men who have shone as chess-players, and in no other line. Yet this reply is not conclusive, unless it could be also shown that these men laboured earnestly for higher successes, and failed. Chess, no doubt, like other amusements, has been the occasion of wasted talents and lost opportunities. Few are aware, possibly, that before Philidor addicted himself strongly to chess, he had obtained considerable celebrity as a composer, and had written an opera which was much admired. We may lament such cases, but must not argue as though they were not. For ourselves, we have seen clever men who were decidedly 'muddle-headed' over a chess-board; but we never saw any person attain to excellence in the game *with ease*, who was not possessed of superior abilities. Indeed, whatever may be the faults of chess, it cannot be charged with that of being too easy. Lord Bacon censured it as 'too wise a game.' Walter Scott withdrew from it, alleging that 'he saw a man might learn another language with less strain to the mind.' Lively people—not to dwell on such great geniuses—often find it too laborious for a recreation—dull ones constantly give it up in despair. In short, to shine at it requires uncommon readiness and accuracy of calculation. We must, therefore, withdraw the credence too freely given in our youth to the charming story in the '*Animaux célèbres*,' of a certain chess-playing monkey; how he beat his royal master, and how, after receiving sundry blows in reward of his victory, he prefaced the next checkmate by taking up for his personal security a cushion which lay 'convenient.' Yet to swallow this spirited fiction requires hardly more faith than that of the 'gentle public' in every European capital, who visited the '*Automaton Chess-player*.' In the nineteenth century (*credite, Poster!*) it was an article of common belief, that, by winding up  
every

every ten minutes or so, mere machinery could be made capable of replying to and out-manœuvring stratagems resulting from deep thought and susceptible of almost endless variation. Day after day did spectators crowd to the miraculous triumph of mechanic art, and retire 'awed, delighted, and amazed.' We have before us a book printed in 1819, not particularly ill written, which shows most gravely the impossibility of any trick in the case; and expatiates on the skill which could thus enable matter to perform the functions of mind.\* How generally this view of the case, or one little short of it, prevailed, may be gathered from the fact, that the Automaton Trumpeter of Mons. Maelzel, exhibited here in 1819 along with the Chess-player, though really a most masterly piece of mechanism, attracted little or no attention in comparison with that intrepid hoax.

We would not, however, be understood as denying great credit to Mr. De Kempelen's ingenious contrivance for concealing the player, and at the same time making him aware of his opponent's moves. After the person, who directed the game from within, had successively slidden through the different parts of the machine, leaving each in its turn clear for exhibition, he lighted a taper and seated himself, with a board of his own, immediately below that on which the Automaton was to operate. The pieces which the figure moved had powerful magnets at their bases; and below, and near each square of the board, hung a small metal ball by a short thread. Thus the player below could at once see from what square a piece had been removed—by the dropping of a ball, and where one had been placed—by the rising of another. The move, thus learned, he repeated on his private board, and having then decided on his own, directed the arm and fingers of the figure accordingly.

Two points more may be worth mention—the one, that a clever Cambridge mathematician, Mr. Willis, solved the mystery by fair reasoning from what he saw, without a single considerable mistake, and published his solution, while the 'gentle public' as aforesaid were still in utter darkness. The other, that while our countryman, Mr. Lewis, was the hidden performer, the Automaton lost but six games in some three hundred, though always giving the odds of 'pawn and move.' This, no doubt, was mainly at-

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\* We refer to the translation published in London, of Mr. Charles Gottlieb de Windisch's 'Letters on the Automaton Chess-player'—whereof a short specimen will suffice:—'Notwithstanding the superior ingenuity of modern artists which scientific inventions discover, it seems absolutely impossible that any piece of mechanism should be invented which, possessing perfect mechanical motion, should appear to exert the intelligence of a reasoning agent. This seeming impossibility is surmounted in the construction of the Automaton Chess-player.'

tributable to that gentleman's great skill ; but we confess we are inclined to attribute something also to a kind of superstitious fear in the players, who found themselves *vis-à-vis* with a black-bearded wooden Turk, and serenaded with a perpetual whirring from the wheels in his interior.

The Automaton is now almost forgotten. Mr. Lewis (the more the pity) has ceased to play : we must let by-gones be by-gones, and hasten to a part of our subject where true chess-players will be more likely to find fault with the quality than with the quantity of our remarks. With regard, then, to the practice of chess, we would first observe that it has now obtained a most desirable uniformity. All over Europe (with the exception of one village)\* it is played alike ; so also in the New World, and in British India. In China there still prevails a clumsier form of the game ; but this is a matter of little concernment to any but the Celestials themselves. In the accessible regions of the world, as we have said, one general mode obtains. To point out one or two technicalities—the Italian method of castling, which allowed the king and rook to exchange places, or occupy any intermediate squares, has now nearly disappeared. Taking 'en passant,' at an adverse pawn's first move, is universally admitted : so is the choosing what piece one will for a pawn pushed home, even to the extent, if needful, of half a dozen queens at once. An equally important improvement is the reckoning stalemate as a drawn game.

Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, and consequent publication of accurate rules, viz., that the strict game is now played, instead of those courteous surrenders of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which used often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of endless unpleasant discussions, besides being in themselves an absurdity. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for his oversights. We would show him as little mercy as Mr. Smith O'Brien would to Lord Clarendon. Nay, we should be moved hereto by a consideration of his benefit as well as our own—for why should we teach him vacillation and heedlessness? But should you have an opponent not inured to this rigorous procedure, then, reader, let us commend to you a suggestion of Mr. Richard Penn, F.R.S., whose 'hints' are as judicious as they are quaint.

'Some persons,' he says, 'when they are playing with a stranger who entreats to be allowed to take back a move, let him do so the first time ; then, almost immediately after, put their own Queen *en prise* ;

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\* Stroebeck holds certain privileges by a curious chess-tenure ; and the game there played differs from the ordinary one in many important particulars.

and when the mistake is politely pointed out to them, they say that *they* never take back a move, but that they are ready to begin another game.\*

Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of a strict enforcement of the tenor of chess-law occurred in the celebrated match, by correspondence, between the London and Edinburgh Clubs. At the 27th move of the second game the London Club threw a rook away. How they did so Mr. Lewis explains in the following words:—

‘The 26th, 27th, and 28th moves were sent on the same day to the Edinburgh Club; this was done to save time. It so happened that the secretary, whose duty it was to write the letters, had an engagement which compelled him to leave the club two hours earlier than usual—the letter was therefore posted at three instead of five o’clock; in the meantime one of the members discovered that the 2nd move (the 27th) had not been sufficiently examined. An application was immediately made at the post-office for the letter, which was refused; in consequence a second letter was transmitted by the same post to the Edinburgh Club, retracting the 2nd and 3rd moves, and abiding only by the 1st. The Edinburgh Club, in answer, gave it as their decided opinion, that the London Club were bound by their letter, and that no move could be retracted; they therefore insisted on the moves being played: the London Club conceded the point, though they differed in opinion.’

We cannot but think, under all the circumstances, the Edinburgh Club were to blame. What rendered the mishap more vexatious to the Londoners was, that whereas they had won a game before, they now barely lost it, and thereby the match, which the winning of this game would have decided in their favour. There can be little doubt that the London Club (then comprising Messrs. *Lewis, Fraser, and Cochrane*) was the stronger of the two. On the part of Edinburgh, we believe the lion’s share of the work fell to the late Mr. Donaldson. Let not any beginner suppose the task of conducting such a contest a light one. True, there was no railway then, and only one letter was exchanged per week, containing a single move in each of the games which were going on simultaneously. But that single move! Let no man who has not nerves of wrought-iron, a brain of clockwork, and, above all, a glut of leisure, engage in a game by correspondence. Let us grant (what was not true twenty-five years since) that the books will now carry you through the first ten moves without risk of serious error, or any greater labour than that required to hunt out the results arrived at in the best analysis. Still

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\* Some of the wood-cuts in Mr. Penn’s instructive and amusing little book are from sketches by his friend Sir F. Chantrey. In several of these both Sir Francis and Mr. Penn are felicitously hit off as anglers; but one of the best exhibits them at chess, the great sculptor thus seeking consolation under gout, as witness his flannelled limb and footstool.

after those moves a far more complicated series will come, which you must investigate for yourself. The difficulty of this task will vary, and is from time to time suspended by forced moves, as in cases of check, &c. Nevertheless, that difficulty will appear, on the lowest calculation, to be of a most formidable character. Seven cards may be played 5040 different ways. Think, then, reader, what it must be, to analyse all the most likely variations in the conduct of so many pieces, seven moves deep on each side!\* The division of labour in a numerous committee of course lightens a burthen else too heavy for the broadest shoulders. Two very clever amateurs, Mr. H. W., of the Isle of Wight, and Mr. N., of Nottingham, played a match by correspondence some years since. Both games were drawn, and both players seriously ill at the close of the match. The brain and nerves had both been overtaken, and neither party has ever since regained his full chess strength. With such an example before us, we frankly confess our dread of chess by correspondence. The game so played, however, may be studied with peculiar advantage by the aspirant after chess honours. There are no brilliant faults to mislead him, and he will arrive at solid and accurate conclusions as to sound modes of attack and defence. The match between Paris and Pesth is particularly instructive. To a Frenchman what an anti-climax in Paris and Pesth! However, the Hungarians, headed by the famous M. Szen, won *both* their games—in their conduct of which it is difficult for the most hypercritical to detect a flaw. The French players, it is true, suffered early in the match the loss of the veteran Des Chapelles; but as they could only have retained his services on condition of playing an untenable counter-gambit, we must rather congratulate them on getting rid of so crotchety an ally. The Nestor of Parisian chess, indignant at seeing his pet move—the darling of his fancy—so rudely slighted, offered to play his own opening against all the rest of the committee, but prudently declined to stand by his challenge when accepted. This was not M. Des Chapelles' first retreat under similar circumstances; and unless documents, as well as rumours, be much given to lying, the contagion of his example subsequently affected his 'chess lieutenant,' M. St. Amant. But of this anon.

We were speaking of modes of chess-play, and ought not to pass by one which has, at different times, drawn great attention as a kind of intellectual phenomenon—we mean the playing blindfold, or without a board. This requires of course

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\* No move would be considered sound in a great match which would not bear this amount of scrutiny. Of course many variations, even of those which looked promising, are dismissed, after a move or two, as untenable. Else the task would be impossible.

great practice, and thorough acquaintance with the board; and any chess-player, possessing these requisites, will be able to do it well enough to beat one who has only played in private society. But to do it thoroughly well—to play within a pawn or so of one's usual strength, without seeing the pieces—demands further a peculiar natural gift, without which the great mental effort made produces but a lame and impotent conclusion—the party blindfolded playing about a rook below his usual strength in a short game. That for most men the effort is a great one may be fairly inferred from its effect on La Bourdonnais, the most ingenious player of his day, whom it is said to *have killed*. Of living players we believe Mons. Harrwitz to be the best at this mode of play. But no one has appeared since Philidor at all comparable with that remarkable genius in this singular kind of contest. All the feats of Jedediah Buxton, and similar prodigies of calculation, sink into nothing when compared with the triumph achieved by Philidor in a *triple contest at blindfold chess*. His antagonists were three of the best players of his day—Count Brühl, Dr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres. With the first two he played even—to the third he gave the pawn and move. Great pains were taken by these gentlemen to puzzle him, by opening their games as nearly alike as possible, but in vain. He was never in the smallest degree embarrassed, and played out all three games with as much ease and accuracy as if he had had the boards before him. The management of his pawns—a department in which he has never since been equalled—attracted especial admiration on this occasion. In one of the games they formed—together with those of his opponent, which they stopped—a complete *chevaux de frise* across the board, over which none of the hostile pieces could pass. This game was in consequence drawn; the other two were won by Philidor, who showed not the smallest fatigue after an exertion so extraordinary.

We have often heard the question started, what rank Philidor would hold among the players of our day, could he re-appear on the chequered field? The general reply is, that he would have no chance with many of the present masters of the game, who start with a knowledge of the various openings obtained by the most profound analysis. This conclusion is arrived at chiefly from the study of Philidor's work on chess, confessedly a feeble performance when compared, for instance, with the German Handbuch, or with Staunton's English compendium. At the risk, however, of being deemed either old-fashioned or ignorant, we must plead guilty to a conclusion less flattering to modern professors. We believe, on the evidence of Philidor's recorded games, that on the whole he has had no superior. He certainly

certainly often lost time in getting his pieces into play, but he did so without seriously compromising his game, and when once fairly afloat he showed a fertility of resource and accuracy of calculation which have rarely since been surpassed. And it is very conceivable, that had he been able to meet with an antagonist of powers equal to his own, he would have exhibited more curious and profound combinations than he ever found actually necessary. There is a legend, indeed, that the Turkish ambassador was a match for him, or nearly so, over the board, but we must qualify this with Herodotus's favourite reservation, as 'a statement which for our own parts we cannot trust.'

Since Philidor's days the supremacy of the chess-board has never been undisputed. Many, and of course all Frenchmen, assigned it for a time to Des Chapelles, but he was beaten by our own Lewis at the pawn and move, and never afterwards played with him even. La Bourdonnais repeatedly defeated McDonnell, but the latter was not the champion of English chess, and always received odds from Lewis. Mr. Staunton is probably the strongest player now living. We say probably, on account of the great number of German and Russian players with whom he has had no opportunity of measuring his strength—Szen, Jaenisch, Petroff, and other names of might. But it is certain that for years he has not met his match, and is in danger of becoming—like the pugnacious little Irish tailor *before he married*—'blue-moulded for want of a bating.' His success in his Parisian match with M. St. Amant is well known, as well as his subsequent victories over Messrs. Harrwitz and Horwitz. There are some singular circumstances connected with the abortive attempt at a return-match with the first-named gentleman, which might introduce us to a new branch of our subject, the 'diplomacy of chess.' But we shall give only a general outline of the facts, referring our readers (should their curiosity be unsatisfied) to Mr. Bryan, an American virtuoso, who has executed the task of historian ably and impartially.\*

Mr. Bryan gives the whole of the correspondence, which is of such a character that every French player with whom we have met considers his own countryman's character for combativeness (quoad chess) irretrievably damaged by it. We will merely show how it arose. In November, 1843,\* Mr. Staunton went over to Paris to play his first match, accompanied by his two seconds, Messrs. Harry Wilson and Worrell, both enthusiastic amateurs. The first winner of eleven games was to be declared the conqueror. Mr. Staunton had scored *ten* when his adversary had won but *two*, and under the same circumstances might have

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\* 'Historique de la Lutte entre l'Éditeur du Palamède, Journal Français, et l'Éditeur du Chess-player's Chronicle, Journal Anglais' Paris, chez C. Trepo.



been safely backed at any odds to secure one of the next two games, and consequently the match. But at this critical point his good genius, in the shape of Mr. Harry Wilson, unwillingly abandoned him, (Mr. Worrell had already returned to England,) and he was exposed to the trying ordeal of playing day after day in the midst of eager adversaries, whom the spirit of national rivalry had rendered forgetful of the golden rule—a clear stage and no favour. Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that he lost four games more ere he gained the one which decided the match. Still M. St. Amant's defeat was complete enough. It was made worse by the desperate pleas resorted to to account for it. St. Amant was (comparatively) out of practice. Staunton had been training for the match expressly. 'Des centaines de séances, des milliers de parties sont là pour l'attester.' The pieces played were 'd'une forme lourde, énorme, disgracieuse,' and so on, through a multitude of details, false in fact and pitiful in taste. The conclusion of the letter in the 'Palamède,' of which the above are samples, is too sublimely French to be omitted:—

'Rappelons alors à l'Angleterre que St. Amant ne se regarde pas comme battu; (!) qu'à son tour il se propose de demander une revanche; que St. Amant reçoit Pion et deux Traits de M. Des Chapelles. Rappelons-lui enfin, à cette orgueilleuse Albion, que les dieux de l'Olympe faisaient payer cher aux mortels la nécessité d'abandonner leurs célestes demeures!'

The English of which is, that the editor of the *Palamède* is not beaten, or if he is, will call in Des Chapelles to beat the too successful Englishman. But, alas! M. Des Chapelles, fairly reposing on his laurels, and perhaps unwilling to match himself in his wane with an antagonist at the full, left St. Amant to be his own avenger. The latter, however, showed as much reluctance to take the 'revanche' so often talked of, as Mr. Mitchell to encounter the law he professed to brave. After trying every means to escape a second struggle—garbling some of Mr. S.'s letters—suppressing others—shifting\* his proposals as soon as accepted, and so forth, till for very shame he was forced to meet a man who would play with him at his own place, his

\* We must give a specimen of M. St. Amant's power of shifting his ground, in connexion with a point of great interest to chess-players. In his match with Mr. Staunton, the games were all *close ones*; that is to say, the *royal* opening—King's P. 2, King's P. 2—was *never* played: the defence was always on the Queen's side of the board, the attack often so; and all the brilliant gambits, &c., were excluded. Amateurs were loud against this; and Mr. Staunton accordingly proposed that in their return match the *royal opening* should be played by both. M. St. Amant's first reply was, 'Vous semblez venir au devant de mes désirs. . . . . j'en signe l'engagement de deux mains.' But when a *bonâ fide* engagement seemed probable, he terms the same proposition 'inconcevable, et une concession énorme.'

own hours, and on his own terms, Fortune stood his friend. Mr. Staunton was attacked in Paris (whither he had gone expressly to play) by a dangerous illness, and forced to return to England *re infectâ*. M. St. Amant has been in England since, and has played with other antagonists, but not with Mr. Staunton, though the latter has offered him *carte blanche* as to every arrangement for another match. M. St. Amant is a very discreet man; and if, as is reported, he is now in office under the new régime, we trust that a recollection of his 'Chess-correspondence' will secure for him some high diplomatic trust.

For those of our readers who feel a national pride in the question, we would mention that the Champion of American chess, Mr. Stanley, is an Englishman. In fact, we have now, as a nation, no rivals in this noble game, except the Germans. We hope ere long to see a spirited contest with some of their *célébrités*. It may interest some of our readers to know that a match is at present playing at the London Club between two first-rate foreigners, Messieurs Harrwitz and Horwitz.

So much for 'the state and prospects' of the chess world.

We have often heard the remark, that 'chess would be all very well, were it not so very difficult to find persons to play with.' Nor is this complaint wholly groundless as regards people residing in the country—not the '*rus suburbanum*,' but the veritable country, with its 'pomp of groves and garniture of fields'—nothing within thirty miles larger than a quiet market-town. In such a locality the squire or parson may think himself fortunate if he gets a game in a month with a passing stranger, or can train up some one of his own family circle to make a respectable fight. We knew an old gentleman, many years a widower, who was a real enthusiast for chess, though but a third-rate player. Being hospitably given, he was seldom long without an antagonist; but when the daughters, who had done the honours of his table, were married and settled far off, and he found the effort of entertaining friends daily greater, he looked out for a sensible woman who could play at chess, and having satisfied himself that she would be a good match for him, took her 'for better for worse.' Our own impression is, that she was a little the better; but if so, Griselda might have taken a lesson from her, for she managed to be always a game or two behind. For ourselves, we believe we are capable of much self-devotion, much self-sacrifice. We would ride for our friend—dine for our friend—canvass, puff, speechify, and huzzah! for our friend: but to lose a game of chess to him deliberately—to endure with a decent face his efforts to console and 'patronize' us as beaten!—we cannot extend so far—nor can we advise our

chess-playing country friends to choose a wife on the grounds above set forth. They must be patient and hopeful, and they will enjoy an occasional bout keenly in proportion to its rarity. But in large towns no chess-player, whether resident or a casual visitor, need be at a loss: he has but to find out when the club meets and who are its members, and the free-masonry of chess will do the rest. In London, it is true, the clubs are not quite so accessible; but Ries's Divan leaves the amateur nothing to desire. For ourselves, though unworthy members of a metropolitan as well as of a provincial club, we confess a great regard for Mr. Ries's saloon, as now improved and embellished. In these days, when even the 'centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration' leaves Mr. Cobden under disagreeable impressions as to present and prospective scarcity of cash, we shall be pardoned for saying a word on the point of economy. We know not in what manner a shilling can be more productively invested. A good cup of coffee—a good cigar (for those who have not been nauseated with smoke in Germany)—access to a really handsome and spacious room well furnished—the use of an ample supply of periodicals, British and foreign, with novels galore for those who cannot long keep up the mental effort of chess—are of themselves not bad things; but to a thorough-going devotee the chief attraction is in the good play to be seen, and the strong players to be encountered. Poor Daniels, indeed, has been some years gone—the most agreeable of antagonists—who never kept you waiting, his brilliant play seeming to come by intuition. But Mr. Löwe, Mr. Tuckett, Mr. E. Williams of Bristol, and others of nearly the same calibre, may generally be seen there; and occasionally Mr. Staunton, and another amateur, in our opinion only inferior to him among English chess-players, Mr. Buckle: foreigners of note, too, constantly make it their resort. In fact, any one desirous of being handsomely beaten may be gratified at the said Divan daily, between the hours of 2 and 11 P.M. Young (and occasionally *elderly*) gentlemen from the country are sceptical on this head: they have outshone all the 'little stars' in some retired neighbourhood, and when a piece is offered them by a master of the game at Ries's, they reject it loftily—only not indignantly, because their antagonist, poor man, has had no opportunity of knowing their strength. 'Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play.' In an hour or so they are brought to a sense of their situation. Game after game has been rapidly scored against them. They have accused the light (which is excellent)—the pieces (which are large and 'kenspeckle' in the extreme)—their oversights, which they have had no time to make, being destroyed almost instantly by slashing gambits. They would

would deem themselves bewitched\* were it not for the Sadduceism of the nineteenth century. But at length the unwelcome truth flashes on them—they are playing with an opponent who can give them the rook—possibly the queen! This discovery, however unwelcome, is a new era in their chess-existence: as Mr. Penn observes, ‘You will never improve by playing only with players of your own strength. In order to play well, you must toil through the humiliating task of being beaten by those who can give you odds. These odds, when you have fairly mastered them, may be gradually diminished as your strength increases.’ Thus the defeated squire is at last on the road to improvement: he has gotten rid of a delusion. And here we may observe, that there are sundry delusions prevalent concerning chess, which are only to be dispelled by playing in the clubs. We will notice a few of these, owning our obligations once more to Mr. Penn, and to an ingenious writer in the ‘Chronicle,’ Captain Kennedy: they will be found principally to belong to the class of errors learnedly called ‘*idola specus*,’ derived from viewing objects from a confined position and in a false light. We pray the indulgence of our readers, should we perchance demolish any cherished idol of their own.

Delusion the first.—That to take odds destroys the interest of the game, and that to offer them to a person with whom you have played but a game or two, is a great act of presumption. Whereas, in fact, in the great majority of cases, without odds given the game is a certainty, and therefore lacks interest; and a good player can see in a few minutes what is the relative strength of his antagonist.

II.—That Mr. Heavyside, or any other hard-headed man, can, by intense exertion of mind, if his game be once fairly opened, make head against a first-class player with a decent chance of success. This delusion is probably fostered by the care which a man, who has a chess-reputation to lose, will always exert at first in playing with a stranger. Nevertheless, Mr. Heavyside’s cake is dough. There is a gulf between a half-trained country amateur and the leading member of a good club, which no inspiration of genius or effort of calculation will overleap.

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\* Some centuries ago, this was no uncommon belief for a beaten player. It is recorded of one of the old Italian masters (Leonardo ‘il Puttino,’ we believe), that on one occasion he was beaten heartily by a Moorish stranger. He returned home disconsolate; he had lost his money, and, what was then deemed yet more precious, his renown; yet, on reflection, he could not but think his opponent’s play had been but second rate. The inference was obvious; he had been spell-bound; but the remedy was easy to so devout a Catholic. He re-entered the lists next day with a relic of peculiar sanctity—a thumb of St. Anthony, we think—in his pocket. Leonardo, thus armed, retrieved his laurels of course—and the Mussulman abandoned the field with the pithy remark, *Thine is stronger than mine.*

III.—That in the progress of a game at chess, it is sacrilege for a by-stander to speak a word. On the contrary, any one who plays among players must expect to hear many remarks made. This is trying at first, but occasionally gives a useful lesson, and is rarely attended with serious inconvenience. Bad players either are prudently silent or speak quite beside the mark; while good ones take care to make no comment which can affect the progress of the game.

IV.—That a game at chess may be of indefinite length—may outlast the Trojan war, or be transmitted (as we have read in sundry veracious magazines) from father to son. This is all ‘bosh;’ good games are mostly decided in fifty moves on each side, and, except in the case of a set match, where reputation is at stake, nineteen out of twenty are concluded within an hour. There are some awfully slow players, but they usually play so badly that they are beaten pretty soon, in spite of their delays.

V.—‘That it is illiberal to play the strict game.’ To this we can only reply, that other methods are but a miserable imitation. People talk of the hardship of ‘losing a game by an oversight,’ and so on. It is much harder to arrive at nothing but ‘conclusions inconclusive,’ and to have the game terminate in an Irish discussion which of the two parties made the greatest blunders! To put the question on its right footing, a quick sight of the board and close attention during play are important merits at chess. A player must fail in *both* ere he can make a gross oversight: let him be punished accordingly, or he will never learn to do better.

These are some of the popular idols—there are many more which want of space compels us to leave unbroken. But is the game itself an idol—useless, and valueless? or is it worth the attention of the reflective and the time of the prudent man? These are grave questions; we can but help our readers towards forming a conclusion, which will be—perhaps ought to be—different in different minds, but generally, we think, favourable to this fascinating game.

The weight of authority is strongly in favour of the practice of chess. We have honestly quoted two great names against it: we can remember but one more of any consequence.

‘Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned  
To contemplation, and within his reach  
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,  
Would waste attention at the chequered board,  
His host of wooden warriors to and fro  
Marching and countermarching, with an eye  
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged  
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand

Trembling,

Trembling, as if eternity were hung  
In balance on his conduct of a pin.'

The lines are not bad, but we doubt Cowper's competence to judge of the question. His mind, exquisitely amiable, was never healthy; his recreations were generally those of a hypochondriac or a humourist; and we really believe that he might have been less subject to morbid imaginings—more fitted to turn his intellectual powers to practical account—had he given to the close and methodical calculations of chess some of those hours which he passed in gazing dreamily on the drawing-room fire. On the other hand, we might multiply the names of eminent men—some already alluded to—with whom chess has been a favourite recreation. Among those who have written in praise of the game, Franklin first occurs to us; his '*Morals of Chess*' are well known. If he be deemed too utilitarian (though, by the way, the *objections* to chess are more frequently of that school), we would refer to a writer of the present day, whose powers of imagination have been brilliantly exemplified *Now and Then*—but who is not less distinguished for sound sense and practical sagacity.\* Mr. Samuel Warren, in his '*Introduction to the Study of the Law*'—a work for which we anticipate a permanent popularity—is not daunted by the Baconian *obiter dictum*, but strongly recommends chess as a most desirable recreation for those who are training for legal honours. He regards it—and we believe most truly—as involving much wholesome mental discipline: temper, vigilance, rapid and long-sighted combinations, all being in requisition. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive a game more commendable on these grounds. As a school for the temper we hold it in especial esteem; young players are constantly seen quarrelsome over the board, or angry—perhaps sulky—after defeat. Not so with veterans. We have taken part in a meeting where more than seventy skilful amateurs have been variously paired in conflict, all the live-long day, without a hasty expression being heard or a cross look seen. Surely these had learned some self-command during their noviciate. Nor is defeat the only trial of temper to which a true chess-player learns to rise superior—'t were pity of his life else!' He may be matched with a slow player—with a hesitating player—with a garrulous player—worst of all, he may have at his elbow, or full in his sight, one of those

\* It seems almost sacrilege to write of chess without alluding to Vida's beautiful poem; but the truth is, that its merits are of a kind totally foreign to any practical view of the subject. It does not teach the game, nor show its moral or social advantages, nor the mode in which it may be best enjoyed. But it is a treasure to the classical scholar, as showing how objects, unknown in classical times, may yet be justly, elegantly, and poetically described in a dead language.

pitiless and ill-omened bores whom the French term *comètes*—a person in whose presence he feels it impossible to win. The class are thus described by Mons. Méry, in an amusing paper on whist, in the first volume of the *Palamède* :—

‘ Les Comètes du jeu sont tenaces, et elles s’éternisent sur un fauteuil. Sous prétexte qu’ils n’ont pas de préjugés, ces astres aléatoires ne se font aucun scrupule d’accomplir une série de catastrophes, sans accorder aux ruinés une indemnité légitime. Les Comètes n’ont point d’entrailles, point de remords ; elles se lèvent à six heures pour dîner, et retournent à huit pour achever une victime dans l’exercice voluptueux de leur tranquille digestion ! ’

Yet not even one of these terrible portents, though armed with snuff-box and eye-glass—not the vultus instantis *cometic*—must ruffle the ‘*tenacem propositi virum*.’ The self-command acquired under the necessity of resisting these petty trials is one most valuable result of chess.. The intellectual drilling has also its value, partaking as it does both of the accuracy and of the ingenuity of mathematical study. This value, however, will be different to different minds, and we can conceive that there are those for whom some purely imaginative recreation might be more profitable. Still, while games of skill are encouraged, chess must take the lead among them.

Of its superiority there can be no more satisfactory proof than the readiness with which it is played for no stake but honour. The shilling or sixpence, which is the regular stake at many clubs, is no contradiction to this rule. It is not staked in order to give an interest in the game, but to compel players to equalize the contest by giving and receiving proper odds ; and it may be omitted with advantage when the parties are well matched and often in the habit of meeting. We are not writing a panegyric on chess, though we confess a sincere wish to see it yet more generally practised. We conceive it likely to be highly useful in supplanting coarser and less instructive amusements, especially among the working classes ; yet we know, that, like other good things, it is open to abuse, and we would therefore conclude this our offering to ‘*Caiissa*,’ by a few ‘*Cautions to Chess-players*,’ if not all original, yet all confirmed by our own experience :—

1. Chess not until the business of the day is fairly done, and you feel that you have earned your amusement.

2. Chess not in mixed society, when it is likely that your antagonist and yourself will be missed from the circle by either hostess or company.

3. Chess not with persons much older than yourself, when you feel sure that you can beat them, but not sure that they will relish it.

4. Chess

4. Chess not with your wife unless you can give her odds, and then take care rather to over-match yourself.

5. Play not into the 'small hours,' lest the duties of the next day should suffer from scanty rest or late rising.

6. Do not commend your adversary's play when you have won, or abuse your own when you have lost. You are *assuming* in the first case, and *detracting* in the second.

7. Strive to have no choice as to board, pieces, &c., but, if you have any, never mention it after a defeat.

8. Mr. Penn recommends you 'not to be alarmed if your adversary, after two or three lost games, should complain of a bad headache.' We add—beware of *attempting* to alarm him by the like complaint in like case.

Lastly. Idolize not chess. To hear some people talk, one might think there was 'nothing else remarkable beneath the visiting moon.' Chess is not a standard for measuring the abilities of your acquaintance—nor an epitome of all the sciences—nor a panacea for all human ills—nor a subject for daily toil and nightly meditation. It is simply a recreation, and only to be used and regarded as such. The less selfish you are in its pursuit—the clearer head—the more patience—the better temper you bring to the practice of it, the better will you illustrate the merits of chess as the most intellectual of games, and establish your own character as a philosopher even in sport.

ART. IV.—1. *The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland, illustrated by Robert William Billings and William Burn.* Parts I.—XXVII. Edinburgh. 1847-9.

2. *Descriptive Notices of some of the Ancient Parochial and Collegiate Churches of Scotland.* By T. S. M. London and Oxford. 1848.

3. *Ecclesiological Notes on the Isle of Man, Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys; or, a Summer Pilgrimage to S. Maughold and S. Magnus.* By a Member of the Ecclesiological Society. London. 1848.

4. *On the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyllshire.* By John Saul Howson, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cam. Published in the Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society. Parts II. and III. Cambridge. 1842-5.

WHEN the loss of a horseshoe brought the 'Queensferry Diligence' to a stand, almost at its journey's end, the Laird of Monkbarns congratulated himself and his young fellow-traveller on the opportunity thus offered of examining 'a very curious and



and perfect specimen of a Picts' camp or round-about.' An archæologist of another nation would have remembered rather that he was in the neighbourhood of a fine Romanesque church—it would have been called Saxon in those days, and Norman five years ago—and would have found more attraction in the sculptured doorway and semicircular apse of Dalmeny, than in the misshapen ditches of an aboriginal hill-fort. But Sir Walter drew from the life. At the very time when his pen was tracing the characteristics of 'The Antiquary,' the most ponderous of Scotch antiquaries was travelling in the birth of overgrown quartos, in which the remains of the Mediæval architecture of the north were held up as things beneath the regard of intelligent men. 'Ancient castles, religious houses, places of worship'—so Mr. George Chalmers declared—'those modern antiquities, which are all subsequent to the twelfth century, supply to well-informed minds scarcely any amusement, and still less instruction.'\*

It would be unfair to charge this heresy, in its full enormity, on the general assembly of Scottish archæologists. But it is not to be denied that some such doctrine was long prevalent among them, and its influence seems still manifest in the bent which their studies have taken beyond the Tweed. While other branches have been cultivated with success, not only have architectural antiquities been neglected, but what little has been done for them has been accomplished chiefly by strangers. The works named at the head of our paper are all of any note that have of late years appeared on this subject; and it will be observed that, with a single exception, they are published in England; while of that exception—certainly a very signal one—we have to add, that, though the book owes much to the enterprise of its Scottish publishers, the principal (if not sole) author is an Englishman, in whom the cathedrals of Durham and Carlisle trained those faculties which are now devoted to the illustration of Kirkwall and Holyrood. Thus it is in our day; and even so it has been from the beginning.

During the Great Rebellion, James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, made a few drawings of Scottish buildings, which were transferred to copper in Holland, and have recently been engraved again by the Bannatyne and Spalding Clubs. These plates must be spoken of with gratitude; but it was not until after the lapse of nearly half a century that an attempt was made to bring together, in one volume, a set of views of the memorable places of the north. The author of the undertaking was a German adventurer, John Abraham Schlezzer, whom some chance

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\* *Caledonia*, vol. iii. p. 573. Cf. vol. ii. pp. 94, 406, 569, 844, 971.

of travel landed in Scotland a few years after the Restoration. His '*Theatrum Scotiæ*' appeared in 1693, but in an imperfect state, containing no more than 57 views. The impression was limited to 157 copies, of which, at the end of three years, more than half were unsold. We dare not say that this fate was undeserved. The work—though now possessing a certain interest for its representations of objects that have perished or are marvellously changed—is ill executed in every way. The German seems to have been conscious of this, and, in proposals for another edition, he pledged himself to 'turn out seven or eight plates, the prospects of little mean things, or else not well done at all,' and to give about a hundred new engravings. The Scottish Parliament encouraged him by a small grant, but his design never reached further than the execution of twelve plates, and these appeared in such guise that it is matter of dispute what the places are which some of them profess to figure. The fate of Schlezzer and his book served to deter any one from venturing upon the same field for nearly a hundred years. It was in 1769 that Pennant made the first of those tours which awakened public interest in the scenery and antiquities of Scotland. The first volume of his work—which, antiquated as it is, will remain, perhaps, in more than one point of view, the most respectable book of Scottish travel, until Mr. Murray shall persuade some competent person to undertake a scholarly '*Hand-Book for Scotland*'—appeared at Chester in 1772, the same year in which the author set out on his second tour, the account of which was published in 1774. The effect of these works was signal. We are tempted to believe that it was Pennant's First Tour which incited Johnson to fulfil his long-cherished intention of a voyage among the West Isles. It is certain that it was immediately after the publication of the book that the Doctor made up his mind to the expedition; and that he proclaimed himself, on all occasions, a devout admirer of the Welshman:—'He's a Whig, sir; a sad dog; but he's the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does.' We may note, as perhaps another fruit of Pennant's volume, that the year following its publication saw the first of those '*Etchings, chiefly of Views in Scotland*,' by which the ingenious John Clerk of Eldin—for whom is claimed the invention of 'breaking the line' in sea warfare—amused his leisure, and which, even in an imperfect collection, is now among the rarest of Bannatyne books. It was confessedly the example of Pennant which produced in 1780 the '*Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*,' by Charles Cordiner, a priest in English orders. This work was followed, at the distance of fifteen years, by another of greater scope,

scope, the 'Remarkable Ruins and Romantic Prospects of North Britain,' published by Cordiner in conjunction with his engraver, Peter Mazell. In the interval, Adam de Cardonnel had given to the world his etchings of 'Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland' (1788-1793). It is to be lamented that this work was executed on a smaller scale than was at first intended: its diminutive size renders almost worthless what might otherwise have been a serviceable book. Contemporaneous with Cardonnel's etchings was the well-known Captain Grose's 'Antiquities of Scotland' (1789-91); and for this—which, with all its grievous faults, was still the best work on the subject—the commonwealth of letters had to thank an Englishman.

We pass at a step over the multitude of publications which thenceforth—more especially after Scott had begun to rekindle the decaying embers of nationality, 'colourishing old stamps which stood pale in the soul before'—showed that the callous north was at length shamed into some kind of interest in the architectural monuments of its elder time.\* We make no account of the common herd of 'Views' and 'Scenes,' 'Beauties' and 'Pictures.' Even of works which took higher flight we content ourselves with merely naming one or two, such as the 'Views in Orkney and on the North-eastern Coast of Scotland' (1807), a set of spirited etchings by the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, circulated only among friends; the 'Border Antiquities of England and Scotland' (1814), to which Scott contributed an admirable introduction; the 'Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland' (1825-6), which he enriched by a series of delightful essays that may be held up as models of what might be done for Scottish topography, with the greatly enlarged sources now open to the antiquary; and the picturesque etchings which Scott's early friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, has published at divers times from the huge store of drawings which fill his portfolios.

But no one of these books, nor all of them taken together, can supply the materials necessary for even a superficial study of

\* If any one should surmise that we press too hard on our friends beyond the Border, let him read an indignant note in 'Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical,' by George Cleghorn, Esq., vol. i. p. 138. Edin. 1848. 'The incumbent of the parish, writing in 1836, thus accounts for the recent mutilation of the tombs of the Douglasses under the very shadow of their ancestral towers, in their own church of St. Bride in Douglasdale:—'During the many years when Douglas Castle was deserted as a residence, the aisle was left open and unprotected; and the boys of the place, with the destructive propensity characteristic of the Scots, made it a favourite amusement to aim stones at the chisel-work' (New Statist. Acc.; Lanarkshire, p. 491). This is a melancholy commentary on the proud lines:—

'Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,  
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field.'

Scottish architecture. The range of the best is but limited; and their purpose, with scarcely an exception, is rather showy and general representation than that faithful and minute illustration which is indispensable for real or scientific use. The 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities' of Mr. Billings is the first work which, either in point of extent or of style, has any claim to be regarded as a collection worthy of the remains yet spared to Scotland. It undertakes to give at least one view of every ancient edifice worthy of notice, while the more remarkable are to be presented in the detail of two or more engravings. So far as the publication has proceeded—and it has now been in progress for more than two years—it is worthy of all praise. The plates are large enough to admit of the distinct delineation of minute peculiarities. Mr. Billings is a masterly draftsman, well skilled in the history and characteristics of architectural style, bearing an excellent eye for perspective, and uniting scrupulous fidelity to good taste and a knowledge of effect. His engravers do him justice; and altogether nothing can be more satisfactory than his representations.

- Had this work been completed, we should have had less diffidence in attempting to trace an outline of the annals of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. If our sketch be meagre or inaccurate, let it be remembered that the materials are scanty and indigested. Only one Scottish county has had its ecclesiology in any way explored as a whole. 'Though eight summers have flown since Mr. Howson read his papers 'On the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyll' to the Cambridge Camden Society, not only has his example failed to find a follower, but, on a late visit, we found some of the best antiquaries of Edinburgh ignorant of the existence of these essays. We are encouraged to hope that this reproach may have since been removed—partly because, during a more recent walk in the Parliament House, our ears caught some such sounds as 'curious brass,' 'large matrix,' 'fine rubbings'—partly because the painstaking author of the 'Descriptive Notices of some of the Ancient Parochial and Collegiate Churches of Scotland' dates from the Scottish capital. His work is very acceptable, as giving a multitude of facts, the fruit of laborious personal inquiry: it would have been still more valuable had his descriptions occasionally risen beyond bare inventories—as we have heard them called—and had he known to avail himself of what has been printed by the Scottish Clubs for the elucidation of their church antiquities.\* The latter portion  
of

\* We might extend this remark. The Scottish Chartularies, of which, under the editorial care of Mr. Cosmo Innes, about twenty volumes have now been printed, contain

of this censure applies, in some measure, to the 'Ecclesiological Notes on Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys,' though that author is a livelier and better informed writer. We do not think that *he* would have given us a chapter on Coldingham without one allusion to what Bede has written, or Raine has published, on the history of that ancient monastery. Yet even he writes about Kirkwall and her Earl Saint without apparently having seen either the 'Orkneyinga Saga' or the 'Saga Magnus Eyia-Earls Ens Helga'—works which we cannot name without recording our earnest hope that every encouragement will be given in this country to the new editions promised by the antiquaries of Copenhagen in their collection of the Scandinavian sources of the early history of the British Isles. The prospectus of the 'Antiquitates Britannicæ et Hibernicæ'—as published in the 'Guide to Northern Archæology,' edited and partly translated by the Earl of Ellesmere—is full of promise, not only for the Scottish annals, but for English church history.

We stumble, in defect of light, even on the threshold of our task. On the site of that conflict between Agricola and Galgacus which Monkbarns sought to fix on his Kaim of Kinprunes,\* volumes have been written; but, although the Scots pride themselves on the purity of their early faith, no attempt has been made by them to discover the fate of the first Christian church built in their land. Bede relates that the first tribes of North Britain who turned from their idols to worship the true God, owed their conversion to the British bishop, Nynias or Ninian. He had studied at Rome, and on that headland of Galloway where he chose the chief seat of his mission 'he built a church of stone, in a way unusual among the Britons.' It was dedicated by him to St. Martin of Tours, from whom he obtained masons to shape its walls after the Roman fashion. In this 'White House,' as it was named, the body of St. Ninian had its rest, with the bodies of many other saints; and for ages the place continued to be famous, not only in North Britain, but throughout the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, and among the races of Ireland. Even from Gaul were letters sent to 'the brethren of St. Ninian at Whithern,' written by the most accomplished scholar of the age—Alcuin, the

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contain mines of information, the wealth and worth of which is far from being sufficiently appreciated. If Mr. Hallam, for instance, had read Mr. Innes' graceful preface to the '*Liber S. Marie de Calchou*' (p. xxxvi.), he would have been able—in his instructive and candid '*Supplemental Notes to the View of Europe in the Middle Ages*'—to strengthen his argument for the identity of condition between the '*vilain regardant*' and the '*vilain in gross*' (pp. 383-386), by the testimony of a profound legal antiquary, that in Scotland, 'in the old laws regarding them, and the numerous conveyances of *neifs* or *serfs*, preserved in the chartularies of an early date, we can trace no admission or claim of right raising any class of them above the rank of absolute *serfs* or *villeins* in gross.'

divine

divine and the philosopher, the historian and the poet—‘the confidant of Charlemagne,’ to use the words of M. Guizot, ‘his councillor and intellectual prime minister.’ In more modern times, the ancient shrine was renowned as a pilgrimage, whither kings and princes, churchmen and warriors, with people from many realms, came by sea and land to make their devotions. The reader will ask, ‘Do any remains of this famous church of the fourth century exist?’ Alas! this is a question which the Scottish antiquaries have never thought worthy of consideration. They have forgotten Whithern as utterly as if it had been the commonest spot of earth in their country; and it is to a contemporary English writer—not in the most orthodox odour—that we owe the information that a roofless and ruined chancel, built about the end of the twelfth century, occupies ‘the site of much more ancient buildings, which had been the crypt, as it would seem, of an extensive church; for there are large vaults of old and rude masonry around, which rise higher than the level of the chancel floor. These,’ he continues, ‘must have been part of the original church of St. Ninian, of the fourth century, or built by the Saxons in the eighth century; and it would be interesting to ascertain whether they are not really part of a church, the building and date of which are so marked in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland.’\* We are not sanguine as to the inquiry, but it ought to be made; and we shall look to Mr. Billings for drawings of every vestige of a hallowed edifice which can be supposed coeval with the foundation of the oldest bishopric north of the Humber.

The white-walled cathedral, which from that bold promontory of Galloway looked upon the shores of Cumberland and the distant peaks of Man, was not the only church in Scotland constructed on an Italian model. We may read in Bede how, about the year 710, Naiton or Nectan, King of the North Picts, sent ambassadors to Ceolfrid, abbot of the venerable historian’s own monastery of Jarrow, praying ‘for architects to build a stone church in Pictland, after the Roman manner.’ The royal request met prompt compliance; but it would be vain to search for traces of this structure—as vain as to look for the churches which the Italian Boniface and his companions are said to have built at Invergowrie, Tealing, and Restennet in Angus, at Rosemarky in Ross, and elsewhere in the northern provinces of King Nectan’s dominions. Towards the middle of the fifth century, St. Palladius, who was sent from Rome to the Christian Scots, visited North Britain, and died at Fordun, in ‘Mag Girgin,’ or the Mearns. But Ireland, as it was the chief object of his mission, so it had his

\* ‘Lives of the English Saints,’ no. xliii., St. Ninian, p. 147. The chancel is described as ‘a well-proportioned and beautiful specimen of the Early English style.’

‘Teach-na

'Teach-na Roman,' or Roman house, while Scotland received his relics and his spiritual succession. There were others who came from distant lands to labour in the conversion of the Scottish tribes; either impelled by that chivalrous spirit of devotion of which the Dark Ages show many noble examples, or carried to the shores of Albany by tempests or contrary winds, like Arculf, that bishop of Gaul, who, returning from Palestine in the latter years of the seventh century, was driven among the West Isles, to instruct the monks of Iona, and through them great part of the Christian world, in the memorable places of Jerusalem, and the architecture of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the beginning of the ninth century, St. Regulus, or Rule, and his companions, brought from Byzantium or from the coasts of Achaia what were believed to be relics of the Apostle St. Andrew. Where the Greek missionaries touched Scottish ground, at Mucros or Kilrimont in Fife, the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland afterwards arose; but they built their first church beyond 'the Mounth'—apparently at Kindroghet in the Brae of Mar, where they first met the Pictish King, and unveiled the treasures of their shrine, while he and all his host bowed themselves to the earth before it. A second church was raised at 'Monichi,' in Angus; a third at Forteviot, in Stratherne; while Kilrimont, in Fife, was hallowed—like the Irish Glendalough—by its seven churches, built on the wide territory which King Hungus gave to God and St. Andrew by the symbol of a turf offered up on the altar. In Ussher's time the name of 'the Greek Church,' given to a building on the banks of the Boyne in Ireland, was believed to mark the site of an early mission from the Eastern Church; but the soil of Scotland can boast of no such visible memorial coeval with St. Rule. It is equally barren in tokens of the enterprise of St. Adrian and his companions, whom Hungary—in the young ardour of the faith it had so recently embraced—sent forth to find martyrs' graves on the Scottish shore.

It were vain to ask for remains of edifices reared by native hands among either of the Celtic nations who inhabited North Britain of old. We have Bede's testimony that the Britons—who in his day, and much nearer to our own, possessed all the country to the south of Clyde and Forth, except the narrow margin of Lothian and the Merse on the one coast, and the projecting angle of Galloway on the other—were accustomed to build their churches of timber. In the sixth century, when St. Kentigern—the founder of the see of Glasgow, the founder also of the see of St. Asaph in Wales—laid the foundations of the latter, the history bears that it was a wooden church, after the manner of the Britons, '*quum de lapide nondum construere poterant,*

poterant, nec usum habebant.' There is still more abundant testimony that such was the use also of the northern Scots both of Ireland and of Albany. When Bede describes the building of the cathedral of Lindisfarne by St. Finan, in the year 652, he tells us that 'it was constructed not of stone, but of oaken planks, thatched with reeds, after the Scottish manner.' This 'mos Scottorum' was carried by their missionaries even beyond the Alps; and in his wooden oratory at Bobbio, among the wild hills near the source of the Trebbia, St. Columbanus, early in the seventh century, reproduced in classic Italy the rude type of Irish Banchor and Scottish Iona. St. Bernard relates that, so late as the twelfth century, St. Malachy built a wooden shrine in Ulster, 'opus Scoticum, pulchrum satis;' and that when afterwards he began to raise a stone edifice, such as he had seen abroad, the Irish exclaimed against it as a piece of Norman extravagance, a vain and useless innovation.

The monastery which St. Columba founded in Iona, in the middle of the sixth century, is called by an old writer 'gloriosum cœnobium.' That it was so, in one sense, no person will question who traces on the map how large was the region of England which its Scottish missionaries and their Saxon disciples built up in the Christian faith.\* But its glory was not material: the only passage in Cumin or Adamnan, from which we can infer anything as to the buildings on 'that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions,' speaks of the Apostle of the Scots as sending forth his monks to gather 'bundles of twigs to build their hospice.' The mainland abode of St. Woloc, a bishop of the same age, is described in the Breviary as a mere wattle-hut—'pauperulam casam calamis viminibusque contextam.\*' The greater dignity of the churches seems to have been in their construction, not of basket-work, but of squared timber: they were log-houses, not wigwams. Thus, in accordance with what Bede writes of Lindisfarne, the Breviary relates that the church of St. Maolrubha, at Urquhart, on the western bank of Loch Ness, was built of 'hewn oak;' and of the same fashion doubtless was the more famous church which he founded at Applecross, in the western wilds of Ross, in the year 673, and which a century later gave an abbot to the great house of Banchor.

Built, as the primitive churches were, of such perishable materials; it is not to be wondered at that so many 'venerable seats of ancient sanctity' in Scotland should now offer little to the eye of the pilgrim beyond an undefinable something, in their general

\* 'Breviarium Aberdonense,' prop. SS. pro temp. hiem., f. xlv. Why do not some of the Clubs reprint this rare and venerable book?



aspect, of sweetness or serene repose—that ‘*insita sibi species venustatis*’ which arose to the imagination of Bede, as it contemplated the green mount sprinkled by the blood of England’s first martyr. Yet around a few of the early northern shrines there still remain tangible vestiges of religious use, partaking, in some measure, of an architectural character. In the Irish Life of St. Cuthbert, printed by the Surtees Society, there is a passage describing the first work of his mission in terms which may probably be applied to the case of all the spiritual labourers of his age and nation. It tells that withdrawing from that monastery of Dull, in Athol—whose ‘Comharba,’ or lay-abbot, in the eleventh century, was the father of the long line of Scottish kings—he chose his dwelling on the mountain of ‘Doilweme,’ where first he reared a great cross of stone, then built an oratory of wood, and, lastly, shaped to himself a bath in the rock, in order that, immersed in the cold water, he might pass whole nights in prayer, after a custom which is recorded to have been the observance of St. Patrick, St. Kentigern, and Bede’s Drycthelm, the penitent recluse of Saxon Melrose.

Of such crosses as St. Cuthbert raised on the banks of the Highland Tay, remains are to be seen in every province of Scotland. They resemble the stone crosses of Ireland, except that for the most part they are less elaborate; some of them—unhewn blocks, graven with a cross, or covered with uncouth figures and symbols—showing a rudeness which suggests a higher antiquity than is probably their due. One somewhat different from the rest—the well-known pillar at Ruthwell on the Solway—has been shown by Mr. Kemble to be an Anglo-Saxon work of the age and province of Bede. Another, at Newton, in the Garioch, bears a rudely cut inscription which has hitherto resisted the interpretation of scholars, though the Welsh archæologists, we think, have deciphered things nearly as illegible. But we forbear to enter on a subject for the study of which the first foundations are only now laid by Mr. Chalmers of Auldbar, an accomplished country gentleman, who has prepared, as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club, a costly series of engravings of the ‘Sculptured Monuments of Angus,’ the richest of all the northern shires in this somewhat perplexing kind of memorial.

It is not known that any traces of the bath which St. Cuthbert hewed now exist in Strathtay. Nor do we find that the western antiquaries have discovered St. Kentigern’s ‘bed,’ ‘bath,’ and ‘chair’ of stone at Glasgow. But those of St. Maoliosa are yet shown in the Holy Isle, on the coast of Arran. The stone ‘pillow’ of St. Columba stood for ages beside his sepulchre in Iona. The ‘baths’ of St. Woloc may still be seen beside his  
ruined

ruined church in Strathdeveron; and we are told, in one of the Spalding Club volumes, that it is but of late since 'multitudes of diseased children were bathed in these pools, and part of their attire left floating on the waters' as a propitiatory offering. The palmer in Marmion was bent for the 'holy pool' of St. Fillan; and the saint's chair of rock yet remains to mark the seat of the ancient monastery which he founded in the heights of Glendochart, and the Comharba of which appears in old statutes as taking rank with the Earls of Athol and Menteith. The stone chair of St. Marnan still looks down upon the church which bears his name at Aberchirder; and other instances might be found of a relic which seems to have been characteristic of Celtic hagiology. In Leland we read how in his time the stone chairs of St. Mawe and St. Germoc were preserved in the cemeteries of the churches dedicated to their honour in Cornwall; and St. Maughold's chair—'a hollow scooped out of the rock'—is still shown beside his church and well in the Isle of Man. The 'frithstool' in Beverley Minster is probably a monument of the same kind: it is said to have been brought from Scotland, and perhaps the saints' chairs which remain there may have served the same purpose of 'seats of peace,'—the 'grithstol' of the Laws of St. David—places of refuge for those who fled to the churches for sanctuary.

The Caves which the primitive confessors of Scotland excavated or enlarged in the cliffs of her iron coast, are more to our present purpose. Such places of religious retreat were commended by the examples of St. Martin of Tours, the light of Western Christendom in the fourth age, and of St. Benedict, the patriarch of European monachism. The caverns dug by the former saint and his disciples in the rocky bank of the Loire are still shown; and the name of the Holy Grotto, at Subiaco, in the upper valley of the Anio, distinguishes the cave cut midway on the face of a precipice; in which the latter passed three years of austere solitude. Sir Walter Scott has commemorated the 'ocean-cave' of St. Rule, at St. Andrews. It is dug in the face of a rock, and is divided into two chambers: the outer, which is nearly circular in shape, measures ten feet across, and has an altar hewn on the east side; the inner, where the saint is supposed to have slept, is of a square form, measuring about eight feet on each side. Other oratories or penance-cells of the same kind are the sea-beaten cave of St. Ninian, in a tall cliff of the Galloway coast; the cave of St. Columba, on Loch Killisport in Knapdale; of St. Cormac, in the same neighbourhood; of St. Kieran, in Kintyre; of St. Maoliosa, at Lamlash in Arran; of St.

Gernad near Spynie in Murray; of St. Serf at Dysart; and the den at Dunfermline, to which the use or tradition of a later age has given the name of St. Margaret. Some of these places have not long ceased to linger in the reverence of the people; a few have altars, crosses, or inscriptions; and one or two have what seem to be 'benaturæ' and 'piscinae.' Their use, as places of ascetic retirement during Lent, is sufficiently illustrated by the history of St. Kevin's Bed at Glendalough, and by a passage in the Life of St. Kentigern, where that Apostle of Strathclyde—the season of mortification past—is seen in devotion at the mouth of his cave, gazing on the skirts of the departing storm, and rejoicing to feel once more the sweet breath of spring upon his cheek. Perhaps the famous Dwarfie Stone at Hoy, in Orkney, and the singular chamber called St. Wilfrid's Needle, which lies deep in the foundations of Ripon Minster, are monuments of the same class. The readers of Mr. Curzon's 'Monasteries in the Levant' will remember his description of 'the numerous caves and holes, some of them natural, but most artificial,' in the rocks of the holy vale of Meteora, in Albania. He adds that, 'in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism, whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes.'

These things have taken us back to the infancy of the Celtic church in the north. Five following centuries of her life have left but two monuments of note; and both bear the impress of the parent country of the Scots. The 'Round Towers' at Abernethy and Brechin show their Irish origin on their face, and it is in Irish manuscripts that we must look for their history. Dr. Petrie is said to have discovered the date of the more northern of the two; and we hear that in the second volume of his 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland,' he is to prove that the bell-tower of Brechin was built by Irish churchmen, about 1010, or a few years after the death of that King Kenneth MacMalcolm, of whom it is written in the <sup>3</sup>Chronicle of the Picts, 'This is he who gave the great city of Brechin to the Lord.' We have not learned that the builders of Abernethy have been retrieved, but from the beginning this was peculiarly an Irish house.

It is not impossible that, although hitherto unascertained, there may exist in Scotland remains of ecclesiastical buildings in that rude but most interesting style which Dr. Petrie unexpectedly brought to light in Ireland. They should be looked for in the parts nearest to that island; and we really find there indications of sufficient promise to encourage a closer search. The old accounts of St. Kilda describe what seems a 'beehive-house,' built wholly of long thin stones without cement, and famous in the traditions.

ditions of the islanders. Pennant saw, near Muggastot in Skye, the remains of 'a monastery of great antiquity, built with great stones without mortar.'

The Conquest in England is nearly contemporary with the dawn of a revolution which—slow, silent, and nearly bloodless—wrought changes in Scotland more momentous and far more auspicious than flowed from the Norman triumph at Hastings. The northern kingdom was to be wholly transformed. Not new lords only, or strange laws, but a new people and another language—almost another form of religion—were to be introduced. The Celt was henceforth to serve in the land which he had ruled,—was to feel that, though a Prince of his line sat upon the 'Lia Fail' at Scone, and was hailed in Celtic speech and fashion 'King of Albany,'—the power had departed from the nation of the Gael. His birth-right and heritage—even his name of Scot—were to be shared among Anglo-Saxon fugitives, Norman adventurers, and mercenary men-at-arms from Flanders and Brabant. This eventful change, almost unnoticed by contemporary chroniclers, is still imperfectly understood; and, though it is the key to the annals of civilisation in the north, its history is yet to be written. Beginning with the partition of Northumbria and the cession of Lothian to the Scots about the middle of the tenth century, a continuous series of causes contributed, during nearly four hundred years, to the colonisation of the territory beyond the Tweed by chiefs and people from the more southern provinces. The historian, who prepares himself for this subject, will have to show how the tide of migration northwards was influenced by the fall of the Welsh dominion of Strathclyde—by the civil wars in Albany which were let loose by the dagger of Macbeth—by the throes which preceded the dissolution of the Anglo-Saxon power—by the Conquest—by the terrible wrath of the Conqueror—by the dreaded fury of the Red King. But the chief place in his canvass will be filled by a benigner figure—that saintly Princess who brought to the Scottish throne the blood and rights of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and planted among the Scottish people the seeds of a more energetic faith and a superior civilisation. There is no nobler picture in the northern annals than that of St. Margaret—illustrious by birth and majestic in her beauty—as she appears in the artless pages of her chaplain Turgot. The representative of Alfred and the niece of the Confessor, she showed in womanly type the wisdom and magnanimity of the one, and more than all the meek virtues of the other. The daughter of exiles who found refuge in the court of St. Stephen, she began in Scotland the good and great work of enlightenment which that prince accomplished in Hungary. Wedded to a rude husband—no unmeet type of his barbarian realm—

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she subdued his wild nature until he became the gentle minister of her wishes, the partner of her never-ending works of charity and mercy—eager to share in her long vigils and frequent prayers—gazing fondly on her books which he could not read, or carrying them away by stealth that he might bring them back to their mistress with new and costly adornments.

The church of St. Columba—sadly fallen from the days when it called forth the glowing praises of Bede—lived only as a barren and sapless branch in the time of St. Margaret. Its chief temporal possessions had become the heritage of laymen. Its wealthier priests were an hereditary caste, living in ease and sloth, and transmitting their benefices to their children. The observance of the Lord's Day had ceased. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not only no longer celebrated, even on the holiest day of all the year, but its disuse was justified by a perversion of Scripture, which, monstrous as it is, still obtains, we believe, among 'the Men' in some parts of the Highlands. To redress these abuses was one of the first cares of St. Margaret. Provincial councils were summoned at her command; and in one of these—'like another Helena,' says the Prior of Durham, in allusion to an incident in the life of the mother of Constantine—she disputed for three days with the degenerate clergy, and out of Scripture and the Fathers convinced them of many of their errors.

St. Margaret died in 1093, having seen only the beginnings of the reformation for which she laboured. But the pious work was continued by the three Kings her sons—the meek Edgar, the fierce Alexander, the saintly David. The great aim of all these princes, as of their mother, was to assimilate the Scottish church to the English. St. Margaret had a monk of Durham for her chaplain; the English primate Lanfranc was her chosen counsellor and spiritual father; and it was with Benedictines from Canterbury that she peopled her foundation of Dunfermline. Treading in their mother's footsteps, Edgar and Alexander took for their ghostly adviser the great St. Anselm—Lanfranc's successor on the throne of Canterbury—preferred English priests to their bishoprics, and filled their religious houses with English monks. St. David pursued the same policy even still more strenuously; and so nearly completed what his predecessors began, that the Kings who reigned after him found little left to 'Anglicise.\*' So 'thorough' was this ecclesiastical revolution,

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\* Their whole policy is described in a single sentence of the unpublished chronicle attributed to Walter of Coventry:—*'Moderniores enim Scottorum reges magis se Francos fatentur, sicut genere, ita moribus, lingua, cultu; Scottisque ad extremam servitutem*

revolution, that the Scottish church was not so much reformed after the southern example, as gradually overgrown by an English church transplanted to the northern hills, with its clergy, creeds, rites, and institutions.

Of the Scottish sees all, save three or four, were founded or restored by St. David; and their cathedral constitutions were formally copied from English models. Thus the chapter of Glasgow took that of Salisbury for its guide. Dunkeld copied from the same type, venerable in its associations with the name of St. Osmund, whose 'Use of Sarum' obtained generally throughout Scotland. Elgin or Murray sent to Lincoln for its pattern, and transmitted it, with certain modifications, to Aberdeen and to Caithness. So it was also with the monasteries. Canterbury was the mother of Dunfermline; Durham, of Coldingham. St. Oswald's at Nosthill, near Pontefract, was the parent of Scone, and, through that house, of St. Andrews and Holyrood. Melrose and Dundrennan were daughters of Rievaulx in the North Riding. Dryburgh was the offspring of Alnwick; Paisley, of Wenlock.

As with the bishoprics and religious houses, so in a great measure also was it with the parish churches. The ecclesiastical system which obtained in Scotland before the reform of St. Margaret and her sons, was monastic, not parochial. 'St. Rule,' says an old Life of the founder of St. Andrews, 'had the third part of all Scotland in his hand and power, and ordained and divided it into abbacies.' The clergy lived together in humble colleges scattered over the country. This was the use also of the followers of St. Columba. With the decay of religion, the lands of these monasteries passed into the hands of laymen, in whose possession we see them in the charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries\*—the indications of which explain the rubric of the

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vitutem redactis, solos Francos in familiaritatem et obsequium adhibent' (*Memoriale Hist. ad ann. 1212*, printed in a note to the 'Chronicon de Lanercost,' p. 371).

\* As these vestiges of the primitive ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland do not appear to have attracted the notice of Scottish antiquaries, we trust our readers will forgive us for occupying a few lines with a dry, repulsive note of authorities, which will enable those who take interest in the matter to follow it out for themselves. The *Registrum Vetus de Aberbrothoc*—besides notices of the great 'comharbas' of Abernethy and Brechin, of whom we have accounts elsewhere—preserves traces more or less complete of the old monasteries or hereditary lay-abbots of Monysfeith (pp. 34, 82, 190, 278, 330, 331)—of Old Montrose (pp. 4, 67)—of Arbirlot (pp. 29, 32, 47)—of Edzell, doubtless the abbey in Gleueck founded by St. Drostan (pp. 47-49)—and perhaps of Kinef (p. 47). In the *Registrum Prioratus S. Andree* we have Rossin (pp. 55, 126, 200)—Ecclesgirn (pp. 27, 229, 234, 138)—Kilgouerin (p. 334)—and Dull (pp. 295, 296), of which we have much elsewhere. The *Liber Insule Missarum* (that is, *Luchaffray*) gives us Madderty (pp. 15, 26, 71-78). In the *Registrum de Dunfermelyn* we have Dunkeld (pp. 6, 20, 29, 41, 47), which meets us also in many other places—and Kirkmichael, in *Strathardle* (p. 144). The *Liber Ecclesie*

Life of St. Rule, 'How it happened that there were so many abbeys in Scotland of old time, which many laymen now possess of hereditary right.' These lay possessors took the title of 'abb,' or abbot—as was the case also in Ireland and Wales, where the same abuse prevailed—but left the religious services (where such were performed at all) to be discharged by a prior and a few irregular monks. This rude order of things was gradually displaced by the parochial system, as the Anglo-Norman colonisation of the country advanced. There is a parchment in the treasury at Durham, which enables us to describe in his own words how the Northumbrian colonist settled himself on the left bank of the Tweed, in the beginning of the twelfth century:—

'To the sons of holy mother church'—thus the charter runs—'Thor the Long, greeting in the Lord: Know that Aedgar, my lord, King of the Scots, gave to me Aednaham, a waste; that with his help and my own means I peopled it, and have built a church in honour of St. Cuthbert; and this church, with a ploughgate of land, I have given to God and St. Cuthbert and his monks, to be possessed by them for evermore. This gift I have made for the soul of my lord the King Aedgar, and for the souls of his father and mother, and for the weal of his brothers and his sisters, and for the redemption of my dearest brother Lefwin, and for the weal of myself, both my body and my soul. And if any one by force or fraud presume to away take this my gift from the saint aforesaid and the monks his servants, may God Almighty away take from him the life of the heavenly kingdom, and may he suffer everlasting pains with the Devil and his angels: Amen.' \*

So prayed the founder of the parish of Ednam, the birthplace of the poet of the 'Seasons.' Long Thor may serve as the type of his very numerous class. Wheresoever the Teutonic settler—whether he were a Saxon of old blood, impatient of the Conqueror's yoke, or a Norman discontented with the portion of a younger son at home, or a Fleming, whose skill in the assault and defence of fortified places made him welcome in all countries—wherever the southern adventurer obtained a grant of land from the King of Scots, there he planted a hamlet, and built a church for the folk of his manor. There are districts where the parishes are known to this hour by the names which they took from their first lords in the twelfth century. Thus in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale

*Ecclesie S. Trinitatis de Scon* supplies Kilspindy (p. 53). We find Mortlach and Cloveth in the 'Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis' (vol. i. pp. 6, 85). The Liber Cartarum S. Crucis de Edwinesburg, besides furnishing Melginch (pp. 38, 53, 54, 177)—and Falkirk (pp. 79, 83), the abbey whence St. Modan converted the Scots dwelling on the Forth—shows that, about the year 1175, even Iona itself was, wholly or in part, in the lay possession of the King of the Scots (p. 41). From other records we might add to this list Ratho, Kinghorn, Kettins, Blair in Gowrie, Glendochart, Kilmun, Applecross, Lesmahago, Govan, and perhaps Selkirk and Dornoch.

\* Raine's North Durham, app., p. 38, nn. clxi., clxii.

—the ‘plantation’ of which, by the help of the ‘Register of Kelso,’ is put before us almost as clearly as if it were a ‘lot’ in Australia in our own day, or a ‘precinct’ in Ulster in the reign of King James I.—we can tell that Robertson was so called from Robert the brother of Lambin (who again gave name to Lamington)—Symington from Simon Lockhart (who gave name also to Symington in Kyle)—Thankerton from Tancard (who may have counted kin with him who gave name to Tancarville on the Seine). The clergy who served these new churches were either priests brought from England, or kinsmen of the Anglo-Norman founders born in Scotland. This was the case also, even still more conspicuously, in the higher ecclesiastical ranks. Thus, of fifteen prelates who were elected to the primatial see of St. Andrews during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—and who wrote themselves in charter and on seal ‘*Episcopi Scottorum*’—not one appears to have been a Celtic Scot: only a few sprung from the Anglo-Norman houses of Scotland; the great majority were Saxons and Normans from England. We see in the list a prior of Durham—a monk of Canterbury—a canon of St. Oswald’s, near Pontefract—a son of the Earl of Northampton—a son of the Earl of Leicester. Even

‘ in the north,  
Beyond the thundering Spey,’\*

the chapter of Murray chose for their bishop an abbot of Coggeshall in Essex, in 1171, and a canon of Lincoln, in 1252.

What has been written will prepare the reader for the perfect sameness of ecclesiastical architecture on both sides of Tweed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or throughout the epochs of the Norman or Romanesque and the Early English or First Pointed styles. During these ages—and they beheld the northern church’s height of material not less than of spiritual grandeur—cathedral and convent, church and chapel, arose everywhere in Scotland, fashioned on English models, by English hands, or under English oversight.

‘ The people work like congregated bees,  
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses,  
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains  
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains,  
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,  
And peace and equity.’

St. Margaret built a church at Dunfermline, the spot where

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\* Professor Aytoun’s ‘*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*’—a volume of verse which shows that Scotland has yet a poet. Full of the true fire, it now stirs and swells like a trumpet-note—now sinks in cadences sad and wild as the wail of a Highland dirge.



her auspicious nuptials with the King of Albany were celebrated. She chose her burial within its walls, which received also the bodies of her husband and their children; and, as the Twin Gods fought for Rome in her great battle with the Thirty Cities—as San Jago charged with Spain against the hosts of Mexico—so it was believed by the Scots that on the eve of the dreaded day of Largs the tombs of Dunfermline gave up their dead, and there passed forth through its northern porch, to war against the might of Norway, ‘a lofty and blooming matron in royal attire, leading in her right hand a noble knight, resplendent in arms, wearing a crown upon his head, and followed by three heroic warriors, like armed and like crowned;’ an illustrious array in which it was easy to recognise ‘the Protectress of Scotland,’ her consort, and her sons. The structure of the Saxon princess did not survive the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was taken down to make way for a pile more worthy of the sepulchres of the northern monarchs—a large and stately choir of First Pointed architecture. This, in its turn, was replaced by a fabric in the style of the year 1820; so that of the ancient abbey church of St. Margaret there now remains nothing but the Romanesque nave, which was consecrated in 1150. Though not of great size, the sombre masses of the interior are impressive. The English visitor will remark more than one point of resemblance to Durham and Lindisfarne; and there is no violence in the conjecture that the same head may have planned, or the same hands have hewn, part of all the three. We know that when the foundations of Durham were laid, in 1093, by the confessor and biographer of St. Margaret, her husband Malcolm was present; and when the new church received the relics of St. Cuthbert, in 1104, her son Alexander witnessed the rites.

The little Romanesque church and square tower at St. Andrews, which bear the name of St. Rule, have, so far as we know, no prototype in the south. The common herd of Scottish antiquaries assign them to the seventh or eighth century; but no one acquainted with the progress of architecture, who diligently peruses the ‘*Historia B. Reguli et Foundationis ecclesiæ S. Andreæ*’ will have much difficulty in identifying the building with the small ‘basilica’ reared by Bishop Robert, an English canon regular of the order of St. Augustin, between the years 1127 and 1144. Its singular tower, more than a hundred feet in height, may perhaps have been suggested by some such structures as those at Billingham and Monk Wearmouth—Lord Lindsay sees its type in the Round Towers of Ireland—and what else is peculiar in the edifice may be explained by the slender means at the disposal of the bishop, who had not yet rescued the possessions  
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of the see from the fangs of the laymen, and laywomen too, who had sacrilegiously usurped even the offerings of the faithful upon the altar. Such was the condition of the metropolitan see of the Scots at the date of this prelate's accession, that, though the relics of St. Andrew gathered pilgrims from far and near, yet, we are told, 'the shrine of the blessed Apostle was without a minister, nor was the eucharist celebrated except on the rare occasions of the presence of the King or the Bishop—the Culdees mumbling their mass after their own fashion in a nook of the partry church.' It was the bishop who reformed these things, that sowed the seeds also of mundane civilisation around his humble cathedral, by persuading Mainard, the Fleming, to leave the safe walls of Berwick, and undertake the establishment of 'a burgh' in St. Andrews; an enterprise, doubtless, quite as perilous in the circumstances as the foundation of a city in the wilds of Connemara—under Sir Robert Peel's scheme for the plantation of Connaught—would appear at this day to an alderman of Bristol.

The conventual churches of Kelso and of Jedburgh exist but in broken ruins; but enough of both is spared to show that they were noble examples of the more advanced Romanesque. 'In the midst of the modern town the abbey church of Kelso'—says the learned editor of its charters—'stands alone, like some antique Titan predominating over the dwarfs of a later world.' Begun in 1128—and so far completed as to receive the tomb of the founder's son, Earl Henry of Northumberland, in 1152—it was a structure commensurate with the magnificence of its endowments, as the first-born of St. David's pious zeal, and with the lofty pretensions of its mitred abbots, who long disputed precedence with the priors of metropolitan St. Andrews, and even contended for superiority with the parent house of Tiron in France, to which this Scottish daughter gave more than one ruler. There are traces of Romanesque work in Dryburgh, in the tower at Dunblane, in Iona, Coldingham, and Monymusk. Two nearly perfect parish churches of the Romanesque age survive at Dalmeny in Lothian and at Leuchars in Fife,—the former apparently in the twelfth century a manor of the Anglo-Norman house of Avenel; the latter a Scottish fief of one of the Magna Charta barons, Saier de Quincy Earl of Winchester. Neither building need fear comparison with the common standard of English examples. Both are late in the style: Leuchars is the richer, Dalmeny the more entire of the two. Both have semicircular apses—a feature found also in the parish churches of St. Kentigern at Borthwick and St. Andrew at Gulane, and in the chapel bearing

hearing the name of St. Margaret within the walls of Edinburgh Castle.

But of all the Romanesque buildings in Scotland the most memorable by far is the majestic High Church of those distant northern isles, which, until an age comparatively recent, were no portion of the Scottish church or state, but owed ecclesiastical obedience to the metropolitan of Drontheim and civil fealty to the King of Norway. The 'storm-swept Orcaades' had been converted to the faith, about the end of the tenth century, by the renowned warrior-saint King Olaf Trygvason, who had himself received baptism in the Cornish isles of Scilly. The Orkneys probably still remembered that it was from England that the light had dawned upon their darkness, when, in the beginning of the twelfth century, we see one of their Earls taking spiritual counsel of St. Anselm, and receiving an earnest admonition to obey the bishop who was then labouring among his people. The chief who thus addressed himself to the throne of Canterbury, was that Earl Hacon who, within a few years, was fated to stain his hands in a murder which gave the islands their patron saint and their stately cathedral church. The dominion of the Orkney archipelago was at that time divided between two cousins. Hacon Paulson was fierce and ambitious; Magnus Erlendson had a gentle nature in a warrior's form. Both had been men of rapine and blood in their youth; but while the restless Hacon, following the wild fortunes of King Magnus Barefoot, continued to live in war and tumult, some serener star conducted the son of Erlend to the court of St. Margaret of Scotland. He afterwards passed a twelvemonth in England with King Henry Beauclerc, and sojourned for a time in the palace of a Welsh bishop. A great and sudden change had been wrought in him, and in no long time it found a characteristic display. He was compelled by the Norse king to embark in a fleet equipped for havoc on the coast of Wales; but when the galleys prepared for battle, Magnus refused to take arms. 'Here is no man who has done me wrong,' he said; and so repairing to his accustomed seat in the prow, he remained there devoutly reciting the Psalter, in front of the raging fight. Well might the mild rule of such a just lord endear him to his people; but the universal love in which he was held only served to hurry the son of Paul to the accomplishment of the design which he had formed to put his kinsman to death, and so possess himself of all the islands. Little art was needed to betray the guileless Magnus into his power. Hacon, at the last moment, would have been content to suffer his mutilated rival to drag out the remains of life in chains  
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and blindness; but his savage followers swore that now one or other of the Earls must die. Magnus had prepared himself for his fate with Christian humility, by vigil and fervent prayer, by contrite tears, and by devout reception of the eucharist. Yet some feeling of the warrior's pride appears to have survived to mingle with his latest thoughts. 'Stand before me'—he said to his executioner—'and strike with your might, that your sword may cleave my brain: it were unseemly that an Earl should be beheaded like a thief.' So died the son of Erlend, in the year 1110. The fame of his sanctity, attested by miracles wrought at his tomb—some of them, it is to be confessed, not much distinguished by their moral tendency—spread through the north with wonderful rapidity. Pilgrimages were made to his shrine at Birsa, vows paid in his honour, prayers offered for his intercession, from all parts of the northern archipelago, from Scotland, from Sweden, from Denmark, from Norway. It is even affirmed by the Bollandists that he obtained reverence in Bohemia and on the Lower Rhine; but we suspect that in these, and perhaps in some other instances, he has been confounded with another 'St. Magnus the Martyr,' to whom—as may be read in William of Malmesbury, Roger of Wendover, and John of Fordun—churches were dedicated in Saxony in the tenth century. It is however certain that the life of the saintly Earl of the Orkneys was woven into a Saga in the Icelandic speech in the year 1130; and, some six or eight years afterwards the cathedral at Kirkwall was founded by his sister's child, Earl Rognvald,—in fulfilment of a vow, it is said, that should he recover his uncle's earldom from the son of Hacon, he would rear such a church in honour of the saint as had never been seen in the north before. The building was so liberally sped by the oblations of a devout age, that all Christendom was popularly said to have paid tribute for its erection. But the spirit of religion must then have been fervid in the islands themselves: an Orkney convent, of which all other memory seems to be lost, gave an abbot to the great Cistercian house of Melrose in the year 1175; and the Earl who laid the foundations of Kirkwall died in the odour of sanctity after a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem. He had begun his High Church on no mean scale; and it was afterwards greatly enlarged in length. To this circumstance, together with its severe simplicity, its narrowness, its height, and the multiplicity of its parts, must be ascribed the most striking characteristic of the pile—its apparent vastness. Mr. Neale doubts if either York or Lincoln gave him the idea of greater internal length. Yet Kirkwall measures less by half than the least of these minsters; and, indeed, generally the largest churches in Scotland are to be compared

pared only with the smallest English.\* But we linger too long with Earl Magnus and his temple. Our readers will learn with pleasure that a cathedral so remarkable in all its circumstances—and to which the romance of *The Pirate* has given a new renown—is about to be illustrated in a way worthy of the subject by a Northamptonshire baronet of classic name and lineage, who passed a whole summer in the study of the venerable fabric. Until the expected volume of Sir Henry Dryden shall appear, curiosity may appease itself in the excellent engravings of Mr. Billings, and the descriptive prose of Mr. Neale.

The Romanesque had the same duration in Scotland as in England, except that in the north perhaps only one edifice—the church built by St. Margaret at Dunfermline—arose before the year 1100. But the date was the same at which in both countries the style began to show that change of character which issued in the First Pointed. The transition appears in the choir of the cathedral of St. Andrews, which was founded in 1162. It is more clearly developed in the older portions of the abbey church of Holyrood, which can scarcely be later than 1174, when the occupation of Edinburgh Castle by an English garrison seems finally to have driven the canons from the iron fortress where they had been sheltered for half a century, together with that ‘Black Rod of Scotland,’ from which they took their name,†—a mysterious relic which, brought to Scotland by St. Margaret,

\* We give the length of the chief Scottish cathedrals, and of one or two of less size, as we find the measures stated in the Scottish books:—

St. Andrews . . . .	358 feet.	Aberdeen . . . .	about 200 feet.
Glasgow . . . . .	283	Fortrose . . . .	about 120
Elgin . . . . .	282	Iona . . . . .	115
Kirkwall . . . . .	218	Lismore . . . . .	56

Let these figures be compared with the dimensions of the great English masters:—

Winchester . . . .	545 feet.	Lincoln . . . . .	482 feet.
Ely . . . . .	535	Peterborough . . .	476
York . . . . .	524	Salisbury . . . . .	474
Canterbury . . . .	513	Durham . . . . .	461
St. Paul's . . . . .	510		

Of the Scottish conventual churches, few are so perfect as to be capable of measurement. The length of Dunfermline is given at 275—of Arbroath, 271—of Jedburgh, 215 feet. We trust that Mr. Billings' design contemplates ground-plans and measurements of the principal buildings figured in his collection.

† The better sort of Scottish antiquaries have discarded the story (for which there is no old authority) of the miracle which placed ‘the Holy Rood’ in the hands of St. David, while wrestling with a stag at bay on the spot where the Abbey now stands. But they seem not to have recognised the real origin of the name of the Palace of their Kings, though it was pointed out by the learned Papebroch a hundred and fifty years ago. The Black Rod of Scotland was carried to England by King Edward I., along with another famous ensign of northern sovereignty, the Lia Fail, or fated stone of Scone.—(*Hist. Eliensis*, in *Anglia Sacra*, t. i. p. 648; *Chronicon de Lanercost*, p. 261.)

was kissed by her dying lips and grasped by her dying hands, was bequeathed to her children as a treasure above all price, stood before the deathbed of St. David, and was regarded by all the nation of the Scots with deep feelings of love and awe. A few faint traces of Romanesque linger in the conventual church of Arbroath, founded in 1178; but the cathedral crypt of Glasgow, begun in 1181 and consecrated in 1197, is wholly First Pointed.

The First Pointed, extending from about 1180 to about 1286, was the great age of church building beyond the Tweed. We owe to it altogether, or in part—beside the enlargement and all but completion of Kirkwall—the cathedrals of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Whithorn, Elgin, Brechin, Dunblane, and Dornoch. Beside parts of Dunfermline and Jedburgh, we owe to this style also, chiefly or in a considerable measure, the conventual churches of Holyrood, Arbroath, Dryburgh, Paisley, Dundrennan, Manuel, Kilwinning, Restennet, Corsraguel, Coldingham, Lindores, New Ferne, Pluscardine, Cambuskenneth, Deir, the Maison Dieu of Brechin, Sadael, Ardchattan, and Oronsay. There remain very few parish churches in the First Pointed style; but the doubt raised in the ‘*Descriptive Notices*,’ by T. S. M., whether ‘any of the smaller churches of Scotland were erected during this period,’ is utterly groundless. On one leaf of the Register of St. Andrews we have a list of no fewer than nine parish churches consecrated, in one diocese, by one bishop, between May 1242, and August 1243. There is a First Pointed chapel beside the castle of the ancient lords of Lorn at Dunstaffnage, and another at the once famous sanctuary of Tain in Ross.

Of the conventual churches of this age the grandest undoubtedly was that which the fears or the devotion of the King of Scots reared on the shore of Angus, in honour of St. Thomas à Becket. It was founded in 1178—within seven years of the martyrdom of the heroic Primate—was so far built in 1214 as to receive the tomb of its royal founder, and was consecrated in presence of his son in 1233. It now exists only in ghastly fragments, which seen from sea have an imposing look, but viewed closely serve for little more than to denote the style and great size of the fabric. Of Holyrood only the nave survives, and that not without some additions of a later age. Although riven and roofless, it is still interesting from the mere beauty and peculiarities of its architecture, apart from all its solemn associations of a fated line of Kings, and a national life which is no more. Dryburgh had felt the frequent scathe of English war before that day of desolation came which silenced for evermore the sweet chant of orison and litany within its walls. These have been

so often ruined, rebuilt, and ruined again, and the ivy—a rare thing in Scottish ruins—has so overgrown them, that it is not easy to judge of the architectural character of all the parts. But the lines of the thirteenth century are written on those fine arches of the Lady-aisle, or north transept, beneath which sleep the earthly remains of Scott, surrounded by the dust of many a White canon and many a Border knight, ‘amid the ashes of his own rough clan, in the heart of the scenes he sung, and of the valley he loved so well.’\* Only a small portion is left of the church of the Benedictines of Coldingham—the *Urbs Coludi* of Bede—and part of that is Romanesque. Some traces of this earlier order seem to run even through the First Pointed portions, of which Mr. Raine assures us that ‘the ornamental parts will bear a rigid comparison with the most highly finished buildings of that most striking style.’ We can still discern in all their extent the foundations of the church of the Clugniac monastery which the progenitor of the Stuarts endowed so munificently, in the midst of his great fief of Strathgryfe, ‘for the souls of King Henry of England, of King David, and of King Malcolm,’—terms which show us that though Walter Fitz-Alan had become the Seneschal of Scotland, he had not forgotten his duty to the English king. But though we can trace the form of choir and transepts at Paisley, there is little to engage attention beyond the nave, and the interest of that is in the peculiarities of its triforium and huge corbels—neither of which are pleasing features. There are other things, however, to require the study of professed ecclesiologists; and a member of the Maitland Club might find an easy contribution in a set of engravings of the sculptured panels which run along the eastern wall of the mortuary chapel—called St. Mirine’s aisle—at the end of the south transept.

The metropolitan cathedral of St. Andrews was founded in the year 1162—the King of Scots being present—by Bishop Ernold, who had been abbot of Kelso, and must have been taught by that princely pile to look with disdain on the little chapel of St. Rule built by his predecessor Bishop Robert. The new work seems to have advanced apace during the period of Bishop Richard (1163-1178). We see him issuing letters to the aldermen and burgesses of the lately erected burgh, forbidding them to seduce or withdraw any of the builders, hewers, quarriers, or other labourers, without licence from the canon having charge of the fabric. These workmen were to have the same privileges of market for food and raiment as were enjoyed by the

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\* *Liber S. Marie de Drybutgh*, pref., p. xxxvii.

burgesses.

burghesses. A fiercely disputed election followed the death of Bishop Richard, and the church probably made no great progress until the year 1202, when William Malvoisin was translated from the see of St. Kentigern to be 'Bishop of the Scots.' The pontificate of this energetic Norman extended to nearly forty years, and his charters, yet extant, attest how earnestly he laboured to carry on 'the work of the new church of St. Andrew to its consummation.' He was the first prelate buried within its walls. We continue to hear of the building under Bishop David in 1249, and under Bishop Gameline in 1266 and 1269. Two years after the last of these dates we discover that the choir, the transepts, and two or three bays of the nave were built. The episcopate of William Wischart (1271-1279) saw the completion of the nave—which is said to have been of eleven bays—and the building of the west front. But times of trouble were now at hand. Some accident, we know not what, ruined part of the building, and before it could be repaired the canons were in the toils of the usurers. The desolating Wars of the Succession followed; and it was not until the year 1318 that the cathedral was consecrated by Bishop William Lamberton, in presence of the King, seven bishops, fifteen abbots, and almost all the earls and lords whom the wreck of war and revolution had spared to Scotland. The gift of a hundred marks yearly attested the gratitude and devotion of Bruce 'for the mighty victory vouchsafed to the Scots at Bannockburn by St. Andrew, the guardian of their realm.' Of the High Church which was thus solemnly dedicated, there now remain only portions of two gables and a side wall.

'It has been observed,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'as a circumstance full of meaning, that no man knows the names of the architects of our cathedrals. They left no record of themselves upon the fabrics, as if they would have nothing there that could suggest any other idea than the glory of that God to whom the edifices were devoted for perpetual and solemn worship; nothing to mingle a meaner association with the profound sense of His presence; or as if, in the joy of having built Him a house, there was no want left unfulfilled, no room for the question whether it is good for a man to live in posthumous renown.' The remark, though in spirit not less true than beautiful, would be liable to obvious exceptions if interpreted altogether literally. The Breviary of the Scottish church appointed a lesson to be read to the people commemorating the architectural skill of the builder of one of her minsters; and the temple which he raised in the remote north was called by his name from within a century of his death. The fierce Norsemen of the diocese of Caithness had torn out the tongue and eyes of one bishop, had scourged, stoned, and burned another



another to death, when, in 1223, Gilbert de Moravia, archdeacon of Murray, was chosen to the see. To give significance to the election, it was made in presence of the King of Scots and the captains of his host; and the priest on whom the choice fell was a kinsman of the great chiefs who had then recently acquired that vast territory—the 'Southern Land' of Caithness—which now gives the title of Duke to their lineal descendant. With such support from the arm of flesh, Bishop Gilbert ruled his church in peace for more than twenty years. He had built or repaired many royal castles throughout the northern provinces; and he now employed his skill in rearing a cathedral church at Dornoch, as he himself tells us, at his own charge. 'He built it with his own hands,' adds the Breviary; and we are assured that even the glass for its windows was made upon the spot, under his own eye. The constitution which he framed for the government of the chapter has lately been printed for the Bannatyne Club, from the original parchment at Dunrobin: we learn from it that, in the cathedral which he left endowed for five dignitaries and three prebendaries, he found at his accession no more than one priest. The good bishop was canonised within no long period of his death. The church which he built survived to our time, though much decayed and partly ruined. It was 'restored' about twelve years ago, but the work unhappily was not intrusted to competent hands.

What St. Gilbert of Murray did for Dornoch was accomplishing at the same time for Dunblane by a Preaching Friar of foreign birth, who is said to have received the tonsure from St. Dominic himself. The bishopric of Strathern was restored by St. David, after a vacancy of more than a hundred years, during which almost all its revenues had been usurped by laymen. A Romanesque tower, which still remains, would seem to have been built about that time; but such was the forlorn condition of the see at the accession of Friar Clement in 1233, that—we give his own words—'its rents were barely sufficient to maintain him for six months; there was no place in the cathedral where he could lay his head; no chapter; only a rustic chaplain saying mass thrice a week in a roofless church.' Such was Dunblane when this learned and eloquent Dominican came to its rule: the chronicles tell us that he left it, after a pontificate of fifteen years, 'a stately sanctuary, rich in land and heritage, served by prebendary and canon.' It is now more than two centuries since the ruins of the nave which Bishop Clement built, moved the indignation of Laud. The more modern choir, which has but one aisle, was all the cathedral of Leighton, who marked his affection for the Scottish episcopate by leaving his learned library to this little diocese, as he

- he endowed an alms-house and founded college exhibitions in the great metropolitan see, to which he was afterwards called.

The grandest of all the northern minsters was unquestionably Elgin. It alone, among the Scottish cathedrals of the thirteenth century, had two western towers. They are now shorn of their just height, but still they may be seen from far, lifting their bulk above the pleasant plain of Murray, and suggesting what the pile must have been when the amiable and learned Florence Wilson loved to look upon its magnificence as he meditated his '*De Animi Tranquillitate*' on the banks of the Lossie, and when the great central spire soared to twice the altitude of the loftiest pinnacle of ruin that now grieves the eye. The foundations of this noble church were laid about the year 1224 by Bishop Andrew de Moravia, the near kinsman, probably the nephew, of that St. Gilbert who on the opposite shore of the firth was at that very time raising the humbler walls of Dornoch. We know little of the building of Elgin. The records of the see show us '*Master Gregory the mason and Richard the glazier*' at work in the autumn of 1237. Some chance reduced part of the fabric to ruin in 1244. We have it described in the end of the next century as '*the pride of the land, the glory of the realm, the delight of wayfarers and strangers, a praise and boast among foreign nations, lofty in its towers without, splendid in its appointments within, its countless jewels and rich vestments, and the multitude of its priests*:'—it had seven dignitaries, fifteen canons, two-and-twenty vicars-choral, and about as many chaplains—'*serving God in righteousness.*' These sentences are taken from a letter in which the Bishop of Murray makes his lamentation to King Robert III., complaining that on the feast of St. Botolph, 1390, the King's own brother, the Earl of Buchan, had descended from the hills with a band of wild Scots, and given the sumptuous cathedral to the flames, together with the parish church, the Maison Dieu, eighteen manses of the canons, and the whole city of Elgin. The prince of the blood who was the author of this savage exploit was popularly known as '*The Wolf of Badenoch*;' and it would be no very unfair measure of the difference between the social conditions of Scotland and of England in that age, to take the ferocities of the hoary incendiary of Elgin for a type of the one, and the Gadshill robberies or Eastcheap gambols of young Harry Monmouth for a symbol of the other. The Stuart prince made his peace with the church before he died, and he sleeps in the cathedral of Dunkeld beneath a tomb which describes him as '*an earl and lord of happy memory.*' His effigy was broken and defaced after the Revolution of 1688 by a garrison of Westland Whigs or Cameronians, who, it may be supposed, would

have spared this sepulchre had they known that its tenant in his time had set such a brave example of 'rabbling prelatical curates' and destroying 'monuments of idolatry.' Much of what now remains of Elgin shows itself to have been rebuilt or altered after the dire calamity of St. Botolph's day. The beautiful eight-sided chapter-house seems about a century later. The work of restoration doubtless occupied many years, though it was promoted by royal grants, though a third part of the whole revenues of the see were devoted to it for a time, and though yearly subsidies were levied on every benefice in a diocese which stretched from the Ness to the Deveron, from the sea to the passes of Lochaber and the central mountains that divide Badenoch and Athol.

We have reserved the last place in our hasty glance at First Pointed edifices to the High Church of Glasgow. Greatly favoured of fortune, this fine pile shares the distinction of being one of the two or three Scottish cathedrals—Kirkwall is another, and perhaps Lismore is a third—which have been spared to modern days in a comparatively entire state. It is fortunate also in that we know more of its story than of the annals of any other northern temple. The ground on which it stands—so ran traditions which were of reverent antiquity even in the twelfth age—was hallowed for Christian burial by St. Ninian of Galloway in the beginning of the fifth century. But the faith planted by that first apostle of Scotland had suffered decay, the tribes whom he had converted were relapsing into paganism, and his cemetery at Glasgow was neglected or forsaken, when, beneath the shade of its venerable trees, a little church and humble monastery of wood arose about the middle of the sixth age. From this, as from the chief seat of his mission, St. Kentigern—the Mungo of the Scottish commonalty, the Kendejern Garthwys of Wales—spread or restored Christianity throughout the whole extent of the British kingdom of Cumbria, from Lochlomond and near Stirling to Windermere and beyond Appleby. Glasgow became the ecclesiastical capital of this extensive region, the spiritual mother of all the Welsh tribes 'of Reged wide and fair Strathclyde.' It was here that St. Kentigern made his own sepulture, and here that for ages the kings and warriors, the saints and sages of Cumbria chose their rest beside the ashes of the renowned apostle of their nation. That nation passed away, its wasted territory was shared by sundry tribes and strange races, and in the tenth century its dominion was given to the heir of the King of Albany, on condition of serving the Anglo-Saxon sovereign in war by sea and land. Amid these convulsions, the faith itself scarcely survived: the see of St. Kentigern fell, and laymen seized its possessions. Its restoration, in the early years of the twelfth century, was the work  
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of the sainted son of St. Margaret. As next in succession to the Scottish crown, St. David was Earl or Prince of Cumbria, during the reign of his brother King Alexander the Fierce; and in the year 1115 he procured the consecration of his preceptor John to the bishopric of his semi-barbarous principedom. The new prelate, after a short sojourn, fled in terror from the wild tribes over whom he was appointed, and took the staff of pilgrimage for the Holy Land; but the injunction of Pope Calixtus and the persuasion of St. David overcame his fears, and he returned to preach repentance and tidings of salvation throughout all the Cumbrian dales.

The ancient cemetery, with its tall cross of stone and its girdle of old trees, seems to have been nearly all of St. Kentigern—his relics excepted—that remained at Glasgow when Bishop John laid the foundations of a new cathedral. It was begun before the year 1124, and he consecrated it in the year 1136, in presence of his royal pupil, who was now King of the Scots. At the end of about forty years this structure was laid waste by fire. Meanwhile the see had waxed rich in possessions. A burgh had been established beneath the shadow of the church. We have charters which show us the very process of its foundation: here a burgess from Haddington is building a house, there the monks of Melrose take a grant of land, here a toft and a net's fishing in Clyde are assigned to the Knights of the Temple—a weekly market is appointed for Thursday—the Bishop obtains 'the King's peace' for the burgesses and his protection for their chattels—

‘Urbem designat aratro,

Indicique forum, et patribus dat jura vocatis.’

The prelate who thus founded what is now the second or third city of the empire, had been called to the throne of St. Kentigern from the rule of the great Cistercian monastery of Melrose. Bishop Joceline made large preparation for his new cathedral. The fashion after which he proceeded was not very different from that which is still in approved use in like cases. He published a book, and set an association on foot. The book was a new ‘Life and Miracles of St. Kentigern,’ and its preparation was intrusted to one of the most popular biographers of the day, Brother Joceline, of Furness in Lancashire. The work is still extant, and while it possesses other claims to interest, the skill with which it addresses itself to the immediate object of its composition challenges praise. Nothing is omitted which could excite the faithful to be generous; nothing which could magnify the dignity of the see of Glasgow. Its jurisdiction had been recently curtailed by the erection of its English territory into the diocese of Carlisle: therefore every vestige of St. Kentigern's old renown in the south—the

church which shadows Southey's tomb still bears his name, and it was early interpolated into Asser's 'Life of Alfred' to prove the antiquity of Oxford—is diligently collected. The Bishops of Glasgow had been summoned to yield obedience to the Archbishop of York as their metropolitan: therefore Brother Joceline relates how it came to pass that the successors of St. Kentigern were subject to no primate, but were vicars of the Apostolic see itself, and took precedence and had power above even Kings, so long as Cumbria was yet a kingdom.

The book of the Cistercian of Furness must have served as an ample brief to the members of the Cathedral Building Society, which was now instituted by the bishop. It had its 'collectors' in every corner of the realm; and we, who have so lately seen the proceedings of the 'Dombau Verein' of Cologne, may with little difficulty picture the course of the 'Brotherhood of St. Kentigern of Glasgow.' The King of Scots took it under his especial patronage by a charter of protection and privilege, full of affection for the ancient see, 'which, though poor and lowly in temporal estate, is the spiritual mother of many nations.' The allusion is to the divers tongues and kindreds which then peopled Cumbria, and which, in other charters, are recounted by name—'Normans and Saxons, Scots, Galwegians, and Welsh.'

Bishop Joceline laid the foundation of his High Church in 1181. He began at the east, and the work advanced so rapidly that the crypt was consecrated in 1197, on the octave of St. Peter and St. Paul. Three bishops took part in the rite, and its anniversary was commemorated by the institution of a 'dedication feast,' with a great fair of eight days' duration, which is still a high holiday with the unsuspecting youths and damsels of the Covenanted West, and of old gathered yearly around the cathedral, for business or devotion, craftsmen from Selkirk, guild-burghers from Dunbarton, Solway fishers, shepherds from the Forest, Nithsdale yeomen, squires of Carrick, Clydesdale knights, the lordly abbots of Jedburgh and Corsraguel, Highland chiefs from the Lennox, Border moss-troopers from the Lidel and the Esk. That evanescent throng has long passed away—even the religious purpose of its first institution is forgotten as if it had never been; but Bishop Joceline's magnificent crypt still remains, the admiration of all eyes.

'Tectum augustum, ingens, centum <sup>sublime</sup> columnis.'

It has perhaps no rival, certainly no superior in the island; and they who of late years—since it was cleared of modern deformities—have wandered in the gloom of its central maze of pier and pillar, or have lingered in the twilight of its noble arcades on either

either side, will confess that the Chroniclers of Melrose gave the old abbot of their house no undue praise when they wrote, 'Jocelinus episcopus sedem episcopalem dilatavit et Sancti Kentegerni ecclesiam gloriose magnificavit.'

The founder of Glasgow died in the second year after the dedication, so that he can have built little or nothing beyond the undercroft. Indeed, we hear nothing of the progress of the structure for a long time. In 1231 the chapter was deep in debt; but William of Bondington, a prelate of energy, having been appointed to the see two years afterwards, fourteen hundred marks due to merchants of Florence were discharged in 1240. It was about the same time that Forveleth, the widowed Countess of the Lennox, gave to the fabric a piece of land on the banks of that stream of Leven of which Smollétt has sung so sweetly. The bishop had not failed to have recourse to the great instrument of church-building in the thirteenth age—the no less effective cause of church-destruction in the sixteenth—'papal indulgences,' or dispensations by the Pope granting release from the heavy burdens of ecclesiastical discipline to all penitents promoting the undertaking. To add new force to this remission, a canon was passed by a Provincial Council of the Scottish clergy held at Perth in 1242, ordaining that the indulgence for the cathedral of Glasgow be hung up in every church in the realm; that its terms be plainly expounded in the vulgar tongue to the parishioners; that on every Lord's-day and festival from Ash-Wednesday to Low Sunday, after the Gospel is read, the duty of contributing to the work be enjoined on the people; that their alms and legacies, together with the goods of persons dying intestate, be faithfully collected; and during the season so specified, for no other object than this shall offerings be solicited in the parish churches. To the fruits of this ordinance, doubtless, we owe the completion of the beautiful choir before 1258.

The next twenty years would appear to have seen the building of the central tower—which was to be surmounted by a wooden spire—and of the transepts, which are so very short as scarcely to break the long perspective of the exterior. In 1277 the chapter purchased from Maurice, lord of Luss, the privilege of cutting all the timber needed 'for the fabric of their steeple and treasury.' It was covenanted that the 'proctors of the work,' their carriers and artificers, should have free entry to Maurice's lands—which lay along the western shore of Lochlomond—should have right of felling, hewing, and dressing timber wherever they chose, should lead or carry it in whatever way they thought best, and should have pasturage for their horses and oxen. But from some cause or other the forests of Luss seem to have been found insufficient

insufficient for the undertaking; and in 1291 Bishop Robert Wischart begged 'timber for the spire of his cathedral' from Edward I., then in the rule of Scotland as its Overlord. The English king was no niggard in grants 'for the honour of God and Holy Church:' he bestowed forty oaks from Darnaway on the High Church of Caithness; and he gave the Bishop of Glasgow not only sixty oaks from Ettrick, but twenty stags for his own table. But the spire of St. Kentigern was not yet to be built: the faithless prelate had scarcely digested the last of King Edward's venison, before he turned the oaks into catapults and mangonels, and with them laid siege to the garrison which kept the Cumyn's castle of Kirkintilloch.

When or how the steeple was at length completed, we do not learn. We know only that it was consumed by lightning about 1400. The building of the present spire, which is of stone, was begun by Bishop William of Lauder (1408-1425) and finished by Bishop John Cameron (1425-1447). During their times likewise were built the crypt of the chapter-house and the chapter-house itself—a plain quadrangular structure at the north-east corner of the Lady Chapel. The nave probably had been in progress from the beginning of the fourteenth century, during which bequests were made to the fabric by that 'flower of Scottish chivalry' the Knight of Liddesdale, and others: it appears to have been finished, with both its aisles and a deformed western tower (which has recently been taken down), before the year 1480. Archbishop Blacader (1484-1508) having built the rood-loft and the stairs which descend to the great crypt, resolved on the extension of the southern transept, but accomplished nothing more than its undercroft—a very beautiful work, of which Mr. Billings ought to give us an engraving. This fine chapel was the last thing attempted—if we except the vile 'consistory-house' happily now removed—before the Reformation overtook the canons, and stamped fulfilment on the adage which had prophesied of their High Church as a Penelope's web, the type of an endless task—'Like Saint Mungo's Work, it will never be finished.'

The minster of which we have thus tried to sketch the history is undoubtedly a noble work of architecture, though we may smile when we hear it spoken of as second only to Salisbury among First Pointed cathedrals. It is yet more memorable in its traditions. Ancient story, as we have seen, associates its site with the first preaching of the faith in Scotland. Here the cross was planted, and here was ground blessed for Christian burial by a Christian bishop, while Iona was yet an unknown island among the western waves, while the promontory of St. Andrews

Andrews was the haunt of the wild boar and the sea-mew, and only the smoke of a few heathen wigwams ascended from the rock of Edinburgh. The ground which St. Ninian hallowed, and St. Kentigern chose for the seat of his religion, was honoured also by the footsteps of St. Columba, who came hither in pilgrimage from his island monastery, singing hymns in honour of the Apostle of Strathclyde. With these vestiges of the holy men of old we may mingle the associations of ancient romance which attach to the spiritual capital and royal tombs of the kingdom of Arthur and Merlin, of Aneurin and Taliesin. The edifice which we now behold has seen the English Edward prostrate before its high altar, and heard his vows at the gloomy shrine of St. Kentigern. It witnessed the absolution of Bruce, while the Red Cumyn's blood was scarcely yet dry upon his dagger. Its walls rang with exhortations that it was better in the eye of heaven to fight for that outlawed homicide, than to do battle for the cross in the Holy Land. In its vestry were the Bruce's coronation robes made ready in haste: from its treasury was 'the Banner of Scotland' taken, which waved above the ruined 'Kaiser-stuhl' at Scone, when, with maimed rites and a scanty train, heralds proclaimed him 'Robert, King of the Scots.' In a more peaceful age its chapter-house and crypt sheltered the infant convocations of the University, in which Smith was to teach doctrines that have changed the policy of nations, and Watt was to perfect discoveries that have subdued the elements to be the ministers of mankind. It has seen a King serving at its altars; for as the Emperor was a canon of Cologne, and the French monarch a prebendary of Tours, so a Scottish sovereign—the devout and chivalrous King James of Flodden—had a stall in the choir and a seat in the chapter of Glasgow. Beneath the shadow of its rood-loft, unrestrained by the presence of the Patriarch of Venice, the Primates of Scotland—following the example of Canterbury and York in an earlier age—have brawled and struggled for precedency, amid the cries of their attendants, the rending of cope and surplice, and the crash of shivered croziers. John Knox described and may have witnessed the tumult; but his triumph would have been checked could he have foreseen that before his own discipline was twenty years old the same walls were to witness a riot not less unseemly among his own followers—were to hear the clash of steel, to see the 'moderator of the presbytery' plucked by the beard from his seat of office—the preacher pulled by the sleeve in the pulpit with a 'Come down, sirrah!'—while without bells were rung, drums beat, and blood flowed in the streets. Buchanan—so long Scotland's greatest name in letters—trod the aisles of Glasgow in his youth, and sat a delighted guest at the classic table



table of its archbishop. That castle hall was forsaken, the desolate cathedral was hastening to decay, when Buchanan's pupil, Andrew Melville, is said to have clamoured for the instant destruction of the pile as 'a monument of idolatry' whither superstitious people 'resorted to do their devotion,' and which by reason of its 'huge vastness' was all unsuited for the stern simplicity of orthodox rites. But the time of the old minster was not yet come: the edifice which Melville wished to destroy was reserved to be the theatre of the proudest triumph which Melville's disciples ever achieved. Large as are the dimensions of the High Church of Strathclyde, they were much too narrow for the eager multitudes who swarmed around its gates in December, 1638, while within Covenanted ministers, and nobles gorged with church spoil, were defying their King and excommunicating their Bishops. It was, perhaps, the greatest confluence of people, says Burnet, 'that ever met in these parts of Europe, yet a sad sight to see, for not a gown was among them all, but many had swords and daggers.' Baillie, the Covenanted principal of the neighbouring College, gives even a fiercer picture of this memorable council. 'We might learn modesty and manners from the Turks or pagans'—he breaks out—'our rascals, without shame, in great numbers make such din and clamour, in the house of the true God, that if they used the like behaviour in my chamber, I would not be content till they were thrust down stairs.' Such was the characteristic disorder amid which the 'Jericho of prelacy' was cast down, and 'the curse of Hiel the Bethelite' thundered against all who should attempt its rebuilding. But the exultation of that day was not to prove lasting. A brief course of fifteen years saw the assembly of the Covenanted Kirk invaded by theocratic enthusiasts yet wilder than themselves—saw the members marched in silence to the foot of the gallows-tree, and there dismissed with an ominous warning of the destiny which awaited them should they seek to meet again. Before that scene was acted on the Burgh Moor of Edinburgh, Cromwell had sat in the High Church of Glasgow, listening for three hours to the impotent railing of Mr. Zachary Boyd, smiling at the impatient rage of his captains who spoke of pistolling the preacher, and taking a more ingenious revenge by subjecting Mr. Zachary to a private homily longer and drearier than his own. Glasgow echoed the universal delight which hailed the Restoration, yet amid that joyous tumult a voice was heard from the depths of her cathedral crypt prophesying woe and lamentations—Cargill, the rugged confessor of a relentless Covenant, sparing not to denounce the faithless King even on the first 'oak-apple day' of his reign. A few years pass, and, in the choir above, the low sweet voice of  
Leighton

Leighton is heard in those angelic strains of eloquence and devotion which haunted the memory of his hearers to their dying day. A few years more, and the cathedral is beset by a surging crowd of Cameronians—fanatic wanderers from the hills, whose wrath will not tarry for the slow retribution of the law, but who are there, at their own hand, to purge the temple of God of ‘the prelatical intruders,’ as ‘dumb dogs,’ ‘Erastians,’ ‘schismatics,’ ‘Covenant-breakers,’ and ‘soul-murderers.’ Yet a few years more, and probably from the pulpits of the minster, as certainly from other pulpits in the town, the people are stirred up to armed tumult against that union with England which has made their little burgh a great and wealthy city, and covered their river with the trade of nations. And now, ‘last scene of all,’ after centuries of neglect, the breaches of St. Kentigern’s venerable High Church have been repaired, and its decayed places raised up—it is swept and garnished—those western portals so long closed are thrown open. Who, in these days of sudden and marvellous mutation, shall say for what or for whom they wait?

The First Pointed or Early English style passed into the Decorated or Middle Pointed by such gentle gradations, that it is difficult to mark the change by a date which shall hold good in all cases. In England, the year 1272 has been most generally taken, probably because it denotes the beginning of a new reign. On like ground the year 1286 may be assumed in Scotland, where it marks an epoch of ever calamitous memory—the close of a long season of peace without and happiness within, by the untimely death of the last Alexander. The tide of civilisation which had for two centuries flowed northwards without check, was now to be stayed—was even to be rolled back. The learned editors of the ‘Ancient Register of Arbroath’ do not hesitate to avow their belief that, ‘regarding the country only in a material point of view, it may safely be affirmed that Scotland at the death of King Alexander III. was more civilised and more prosperous than at any period of her existence, down to the time when she ceased to be a separate kingdom in 1707.’ Half a century before this was written, the laborious editor of Wyntown had recorded a like confession. Commenting on the ancient lyric in which the Scots so long bewailed the death of ‘the Peaceable King,’ he acknowledged that then indeed ‘the prosperity of Scotland suffered a long eclipse: “our gold was changed into lead;” and our fishermen and merchants into cut-throats and plunderers, whose only trade was war, whose precarious and only profit was the ruin of their neighbours.’ Such were the effects of the dire struggle which closed its first scene on the field of Bannockburn—

nockburn—a victory which, weighed in the balance of the mere utilitarian, must be set down as a greater disaster to Scotland than the carnage of Flodden or the route of Pinkie Cleuch—

‘Pharsalia tanti

Causa mali: cedant feralia nomina Cannae,

Et damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.’

The first note of contest banished every English priest, monk, and friar from the northern realm. Its termination was followed by the departure of those great Anglo-Norman lords—the flower of the Scottish baronage—who, holding vast possessions in both countries, had so long maintained among the rude Scottish hills the generous example of English wealth and refinement.\* Then it was that De la Zouche and De Quincy, Ferrars and Talbot, Beaumont and Umfraville, Percy and Wake, Mowbray and Fitz-Warine, Balliol and Cumyn, Hastings and De Courci, ceased to be significant names beyond the Tweed—either perishing in that terrible revolution, or withdrawing to their English domains, there to perpetuate in scutcheon and pedigree the memory of their rightful claims to many of the fairest lordships of Albany, and to much of the reddest blood of the north.†

The consequences of this crisis, so far as regards ecclesiastical architecture, were twofold. Henceforth comparatively few buildings arose in the north, and these, with one or two exceptions, were on a meaner scale. In the second place, England now become an hereditary enemy, no longer supplied models for the sacred edifices beyond the Tweed, which received instead the impress of the new ally of France. In England, the First Pointed was succeeded about 1272 by the Middle Pointed or Decorated, which obtained for about a century—being supplanted by the Perpendicular or Third Pointed, whose reign, beginning about 1377, closed only with the Reformation. In Scotland, the Middle Pointed may be said to have occupied the whole period between the death of King Alexander III. in the end of the thirteenth, and the change of religion in the middle of the sixteenth century. Until the country was finally thrown into the arms of France on

\* It is related, for example, that, about the middle of the twelfth century, Robert de Bruce, lord of Skelton in England and of Annandale in Scotland, bestowed the latter domain on his second son—the progenitor of the Scottish Kings. The youth returned to Cleveland with a complaint that in his Scotch territory he had to eat oat-cakes, whereupon the old lord gave him two English manors to find him in wheaten loaves. (*Monasticon Anglicanum*, vol. vi. part i. p. 267.)

† So the three garbs—the well known bearing of the great and illustrious house of Cumyn—appear on Mr. Pugin's new Romanist chapel at Cheadle, to mark the claim of the founder, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to the representation of the old Lords of Badenoch.

the accession of the first Stuart king in 1371, the Middle Pointed in the north maintained an English character : after that event it gradually assumed a foreign aspect.

To one or other of these ages of Scottish Middle Pointed, we owe the cathedrals of Aberdeen, Fortrose, Lismore, and Edinburgh, with portions more or less extensive of Dunkeld, Brechin, Elgin, Glasgow, Dunblane, and Iona. The same style gave us the conventual churches of Melrose, Sweetheart, St. Monan in Fife, the Dominicans at St. Andrews, and the Franciscans at Aberdeen and at Stirling, with the gateway and refectory of Dunfermline, and portions of Holyrood, Balmerino, and Paisley. But its chief works were of less size and humbler pretension, as more commensurate with the decaying piety and diminished resources of the country—collegiate churches and chapels such as Roslin, Restalrig, Crichton, Dalkeith, Corstorphine, Bothwell, Biggar, Carnwath, Hamilton, Maybole, Lincluden, Dundee, Crail, Foulis, Seton, Dunglass, the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, St. John's at Perth, St. Saviour's at St. Andrews, St. Duthac's at Tain, King's College at Aberdeen, and the lately demolished choir of St. Nicholas in the same city. To this style also belong a few parochial churches, such as those of Lanark and Douglas in Strathclyde; Haddington, Whitekirk, and Midcalder in Lothian; Auldbar and St. Vigeans in Angus.

The most beautiful, not only of the Scottish temples of this era, but of all the northern fanes of whatever time, is Melrose. The splendour of Middle Age romance which Scott has thrown around the place, has almost obliterated its older and holier renown, when it was described by Bede as the home of the meek Eata, the prophetic Boisil, the austere Cuthbert—when, with Coldingham and Abercorn and Tynningham, it was the lamp of that Anglo-Saxon Lothian which, deriving its own faith from Iona, sped the glad gift to many an English province, and even sent a missionary across the seas to become the apostle of the Australasian tribes on the Meuse, the Waal, and the Rhine. The light of Melrose had long been quenched, when in the middle of the twelfth century St. David bestowed the territory on a colony of white-robed Cistercians from Rievaulx. The site of the ancient shrine, on a lovely bank almost encircled by the Tweed, was still marked by a chapel, which bore the name of St. Cuthbert, and was the frequent resort of pilgrims. But the new monks chose their dwelling some little distance above, on the plain between the river and the skirts of 'Eildon's triple height.' They dug the foundations of their church in the spring of 1136, and it was consecrated before the summer of 1146 was at an end. This fabric was laid in ruins during the Wars of the Succession—the  
scourge

scourge of which fell so heavy on the Border abbeys, that the monks and novices of wealthy Kelso, though their house escaped destruction, were driven to beg food and clothing among the more fortunate monasteries remote from the English march. The rebuilding of Melrose, as we now see it, received the especial patronage of Bruce, and occupied almost his latest thoughts. In 1326 he made a grant to the monastery, for the fabric of its new church, of all the feudal casualties and crown issues of Teviotdale, until they should amount to two thousand pounds sterling—a sum equal to more than fifty thousand pounds in the present day. ‘The Good Sir James of Douglas’ was appointed steward and warden of the bequest; and the King, from his deathbed at Cardross on the Clyde, addressed a letter to his son and successor, entreating him, in the tenderest terms and by the most solemn adjurations, to see that the grant received liberal fulfilment, and that ‘all love, honour, and privilege be rendered for evermore to the monastery of Melrose, which he himself had in such pious affection, that he had appointed his heart to be buried within its walls.’ This remarkable letter was written on the 11th of May, and the king expired on the 7th of June, 1329; so that it must have been suddenly and in the last stages of his loathsome malady that the innocent blood of Cumyn and the unfulfilled vow of penance rose before his soul, and he resolved that his dead heart should be borne by the Knight of Douglas on that pilgrimage to the Holy Land which his living feet had failed to accomplish. But the memorable death of the Good Sir James frustrated the King’s dying wish; and the heart, brought back from the Andalusian battle-field, was by Randolph entombed at Melrose ‘with great worship.’ The new building seems for a time to have proceeded slowly. The grant of King Robert was renewed by David II. in 1370, in terms which show that no considerable portion of the two thousand pounds had then been received; and, indeed, it appears that the full amount of the bequest had not been completed even in 1399. Great part of the edifice, however, must have been built before that time, by the ‘help doubtless of the opulent revenues which the abbey enjoyed from other sources. The character of its architecture—graceful symmetry, lavish profusion of ornament, exquisite delicacy of workmanship—has been familiar to every one since the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which presents the structure in lines so admirably true, that they have passed as definitions into the hand-books of the ecclesiologists. It is less generally remembered that during most part of the century in which this glory of Scottish art was built, Teviotdale was an English county, and the monks of Melrose were liegemen of the English king.

Of the few northern cathedrals of the Decorated age, the finest was that of St. Peter and St. Boniface at Rosmarky or Fortrose. Mr. Neale dilates with enthusiasm on 'the once glorious' minster of the bishops of Ross. 'The style,' he says, 'is the purest and most elaborate Middle Pointed; and the whole church, though probably not 120 feet long, must have been an architectural gem of the very first description. The exquisite beauty of the mouldings shows that in whatever other respect these remote parts of Scotland were barbarous, in ecclesiology at least they were on a par with any other branch of the Mediæval church.'

The larger but less ornate cathedral of St. Machar at Aberdeen was begun in 1366. The dean and chapter—Barbour, the venerable poet of the Bruce, being one of the dignitaries—taxed themselves for the fabric in sixty pounds annually for ten years; the bishop surrendered certain revenues which were worth probably about twice that sum; and the Pope in 1380 made a liberal grant of indulgences to all the faithful who should stretch forth a helping arm to the work. But all these appliances availed only to raise the foundations of the nave a few feet above ground. Forty years passed before Bishop Henry Leighton (1422-1440) reared the two western towers, completed the walls of the nave, and founded the northern transept. His successor, Bishop Lindsay (1441-1459), paved and roofed the edifice. It was glazed by Bishop Spens (1459-1480). The pious Elphinstone (1487-1514)—one of those prelates who in their munificent acts and their laborious and saintly lives showed to the Scottish church, in her corruption and decay, the glorious image of her youth—built the great central tower and wooden spire, provided the great bells, and covered the roofs of nave, aisles, and transept with lead. Bishop Gawin Dunbar (1519-1531)—a meet successor to Elphinstone—built the southern transept, and gave to the nave the flat ceiling of panelled oak which still remains, with its eight-and-forty shields, glittering with the heraldries of the Pope, the Emperor, St. Margaret, the Kings and Princes of Christendom, the Bishops and the Earls of Scotland. The choir seems never to have been finished; and of the transepts, only the foundations now remain. The nave is nearly perfect; and its western front, built of the obdurate granite of the country, is stately in the severe symmetry of its simple design.

Dunkeld—reposing on the margin of the majestic Tay, in the deep bosom of wood, crag, and mountain—was early chosen as a religious home. Both St. Columba and St. Cuthbert appear in its traditions; it seems to have preceded St. Andrews as the seat of the primate or 'High Bishop' of Albany; and it could boast that among its lay-abbots in the eleventh century was  
numbered

numbered the progenitor of a race of Kings. The annals of the modern cathedral are not free from perplexity. The piers of the nave seem Romanesque; and the pier-arches, the triforium, and the clerestory seem First Pointed; yet we are told by the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, writing the history of the see early in the sixteenth century, that the foundations of the nave were laid in 1406 by Bishop Robert of Cardeny, who carried the work as high as the second tier of arches 'commonly called the blind story,'—leaving its completion to Bishop Lauder, by whom the cathedral was dedicated in 1464. Commending the difficulty which these statements raise to the judgment of the 'Oxford Architectural' and the 'Cambridge Camden' societies, we pass to the aisle-less choir, built between 1318 and 1337 by 'Master Robert the mason,' during the pontificate of William de Saint Clair, that stout warrior whom Bruce is said to have styled 'his own bishop.' The great eastern window was filled with coloured glass by John of Peebles, who ruled the see from 1377 to 1396. The rest of the choir was glazed by his successor, who died in 1437. Bishop Lauder built the great tower and the chapter-house between 1470 and 1477. In the latter year the diocesan synod was held at Dunkeld for the first time, the clergy hitherto having been compelled, by terror of the Highland 'catheran,' to meet in the church of the Friars of Mount Carmel at Tullilum, under the walls of Perth. But a few years before, an Athol chief burst into the cathedral on the solemn festival of Pentecost, and the Bishop, who was celebrating high mass, only escaped the swords and arrows of the Clan Donnoquhy by clambering to the rafters of the choir. This minster was the scene of violence to the last. When the most illustrious of its prelates, Gawin Douglas—he who

'in a barbarous age  
Gave to rude Scotland Virgil's page'—

came to take possession of his throne in 1516, he was opposed by a shower of shot from the cathedral tower and bishop's palace; and it was not until the power of his still mighty house had been gathered from Fife and Angus, that he obtained access to his church—'thanks to the intercession of St. Columba,' says the chronicle, 'without loss of life or limb.'

\* The cathedral of St. Moluac, at Lismore—the seat of the bishops of a diocese which was dismembered from Dunkeld in the beginning of the thirteenth century—is perhaps the humblest in Britain. The High Church of Argyll is less than sixty feet in length by thirty in breadth: it has no aisles, and seems to have had neither transepts nor nave. Contrasted with this small rude fane, the conventual church of Iona—which about the end  
of

of the fifteenth century became also the cathedral of the restored Scottish diocese of the Isles—will appear magnificent, though otherwise it is little likely to answer the expectations raised by so great a name. It is cruciform, but without aisles; and the structure, which probably never was highly elaborated, has been so battered and repaired, that, if we except some curious capitals, and the tracery of the windows in the central tower, not much is left to requite the pilgrimage of the mere architectural antiquary. Modern change has deformed the little cathedral of Brechin, but the north-western tower and spire of the middle of the fourteenth, and the western window of the middle of the fifteenth century, have fortunately escaped. The hand of innovation has made still more free with the collegiate church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, which, in 1633, became the cathedral of the new diocese erected by King Charles for the greatest of the Scottish divines of the great Caroline school—the learned and pious William Forbes. Except the beautiful lantern and the interior of the choir, little or nothing remains which we can associate with the memorable things seen or heard by the old walls of the High Church of the Scottish capital—Knox preaching ‘as if he would ding the pulpit in *blads* and fly out of it’—the tumult of the ‘Octavians’ in 1596, shouting for the ‘sword of the Lord and of Gideon’ to do justice on that ‘wicked Haman,’ as they styled poor King James of timorous and pedantic memory—the tempest of curses and lamentations, the wringing of hands and throwing of bibles and fald-stools with which the serving-wench and Puritan gentlewomen of Edinburgh assailed the Book of Common Prayer in 1637—the captivity of Haddo, the proto-martyr of loyalty in the north—the funerals of Montrose, the most illustrious of the many brave and noble hearts sacrificed to appease a Covenant whose assemblies anathematized toleration as a heresy and deadly sin, whose ministers clamoured with Rutherford for ‘the exercising of justice against bloody malignants,’ or with Nevay thundered the judgment which befel Saul upon all who should sheathe the sword until they ‘had utterly destroyed the Amalekites.’

It is in the collegiate churches—which belong with scarcely an exception to the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries—that French characteristics are most strongly developed. Polygonal or three-sided apses are almost universal; double doorways, with flattened heads enclosed within a pointed arch, are numerous; battlements are comparatively rare, and graduated gables or ‘corby steps’ are frequent; there are not a few instances of ‘gabled’ or ‘saddle-back’ towers; and the tracery of the windows partakes more or less of the Flamboyant. The church of St. Michael at Linlithgow—the scene of the apparition that  
warned



warned King James IV. against the war of Flodden\*—is a large and fine example, though less foreign in its aspect than others of more recent date. It was built to replace a church consecrated in 1242, and burned down in 1424; and a glance at Mr. Billings' view of the south elevation will suffice to show how widely the style differs from that which prevailed in England in the same age. The western tower formerly rose into an imperial crown, supported on flying buttresses, such as still surmounts the cathedral of St. Giles at Edinburgh, the tower of King's College at Aberdeen (built about 1515, rebuilt about 1636, at the cost of more than ten thousand marks), the Cross or Tolbooth steeple at Glasgow (built about 1628), and such as at one time surmounted the central tower of the parish church of Haddington (built with the rich choir about 1462). Of this kind of lantern only one example is known in England—that which, far excelling any of those in the north, crowns the tower of the church of St. Nicholas at Newcastle.

It is fortunate that Mr. Billings turned his attention betimes to the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh. This fine fragment—founded about 1461 by Mary of Gueldres, the widowed consort of King James II.—was pulled down only last summer to give wider room for a railway station! The plan of the building contemplated a choir and nave, with aisles to both, transepts, and a central tower; but no part of the nave was built, and the tower was never carried above the roof of the transepts. It is remarkable that most of the collegiate churches of the north were left in like unfinished state: in some instances the choir only has been built, in others a transept has been added, a tower completed or raised to half its height; but rarely indeed has the pile been made perfect in all its parts. It seems as if the grudging piety of a declining age grew weary before the humble works to which it aspired could be accomplished. Even Roslin—though sumptuous to excess in the multitude and labour of its decorations—will not altogether escape this censure. Of the design for which Sir William of Saint Clair, Earl of Orkney, is said to have brought an architect from Italy in 1446, only a third part was executed,

\* The Scottish antiquaries have failed to observe that this passage, one of the most picturesque in their later chronicles, is little more than a copy from an incident which is recorded by the English annalists as having befallen King Henry II. in the chapel of St. Piran, at Cardiff. Let the Scottish vision, as described in the text and notes of *Marmion* (cant. iv., stt. xiv.–xvii.), be compared with the English, as narrated by Higden (*Twyd. X. Script. col. 2395*), and at more length by Giraldus Cambrensis, in no fewer than three of his works—his *Hibernia Expugnata* (lib. i., cap. xxxix.), his *Itinerarium Cambrie* (lib. i. cap. vi.), and his recently printed '*De Instructione Principum*' (lib. ii. cap. xii.). That the story was well known in the north in the middle of the fourteenth century, is shown by the allusion made to it in the '*Scalacronica*' (p. 43) of Sir Thomas Gray, of Heton, in Northumberland.

and that is in a style so impure that the costly interior 'is a thing as much to marvel at as to admire, while the exterior' is altogether wanting in effect. Among the few complete collegiate churches of the Middle Pointed age, are those of Corstorphine (about 1430), Easter Foulis (about 1442), St. Salvator at St. Andrews (about 1456), St. Duthac at Tain (about 1481), King's College at Aberdeen (founded in 1500), St. John at Perth, and St. Mary at Dundee. The last two have been 'restored,' but not without questionable changes. The tower at Dundee—almost the only thing of that kind in Scotland which lays claim to much notice—is thoroughly foreign in its character; and, as has been remarked, it is 'more like the tower of a Hôtel de Ville than of a church.' We are not left to infer the influence which France exercised upon Scottish architecture merely from the similarity or identity of style: we have record of Frenchmen who had oversight of the chief temples of the north. A rhymed inscription on the south transept of Melrose relates that John Murdo, 'born in Parys certaynely,' had the charge of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Melrose, Paisley, and the abbeys in Nithsdale and Galloway.

The inexhaustible faculty of excuse which we see painted in the old domestic of Ravenswood, is more characteristic of the Scots as a nation than Sir Walter perhaps would have been altogether ready to confess. Thus, for several centuries, the invasion of King Edward I. was their never-failing apology for the absence of every sort of chronicle, record, and diploma, which—as Caleb Balderston said of the 'silver plate, napery and plenishing,' vainly looked for by strangers at Wolfscrag—'they should have, but had not.' That pretext has been exploded; and it begins now to be acknowledged that the muniments, of which the loss was so long deplored, never had any existence. But John Knox is still put forward as the cause why Scotland has so little to show of old ecclesiastical grandeur. That the rough and turbulent Reformer was the immediate, though perhaps the unwilling, means of destroying a few churches, and that his system indirectly wrought the ruin of many more, is undeniable; but the paucity of ancient religious edifices in the north, and the melancholy state in which we behold them, must be accounted for on other grounds.

There is no reason to suppose that the number of stately parish churches in Scotland was ever considerable. Except in a few provinces, the manors—which, as in England, were so often continuous with the parishes—were large, and many of the great lords held whole regions of the country. These might be tempted to build a decent structure for the parish of their residence, but

could care little for the religious fabrics of districts which they saw perhaps only once a year, when they gathered their vassals to the hunt, or held their barons' courts in the open air, on the 'moot-hill,' or within the circle of 'standing stones.' The curse of impropriations too was heavy on Scotland. The abbeys possessed vast numbers of churches in all the corners of the land, and they grudged every penny of tithe which was diverted from their treasury to the uses of the parish. Even where the benefice continued free, and the landowners were resident, the poverty which prevailed from the beginning of the fourteenth century must in general have prevented the erection of any very ambitious edifice. We have a fervid description of the beauty of the chancel of Dollar in Clackmannanshire, in 1336, but the chronicle does not conceal that the building was only of hewn oak. We know that at the same date the chancel of Edrom, in the Merse, was thatched with straw. Nor does there appear cause to believe that the great mass of the parish churches were in much better state, either in that age or until long after the Reformation. Nor will this account of Scottish churches give any surprise, when we read in the Hand-book of English Ecclesiology that, in North Wales, 'a large proportion of the churches resemble barns or cottages rather than churches;' that in Lancashire 'a church of a date anterior to the Reformation may be looked on as a rarity;' that in Durham 'the original churches are comparatively few, from the parishes being of great extent, and the large tracts formerly uninhabited;' that in Northumberland 'the churches are not numerous;' and that in Cumberland 'most of the churches are rude and humble structures.'

The Scottish monasteries were still unscathed long after the English houses, in the phrase of Burke, had been 'voluntarily surrendered to the King by the lawful proprietors, with the gibbet at their door.' The Russells were in Woburn, and Malmesbury was a weaver's shop, before a shrine was pillaged at St. Andrews or a tomb violated at Dunfermline. The first blow at the abbeys of the north was struck by the same Defender of the Faith who spoiled the southern convents. Henry vainly counselled his nephew James to follow the example of 'the dissolution of the monasteries;' but he succeeded by his agents in stirring up the mob of Dundee to destroy the Dominican and Franciscan friaries in that town, to sack Lindores, and to make an attempt upon Arbroath—a house doubly hateful to the English monarch as the possession of a great living adversary, Cardinal Betune, and as a monument of the renown of that dead enemy, whose bones he burned, whose name he struck from the calendar—St. Thomas of Canterbury. The tumult of Dundee was in the autumn of 1543; and in the following

following spring and summer Henry despatched an army to the north which gave Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Eccles, Newbottle, Holyrood, and Haddington to the flames, with many a collegiate and parish church in Lothian, the Merse, and Teviotdale. Great as was the havoc then made, it fell far short of Henry's wishes, for he had his heart set upon the destruction of Arbroath, and gave injunction that St. Andrews should be razed to the earth, 'so as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same.'

It was not until fifteen years after these things that the full tide of the Reformation broke upon the Scottish shore. The shock was fierce, but its fury has been greatly exaggerated. It does not appear that the example set by England was much, if at all, exceeded, except in so far as that what was performed in the south chiefly by royal command, was accomplished in the north partly by lawless violence, partly by doubtful or defective authority. If Knox urged that 'to drive the rooks away, you must pull down the nests,'\* Henry VIII. had long before quoted the same adage for the same purpose. If Knox, at Perth and St. Andrews, preached violently or coarsely against image-worship, Queen Elizabeth appointed a scarcely less vehement 'Homily against Peril of Idolatry' to be read in every parish church of her realm. If, stirred up by Knox's sermons, the 'rascal multitude,' as he styled them, broke down shrine and statue, chantry and chapel, the English mob had done the same in the early years of Edward VI., and the work of demolition had been completed by the formal authority of that prince and his successor. If in driving out the friars and monks many acts of barbarity were done by Knox or by his followers, let it be remembered that Southey has written of 'the reckless destruction' of the English monasteries, 'that, as it remains a lasting and ineffaceable reproach upon those who partook the plunder, or permitted it, so would it be a stain upon the national character, if men, when they break loose from restraint, were not everywhere the same.' If Mr. Riddell and the modern Scottish antiquaries bewail the turbulence of Knox as the cause of the lamentable destruction of Scottish records, let them read what Bale and Fuller, Anthony Wood and Henry

\* Spottiswoode speaks doubtfully of this as a mere report, adding that the 'words (if any such did escape him) were to be understood of the cloisters of monks and friars only.' The story is told by Drummond of Hawthornden (MSS. Bibl. Soc. Ant. Scot.) with a retort which is worth preserving: 'George Buchanan said to John Knox, when he would have had the kirks razed, by the simile, "Cut the trees and the crows will build no more."—"And if ye had rent your breeches, John, whether would you throw them in the fire, or cause clout them? Whether would you go naked, or abide their mending?"' The original gives the point somewhat more broadly.

Wharton have written of the manuscript treasures which perished in the English Reformation.

The received tradition of the indiscriminating havoc to which Knox and his fellow-preachers excited the Scottish populace, involves two grave mistakes in matter of history. It invests the early Reformers with an ascendancy over the national mind which they did not possess; it attributes to them a measure of Puritanical fanaticism which was the growth of a later generation.

It is impossible to look into any series of Scottish records of that time without meeting evidence that the doctrine and discipline of the Reformers, for many years after their legal establishment, had but a partial and insecure footing in Scotland. Notwithstanding the terrible penalties by which they were intrenched in the statute-book, perhaps their chief support was derived from the able and energetic counsellors of Elizabeth of England. Knox, the fancied idol of the mob, appears as the frequent butt of popular slander and scurrility. Thirty years after the Reformation, his disciples had been unable to plant ministers in half the parish churches. The adherents of the old faith counted numbers or influence everywhere, and predominated in most parts of the Highlands and Isles, in the whole region north of the Dee, in Angus, in Nithsdale, and in part of Galloway. So obstinately did the ancient rites linger in the affection of the people, that the Parliament in 1581 had to forbid, by severe penalties, pilgrimages to chapels, wells, and crosses, church-wakes and holidays, singing of carols and lighting of bonfires. For more than half a century the Kirk continued to launch her thunders against pilgrimages to some of the more famous shrines; and even so lately as 1775 the historian of Murray complained, that to 'the chapel of Our Lady of Grace' on the Spey, 'multitudes, even from the Western Isles, do still resort, and nothing short of violence can restrain their superstition.' In 1594 'the Popish Earls' of the north defeated in pitched battle the forces of the Protestant west. The victory was celebrated by the last high mass which was sung in the cathedral of Elgin. In the south, in 1580, a few Benedictines of Dunfermline, with doors bolted and barred, kept watch in their choir by the shrines of St. Margaret and St. David, the sepulchres of Bruce and Randolph. Twenty years later, mass was openly performed in many parish churches of the north, and Jesuits disputed with the Reformed preachers. Even in the westland shires, in 1626, Paisley was such a 'nest of papists' that its Jenny Geddeses rose in tumult, and with insult and execration drove from the town a grave Protestant divine—Boyd of Trochrig, a name famous not only in Scotland, but among the French Huguenots—who attempted to establish himself as a preacher in  
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the abbey. These instances, which it were easy to multiply, may serve to show that even if Knox had traversed the realm from side to side, preaching destruction to the cathedral and abbey churches, his exhortations would in most places have fallen on deaf ears.

But in truth the Scottish Reformer desired no such sweeping demolition. His 'First Book of Discipline'—the scheme of ecclesiastical polity which was tendered for the approbation of the State in 1560—provided for the maintenance of all the cathedral, conventual, and collegiate churches and chapels, which were at the same time parish churches. The qualification extended to the great majority of the noblest structures in the land. The orders, issued in 1560 for the burning of images and removal of altars, strictly enjoined that no harm should be done to the churches in glass-work or iron-work, in stall, door, or window. In the second year of her existence, the Kirk prevailed with the State to pass an act for 'upholding and repairing parish churches,' and her efforts to enforce the statute were unceasing. In 1570 she proceeded against the commendator of Holyrood for allowing his abbey church to become ruinous, and for suffering some of the parish churches in his patronage to be turned into sheep-folds. In 1571 she instructed certain commissioners to deal with the State 'for preservation and upholding' of the cathedral of Glasgow. Knox was present when these instructions were given: only two months before he had recorded his emphatic approbation of a sermon by one of his colleagues, inveighing against 'the foul deformity and desolation of the kirks and temples, which, more like sheep-cots than the house of God,' argued that there was no 'right religion in most part of the realm.' The 'upholding of cathedral kirks which are parish kirks' was again before the General Assembly in 1573, when the existing laws were ordered to be enforced, until more effective provisions should be enacted by the Parliament. In 1588 the Kirk appealed to the King, demanding that he should interpose to avert the ruin which threatened Glasgow, Dunfermline, and Dunblane. It would be superfluous after all this to refute the story that the cathedral of Glasgow was only saved from Knox and his mob by the arms of the honest craftsmen of the city. The legend, in its first and only ancient form, is placed not in 1559, but in 1578—is told not of John Knox, but of Andrew Melville. Even of him it can scarcely be true. That he may have urged that the large sums in which the citizens (much to their credit) taxed themselves for repairing their High Church, might be better applied in building new churches on the Genevan model, we can readily believe; but if he had carried the matter so far as has been pretended,

pretended, there must have been trace of it in some contemporary record.

What, then, are the causes why the wreck of ecclesiastical buildings has been so much more general in Scotland than in England? One obvious reason is the rejection of the episcopate, depriving the cathedrals of their natural guardians and the revenues set apart of old for their preservation. Nor should it be forgotten that in the south some of the grandest of the conventual churches were rescued, or have been upheld, by their conversion into cathedrals of newly erected sees. But there was no such happy accident of reformation in the north—no churchman to devise or prince to perform for Holyrood and Melrose what Cranmer and Henry accomplished for Westminster and Peterborough. In some cases—as in Aberdeen and Elgin—the necessities of the Scottish State, by stripping the roofs of their lead, accelerated the work of decay. A clan feud ruined one cathedral—that of Dornoch, which was given to the flames during a war between the Murrays and the Mackays in 1570. We have enumerated the abbeys of Lothian and the Border which were burned in the English invasion of 1544: they were never repaired. In western Cunningham, Kilwinning survived to 1591; in northern Murray, Kinloss was ruined only by the fall of the spire in 1574. The homes of the old religion were still guarded in their desolation by the memory of their former sanctity, and by terror of the fate which, in popular belief, awaited their sacrilegious destroyers. This feeling was not confined to the followers of the fallen hierarchy. Knox himself had solemnly denounced the vengeance of God upon the ‘merciless devourers of the patrimony of the kirk;’ and it was not until 1591 that his disciples began to complain that ‘sacrilege was esteemed no sin.’ Alas! within half a century they themselves, however unwittingly, were found acting on the very opinion which they had condemned—making common cause against the King and the Bishops, with those ‘merciless devourers’ of ecclesiastical spoil whom Knox had adjured them to shun and resist.

The ill-starred Covenant was no sooner called into being than its wrath fell upon the abbey and cathedrals. The purgation to which these had been subjected at the Reformation by Knox and Murray was not sufficient for the wilder Puritanism of Henderson and Argyll, and stringent edicts went forth for the destruction of all ‘idolatrous monuments.’ Then it was that the niches of Melrose were emptied of their statues of prince and prelate—that the sculptured pillar at Ruthwell was broken in three—that the synod of Argyll was let loose upon Iona, to cast its monuments into the sea and its manuscripts into the flames—that the magnificent

nificent rood-screen of Elgin and the stately altar-screen of Aberdeen were hewn in pieces—and that in the city of Jameson, ‘the Scottish Vandyke,’ a portrait of an old mayor or provost was ordered to be removed from the vestry, where it had hung for nearly two centuries, as ‘savouring somewhat of popery.’ We have no journal of any of the northern ‘Will Dowsings’ who executed these outrages, but some of the memoirs of the time show us how they went to work. Here is an account by honest Spalding, an eye-witness of their doings at Elgin; we modernise the spelling, and slightly abridge the phraseology:—

‘Monday the 28th December 1640. Mr. Gilbert Ross minister at Elgin, the young Laird Innes, the Laird Brodie, and some others, broke down the timber partition-wall dividing the kirk of Elgin from the choir, which had stood since the Reformation. On the west side was painted in excellent colours, illuminated with stars of bright gold, the Crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. This piece was so excellently done, that the colours and stars never faded or vanished, but kept fresh and sound as they were at the beginning, notwithstanding the kirk wanted the roof since the Reformation, and no whole window hereintill, to save the same from storm, snow, sleet, nor wet, which myself saw. And, marvellous to consider, on the other side, towards the east, was drawn the Day of Judgment. All is thrown to the ground. It was said this minister caused bring home to his house the timber, and burn the same, but each night the fire went out: whereat the servants and others marvelled, and the minister left off to burn any more of that timber. A great boldness, without warrant of the King, to destroy churches at that rate! Yet it is done at command of the Assembly.’

We learn from a pleasant volume of ‘Memoirs of the Family of Rose of Kilravock,’ edited for the Spalding Club by Mr. Cosmo Innes, that the spoils of the rood-loft of Elgin were applied to introduce the abomination of a gallery in a neighbouring parish church. The rere-dos of the high altar at Aberdeen—‘matchless within all the kirks of Scotland’—was turned to the same base use. We again quote from Spalding:—

‘Upon the 16th of December, 1642, Dr. Guild and Mr. William Strachan, our minister, began the down taking of the back of the high altar upon the east wall of Bishop Gawin Dunbar’s aisle, as high near as the ceiling, curiously wrought of fine wainscot, so that within Scotland there was not a better wrought piece. It is said the craftsman would not put his hand to the down taking, till our minister laid first hand thereto, which he did, and then the work began. And in down taking of one of the three timber crowns, which they thought to have gotten down whole and unbroken, it fell suddenly upon the kirk’s great ladder, broke it in three pieces, and itself all in *blads*, and broke some pavement with the weight thereof. Now our minister devised a loft, going athwart the church south and north, which took  
away



away the stately sight and glorious show of the body of the whole kirk; and with this back of the altar he decored this beastly loft.' \*

The iconoclasts of the Covenant had scarcely done their work, when they were succeeded by yet more ruthless spoilers—those troopers of Cromwell whom Mr. Macaulay represents as so distinguished by 'austere morality and the fear of God,' that 'no oath was heard, no drunkenness seen' among them, no insult offered to 'the honour of woman,' no 'rough gallantry complained of by any servant-girl,' but who appear in the sober police-sheets of the kirk-session registers as spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scottish cities and seaports new excesses of licentiousness. These gifted Puritans stabled their steeds in the parish churches, and made cathedrals and abbeys their quarries for building forts over which they planted the banner of 'Emmanuel.' To raise the walls of their garrison at Inverness, they ruined the beautiful High Church of Ross, and completed the wreck of that Cistercian monastery of Kinloss, which, in the last corrupt days of the Scottish church, had been hallowed by native piety and munificence, and adorned by the arts and learning of Italy and France. They made an arsenal of the venerable church of St. John at Ayr, within the walls of which Bruce had held his parliament. They turned the chapel of St. Ninian at Aberdeen into a barrack, and fortified it with ramparts of stone torn from the buttresses of the cathedral and the ruins of the bishop's palace. Monuments which national pride had spared amid the ravages of the Covenant, found no mercy from alien sectaries, who defaced the sepulchre of the Good Sir James of Douglas, because he had been 'an enemy to the English nation,' and English mothers, three centuries before, had stilled their children with the terror of his name.

Had the work of devastation and decay been stayed even at this late period, the ecclesiologist would not have had to mourn over Scotland as the barren waste which she now is. It needs but a glance at the books of topography of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, to see how much has perished since that time. It was not until after the Revolution that the central spire of Aberdeen—undermined thirty years before by Cromwell's soldiers—gave way, crushing the transepts in its fall. The great tower of Elgin outlived the Union: it fell on an Easter morning, and so completed the ruin of that magnificent church, within the choir and towers of which, still brilliant with ancient fresco or distemper, disciples of the old worship were wont to assemble in the middle of the previous century. All feeling of awe or reverence had now vanished  
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from the minds of the people, and the ecclesiastical ruins were spoiled without compunction or remorse. If a congregation had taken shelter in some aisle or transept of a huge conventual or cathedral pile, down went choir or nave to keep their little place of meeting in repair. Nor was this all, or the worst. Melrose supplied materials for building a tolbooth and mending a mill. Kelso was turned into a jail. Arbroath was farmed out as a common quarry. Tunland, whose flying abbot still lives in the satire of Dunbar, became a prey to 'the pilfering spirit of the country people.' So it was also at Glenluce, at Inchaffray, at Urquhart—everywhere. Even where churches remained entire, and might have endured for ages, they were in many cases wantonly pulled down by unconscious town-councils or unreflecting 'heritors,' to make way for new buildings more accordant internally with the favourite type of a big lecture-room, more congenial externally to the prevailing fashion of the day—that fashion now copying the deformity of a gigantic barn, now aping the graces of a classic temple, now running to seed in that bristling conglomeration of pinnacles which seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of 'Modern Scotch Gothic.'

The history of ecclesiastical architecture in the north may be said to cease at the Reformation. The restoration of the episcopate in 1610 was followed in some parts of the country by the erection of a few parish churches, but in a style so mean as to possess scarcely any character. The 'Kirk of Alloway,' for which Burns' spirited tale secured a niche in Grose, is a favourable example of the class. The Primate Spottiswoode endeavoured to introduce a higher type, by building at Dairsie in Fife 'a church after the English form.' We know it only in the imperfect representations to be found in Sibbald and Swan, which do not say much for its merit; but assuredly it should have a place in Mr. Billings' work, were it only to show us what a Scottish archbishop considered to be the model for an English church in 1622. Of the debased style—a strange mixture of Gothic and classic features—which prevailed a few years later, the Tron Kirk at Edinburgh and the chapel of Heriot's Hospital are familiar examples. Classic types predominated during the dreary eighteenth century; but one interior of this era may be mentioned with praise—the design which Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, contributed for the erection of the West Kirk in his native city of Aberdeen. There was a return to Gothic forms soon after the beginning of the present century, but it is unfortunate for Scotland that so many of her most ambitious efforts in this style were made when there

there had been little progress in its scientific study. The Episcopal church of St. John the Evangelist at Edinburgh avoided the sin of a gallery—‘that beastly loft’ is downright Spalding’s phrase—but it has no chance. Mr. Rickman furnished the design for the small parish church of the Ramshorn—since christened St. David’s—at Glasgow: it is not one of his happiest efforts, but is above every other attempt at modern Gothic in the commercial metropolis of the north. More recently one or two Episcopal chapels in the country have been built from plans of English architects; and one native Scot—Mr. Henderson of Edinburgh—is making himself known by buildings for the Episcopal Church, of no small merit.

The last forty or fifty years have seen the erection of many hundreds of parochial and dissenting churches in Scotland. The number which will escape the censure of the most indulgent taste, is small; but in almost every instance there has been at least an intention to do well, which must be recognised with gratitude. The reproach which Scott put into the mouth of Andrew Fairservice, that many a dog-kennel in England was better than many a Scottish church, is no longer true; but that it was merited during nearly two centuries is not to be questioned. In 1631 the churches beyond the Tweed are deplored by one of the most learned of Scottish divines as vile cabins and squalid huts—‘viles casæ et sordida tuguria.’ Archbishop Abbot, whose Puritanism made him regard things in Scotland with no unfriendly eye, related to Sir Henry Spelman that, in 1605, he found only one bell in Edinburgh, and that not only had the country churches no bells, but when, at Dunbar, he asked how they chanced to be without such a commodity, ‘the minister, a crumpt unseemly person, thinking the question as strange, replied, “It was one of the Reformed churches!”’ The same age proscribed as papistical the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which is now so universal in the north, that it will be difficult by and by to find a ‘placed minister,’ much less a dissenting preacher, without it. In the following century, Captain Burt tells how the spouse of an English colonel, having proposed to a minister’s wife in Lothian or the Merse to hang her pew with cloth, was met with the exclamation, ‘Line the desk! troth, madam, my goodman would think that rank popery!’ Bells were not universal in parish churches, even at the end of the last century. It often happened that where they were provided, there was nowhere to hang them: a theologian of the year 1679 inveighs against ‘that pitiful spectacle, bells hanging upon trees for want of bell-houses.’ Such a ‘bell-tree’ is still shown in the park at Auldbar; but here, obviously, the bell was not placed on the church for the same reason

reason that the campanile at the Curral in Madeira is built in the churchyard wall, and at the sequestered church of Ardlach in Murray, on the neighbouring promontory—in order that the bell might be better heard—the church itself, in all these cases, lying in a deep ravine. In the beginning of the reign of George III., Pennant wrote that ‘in many parts of Scotland our Lord seems still to be worshipped in a stable, and often in a very wretched one : many of the churches are thatched with heath, and in some places are in such bad repair as to be half open at top.’ This statement is confirmed by what we find in the Statistical Account, published between 1791 and 1799. We read there of two churches at Morven, in the West Highlands, which, ‘without seats or bells, might as properly be called sheds’—of the church at Glenmuick, in the Middle Highlands, ‘thatched with heath’—of Feteresso, on the east coast, ‘in the area of which pools of water stand for several days after a heavy rain’—of St. Mungo’s, in Annandale, as ‘having no bell, neither plastered nor ceiled, the seats in a ruinous condition.’ More generally, the minister of Glenorchy says, ‘Many of our country kirks are dark, damp, and dirty hovels;’ and the minister of Bedrule, on the Border, assigns the ‘very indecent state of many of the parish churches’ as one of the reasons of the increase of dissenters, ‘whose houses of worship, though built by contribution, are decent and comfortable.’ Until a date comparatively recent, few country churches, however respectable otherwise, were ceiled; but before the English ecclesiologist admire the fashion, let him hear the use to which the open timbers were occasionally put. A minister of Dunlop has narrated with great glee, as a proof of the popularity of one of his predecessors, that on the Sunday when the annual sacrament was to be administered, the church was so crowded from an early hour, you ‘might have heard the boogers cracking at six o’clock in the morning,’ which he explains, you might ‘have seen the folk sitting on the *bulks* [*i. e.* tie beams] of the kirk like bykes [*i. e.* swarms] of bees.’ To all this might be added melancholy instances of gross and wilful profanation. Knox and his colleagues carried their respect for the house of God so far as to prohibit the holding of civil courts ‘within kirks;’ but it is told of some of those who professed to be the followers of Knox, during the excited period which succeeded the Revolution of 1688, that they ‘eat, drink, and even smoke’ within the walls of parish churches. The feeling which led to such miserable doings would seem to have arisen from a fanatical wish to testify against the reverence of holy places supposed to be inculcated by ‘popery and prelacy.’ We may charitably hope that such outrages would have been avoided, if they who committed them had only known that,  
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in the age immediately preceding the Reformation, the Scottish temples were so habitually profaned to secular uses, that even in conventual churches women exposed linen for sale as in a market; and that in England, immediately after the Reformation, it was found necessary to admonish the people by authority, that the church is 'the house of prayer, not the house of talking, of walking, of brawling, of minstrelsy, of hawks, of dogs.'

We return to Mr. Billings' work, to add an expression of hope that it will receive that liberal patronage to which its merit gives it so just claim. If Scotland has been culpably negligent of the monuments bequeathed to her charge by the Church of the Middle Ages, the reproach cannot too soon be wiped away. Even they who think worst of the latter days of that ecclesiastical system—and we believe that it would not be easy to exaggerate the general corruption of the church and state of Scotland in the years immediately before the Reformation\*—even those, we say, who judge most harshly of the Mediæval hierarchy, may find wisdom as well as charity in the remark of Schlegel, that it is not just always to associate the idea of its latest degradation with the image of the thing itself, and thus in a moment to blunt all feeling of sympathy for the noble memorials of departed ages.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State and Operation of the Law of Marriage, as relating to the Prohibited Degrees of Affinity; and to Marriages solemnized abroad or in British colonies.* Presented to both Houses by command of Her Majesty. Folio, 1848.

2. *The Report examined, in a Letter to Sir Robert H. Inglis, Bart.* By Alex. J. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P. 8vo. 1849.

3. *Substance of the Speech of the Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley, in the House of Commons, February 22, 1849, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Act 5 and 6 Will. IV. c. 54. [Lord Lyndhurst's Act.]* 8vo.

4. *Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister prohibited by Holy Scripture as understood by the Church for 1500 years.* By E. B. Pusey, D.D., with a Speech by Edward Badeley, Esq., M.A., in the Queen's Bench, June 15, 1847 (Queen v. St. Giles'-in-the-Fields). 8vo. 1849.

5. *Letters by (the Five Divines) Rev. W. W. Champneys; Rev. Thos. Dale; Rev. J. H. Gurney; Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu*

\* See, on this point, the candid confession of a distinguished ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century, who died when on the point of being raised to the purple, George Cene, in his 'De Duplici Statu Religionis apud Scotos,' (1628) pp. 89-91.

*Villiers; and Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D.; in favour of the Repeal of the Law which prohibits Marriage with the Sister of a deceased Wife.* 8vo. 1849.

6. *Against profane dealing with Holy Matrimony.* By the Rev. John Keble, M.A. 12mo. 1849.

7. *Letter to Sir Robert H. Inglis.* By an Englishwoman, a Sister and a Widow. 12mo. 1849.

THE two national characteristics which distinguish the people of the United Kingdom from the countries on the continent of Europe are the sanctity of the Lord's Day and the sanctity of the marriage relation.

A greater contrast cannot be found between England and France, or indeed between any two civilized nations, than that which would meet the eye of a non-European traveller, who, having passed one Sunday at Calais, should pass the following Sunday at Dover:—every shop open among the French, every shop closed among the English; one church in Calais, with scarcely one sermon except in Lent; four churches in Dover, with twelve sermons between them; Calais with its theatre more full on Sunday than on any other day; Dover, a town more populous than Calais, without any theatre, except when visited by some provincial company, and without one public amusement of any kind on the Sunday.

So, again, in respect to the marriage relation; though the facilities of divorce vary in different countries, and will always vary according to the nature of the law of marriage in each; and though there are very imperfect statistics in respect to the number of divorces as compared with the number of marriages in any one country; and though, even if the tables were more full and accurate than they are, the results would give no fair conclusion as to the sanctity in which the marriage relation is held, unless there be in the first instance something like uniformity in the sanctions under which it is contracted—it is clear to every English sojourner on the Continent that the number of divorces or equivalent separations among persons of the higher classes in society is immensely greater than in England. A woman whose life either before or after her marriage has been proved unchaste has never, unless in some rare cases where the offence had been committed in a foreign country, and the party was the wife of a foreign minister in England, been received into the hallowed circle of English society. Those *liaisons* which, though they may occasionally have been exaggerated, and may not in every single instance be evidence of personal corruption, nevertheless have for three centuries at least existed in the south of Europe—these have never been recognised, and have most rarely existed,

existed, in England; and, in truth, the palliation urged in southern countries for the licence, namely, that the married couple were united by the choice of their parents, and not by their own, cannot be pleaded in England; and the sin would therefore be in England, more than elsewhere, inexcusable.

In the United Kingdom the marriage of any man with any woman, both having arrived at years of discretion, is unfettered in fact as a general rule, whatever partial exceptions may exist.

It is very true that the law of marriage in different portions of this empire is different; and there are those who contend that such difference is in itself a sufficient ground for the interference of legislation; that uniformity ought to be obtained at all hazards; and that, whether by lengthening or by lopping, whether by stretching the facilities of marriages in England to the measure of Scotland, or by diminishing the facilities in Scotland to the lower measure of England, uniformity in the mode by which the most important of all the relations of life is to be legalised—is essential.

Without entering into this consideration—though some recent decisions on the question of Presbyterian marriages in Ireland render it a matter of deep, painful, and practical interest, in reference to the validity of certain marriages there celebrated—we revert to the fact that as between man and woman in the United Kingdom there is no impediment to a contract of marriage, except that impediment which the Law and the Church impose by the Table of Prohibited Degrees.

In the course of the last two years a considerable agitation has been carried on in and out of Parliament, with a view to the abrogation of that Table of prohibited degrees, or at least to the excision of two out of the number—namely, the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister, and the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's niece. The parliamentary agitation commenced, indeed, some years earlier, when Lord Francis Egerton moved in 1842 for leave to bring in a bill to alter the prohibited degrees.

No controversialist ever gained anything by mis-stating or understating the case of his antagonist. We will endeavour, therefore, as fairly as possible, to represent the views of those who advocate the alteration of the table of prohibited degrees.

They state in substance—‘that in the first instance at the Creation, marriages, which no human being would now contemplate without horror, were lawful, because necessary:—That when the necessity ceased, God implanted in His creatures a sense of shame, and repugnance, and disgust at the very thought; and that they have never since been imagined to be possible, by  
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either Jews or Christians :—That when God separated one nation from the rest of the world, and gave them peculiar laws for their government, He not only confirmed this natural horror against such marriages by express and formal prohibition—but added other limitations which in His infinite wisdom He then judged to be necessary for the existing state of the society into which He had brought His people :—That these limitations, being *pro tanto* an abridgment of the natural right and capacity of the two sexes to marry at their discretion, must not be extended beyond their very letter, lest we should be wiser than God—and should forbid that which He has not thought fit to forbid :—That a prohibition, like a penal law, ought to be construed strictly, and ought not to be made to include more than it specifies ; it being equally easy for God to have added this or that prohibition to the list, if the restriction had been agreeable to His will :—That under these considerations, whatever God has not prohibited, He has allowed ; and while we do not deny the right of the civil power to limit marriages in any way which may be required by the civil convenience, as to the age of the parties, for example, we deny its right to invoke the name and will of God as prohibiting that which His word has left open.\*

Passing over the consideration of the primæval state of mankind, and the universal liberty of marriage which then necessarily existed, and which was restricted exactly as the necessity for its existence ceased,—passing this over, inasmuch as no one has ever contended for its revival, we may take our stand on the authority for or against the proposed legislation, as such authority is contained in the Bible.

Though the prohibited degrees are many, yet, for all the purposes of argument—we believe we might say, for all the practical purposes which the advocates for the proposed bill have in view—the change of law in respect to one degree only, and in that degree to one sex only, is the real object. All who have taken a part in the discussion, down to the very Commissioners themselves, admit that, if the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife be prohibited by Scripture, *cadit questio* (Report, p. ix.).

We contend that it is prohibited by Scripture.

It is remarkable, but it is incontrovertible as a fact, that there is not in the whole volume of Scripture any one prohibition or restriction of any kind in respect to the marriage relation, except in the Book of Leviticus.\* Even polygamy is not in express terms forbidden

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\* Repeated in part in Deuteronomy, xx. and xxvii. There is a strong passage in the late Rev. Thos. Scott's *Miscellaneous Letters*,—an authority, which to four, at least,



forbidden by the Gospel; yet on that point—inference is as strong as any direct prohibition; and a formal veto is not required to exclude polygamy from Christian society, so long as the words of our Lord are heard: ‘For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh;’ establishing by an inference as conclusive as express words, that the union of one man and one woman constitutes exclusively the marriage which Christ sanctions. So much for polygamy. But as to the marriage of any one man with any one woman, the mind and will of God are expressed in the Pentateuch, or not at all. The silence of other books of the Holy Canon compels us either to resort to this portion of the Bible, or to conclude that, in that relation which is of all others the most essential to the existence of our race on earth,—that relation which God instituted in our state of innocence, which He sanctioned by His own presence at Cana, and which He made the type of His own union with His Church,—He has left us without restraint to seek, almost as natural brute beasts, those who may be our pairs. Who will advocate such a conclusion? If no one will advocate it, the Book of Leviticus contains the moral and universal code of marriage laws, applicable to Christians as well as to Jews, binding as entirely those who live in the nineteenth century after Christ, as those who received it fifteen hundred years before His advent.

Many of the chapters in that book begin with a solemnity awfully suited to a communication from God to man; and no one in the whole Bible opens more solemnly than the eighteenth chapter, which contains the laws relating to marriage. There is a preface of five verses, in which the incommunicable name of JEHOVAH is four times introduced; calling upon all the people to avoid the doings of the nations of Canaan, and to do the judgments and to keep the statutes and the ordinances of God. ‘Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judgments; which if a man do he shall live in them. I AM THE LORD.’ And then follows the great law promulgated with such an awful appeal—None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him—in marriage. I AM THE LORD. We have transferred the words into the popular language, assuming\*—1. that they mean marriage;

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least, of the Five Divines will appear worthy of some attention. ‘If we reject the laws in Leviticus, we have no law of God on the subject; no, not against marrying sisters or brothers, or any relation. Now can we think that God intended to set aside these laws in Leviticus, and to give no other in their stead? Can we suppose that He meant to leave the Christian Church *without law* in this most important matter? But, if not *without law*, the laws in Leviticus, in all general cases, are in full force.’ Scott’s *Letters and Papers*, 8vo. 1844: ‘Letter on Marrying a Wife’s Sister,’ p. 271.

\*The Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, Vicar of Battersea—we are not sure that he follows or leads

riage; and 2. that, though they are addressed to the male sex, 'near of kin to *him*,' they are not restricted to that sex, but apply equally to the female. Mr. Keble well observes:—'The woman's duty and the woman's sin are left to be inferred in each case: but what should we think of the woman who should therefore account herself left at liberty, so far as the Levitical laws are concerned?'—*Keble*, p. 14.

Learning would be thrown away in explaining what is meant by the word *kin*. The most ordinary and the best of our dictionaries explains it, as signifying, 'relation either of consanguinity or affinity.'—*Johnson*.

This, then, is the text of the law: the verses, which follow, contain certain illustrations and specifications, sufficient to show the meaning of the legislator—not Moses, but *JEHOVAH*, the LORD of Moses; and to furnish rules of conduct to those who receive the law of God in all ages, and who are taught to apply His will by a reasonable, holy, and necessary analogy, from things expressed to things implied.

It has been contended, that the *animus* of the legislation is to prevent confusion of blood; and that there is no prohibition of marriage where there is no blood-relationship. It is enough to say, in reply to this allegation, that the very second class of marriages, which is forbidden, is a class in which such blood-relationship does not exist; namely, *the marriage of a man with the wife of his father*. This single fact, even if it stood alone, is enough to prove, that the Almighty Lawgiver, who, under the Gospel, expressly declared that man and wife should be one flesh, here by anticipation and implication announced the same fact; and taught us that, where he prohibited a marriage in reference to the *consanguinity* of the parties, He prohibited it equally in reference to the corresponding *affinity* of the parties, and disallowed alike the marriage of a man with his mother-in-law and the marriage of a man with his mother. These specifications are painful, but they are necessary; since the subject has been forced upon us by those who seem to be as regardless of the law of God as of the law of man; and some of whom, we fear, will violate the one and repeal the other, defying public decency, destroying the social happiness and security of others, and anxious only to obtain the sanction of a human legislature for the indulgence of their own passions.

Their great argument, as we have already abstracted it, is that the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is not pro-

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leads any one else—denies the assumption; and asserts that because the actual word '*marriage*' is not so much as mentioned in this chapter, he is satisfied that 'nothing of the kind is intended.'—Letter to Rev. C. B. Dalton, 1849, p. 12.

hibited, and therefore is allowed by God's law ; in other words, that what is not forbidden is permitted. The argument proves too much : no man is forbidden by God's law, *totidem verbis*, to marry his own daughter ; an atrocity never legalised, however practised, in Egypt or in Persia : but can a Christian, does a Jew, maintain,—did any one, entrusted with common sense and common feeling, ever tolerate the existence of such a licence ? Does not every one see, that where, as in the tenth verse, the marriage of a man with his granddaughter is forbidden, his marriage with his daughter is, *à fortiori*, still more forbidden, though nowhere in very words denounced ?—Away with a sophistry which would tolerate such a conclusion. The fact is, that the general principle having been established, by the public promulgation of the universal law in the sixth verse, its application to particular cases is sometimes specified, and sometimes left to a necessary analogy ; and thus while the marriage of a man with his own daughter is necessarily included in the prohibition of his marriage with his granddaughter, the marriage of a woman with her uncle is included in the prohibition of the marriage of a man with his aunt,—a relation forbidden in express words to the one sex being, by all fair rules of construction, forbidden to the other also.

But it is said, however reasonable and even conclusive this argument may be, as applied to other degrees which may be included by analogy, it does not apply to the particular relationship, in respect to which the proposed legislation is directed. 'It is true, indeed, that the particular chapter in Leviticus forbids the marriage of a man to his brother's widow, but you must not go on to extend the prohibition by analogy, and to forbid the marriage of one man to two sisters : since, even in the case actually forbidden, we find in the same Pentateuch not a mere dispensation in the case of individuals, but a specific injunction of such marriage as a general rule.' The answer is obvious. That the prohibition was a part of the universal law, by which the whole church of God is to be governed ; the injunction, where it was an injunction, was a part of the municipal law of the Jews, arising out of their exclusive position, and which God accordingly issued in order that the name of no family among His people might be 'put out of Israel.' This is fully proved by the context, which, while it leaves a discretion to the brother to marry, or not to marry, his brother's widow—(a discretion which alone is sufficient to remove it from the class of injunctions)—transfers to the then next of kin the right and the duty of marrying such widow, as it was exercised in the case of Ruth and Boaz.

It is said, however, that the particular case was brought before our Lord Himself, and that He manifested no disapprobation of it ;

it ; \* which, if it had been contrary to the Book of Leviticus, He would have done. The answer is, that the case being expressly in conformity to an injunction or quasi-injunction, which, for purposes exclusively national, had been promulgated in another Book of the Pentateuch, our Lord, replying to Jews, did not think fit to pronounce any sentence upon the conduct of those who had acted in such conformity : but He took advantage of the opportunity, and taught them and all His people, in every age, that in the other world,—the world, to which all the parties in the question had already gone, and to which we are hastening,—‘ They neither marry nor are given in marriage.’

If, after all, it be said, that an injunction to a man to marry his brother's widow renders it at least allowable for a woman to marry her late sister's husband, it may be replied, firstly, that the argument itself admits that a permission, and if a permission then a prohibition, may be transferred from one sex to the other—the very ground on which we contend that a prohibition to a woman to marry her husband's brother included a prohibition to a man to marry his wife's sister :—and, secondly, that, if this injunction be binding on us, and be not, as we contend, a local and national law applicable to the case of the Jews at that time, and to them only,—then it must be taken with all its adjuncts also ; and it is good for him and for him alone, who marries his brother's widow, *there being no child of such first marriage.*

A leading controversialist on the liberal side of the question, headed his defence of the proposed measure by stating, (1) that the famous verse 18 is the only scriptural authority on the question ; (2) that the *terms* of this verse clearly imply no more than a prohibition of the marriage of sister B, in the lifetime of sister A, and therefore that on the death of A, her bereaved husband may without scruple take B ; and (3) that the reason of this prohibition is confined to the risk of such marriage *vexing* sister A ; and, therefore, that, even in the lifetime of sister A, the introduction of sister B as a second wife, if it did not *vex* A, would not come under the terms of the prohibition.

For ourselves, we cannot think it justifiable to lay great stress in argument upon the verse in question, for there is no one text in the Old Testament as to the exact meaning of which philologists have been and continue to be more divided. Whoever desires to understand the history and balance of criticism on the Hebrew words will find sufficient information in the volume prefaced by Dr. Pusey, and concluding with the luminous and

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\* S. Matt. xxii. 24. It must not be forgotten, however, even as to this point of the non-disapprobation of our Lord, that the very first words of His reply were, ‘ Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures’—

masterly speech of Mr. Badeley in the Queen's Bench. We are content to take the scriptural authority against such a marriage, from the plain and irrefragable analogy drawn from the 16th verse; and let us add, with undissembled humility, from the judgment of the Universal Church, in respect to such interpretation of Scripture.

Waiving, however, for the moment, the authority of the Church—we may allow, that almost the only plausible argument which has been urged by the advocates of the repeal of the present marriage law, is founded on the admitted fact, that many of their chief antagonists are not only content to omit the strongest argument, namely, the scriptural argument, against such repeal; but when requested to sign petitions against the repeal, have deliberately refused to attach their names to any petition which rests even in part on such a ground. 'If,' say the liberals on this question, 'the prohibition be scriptural, why refuse to say so? if it be not scriptural, why retain the assertion in the heading to the Table of the Prohibited Degrees, which states that it is founded on Scripture? Either your Table and your Canons and your Church are consistent with Scripture, or they are not: if they are, why do you, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,—Archdeacons, Canons, Heads of Houses, Fellows, Rectors, Vicars, Curates,—for some of every class may be quoted as acting on this scruple,—refuse to say so;—if they are not consistent with Scripture, why do you retain the prohibition in the formularies of your Church, and impose a burthen on the consciences of your neighbours,—a burthen which you refuse to touch with one of your fingers?'

Giving its full weight to this reasoning, it is still, after all, merely an *argumentum ad homines*; against those who are afraid of their own principles, or ashamed of acting in conformity with the teaching of their own Church, of that very Church of which they are each and all the ministers as well as members. To their own Master they stand or fall; nor will we stop to say more than this to them, that the question here raised is not what is scriptural or unscriptural, but what is the doctrine of that particular portion of the Church Catholic, of which they are the sworn, and—vulgar and illiberal as they will call the allusion—the paid servants. Their course is clear;—persuade the Church in Convocation to alter its decree on this question, or leave their canonries and livings, when they cannot conscientiously uphold the doctrines of the Church.

But there are others in the number of recusants, who are actuated in their refusal by a much higher and worthier motive: they hold with their Church on the whole question; but they

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say—and we believe that it is the case with the great majority of those who have refused to rest their petitions on the authority of Scripture—that, in omitting the reference to the Bible, they are not contradicting the authority of the Bible. They do not deny the truth of any given fact, merely because they do not on some one occasion think it necessary to affirm it. In the particular instance in question, they seem to omit all reference to Scripture, because the body to whom they are compelled to address their petition, is not prepared to receive Scripture-authority as a sufficient basis for human legislation; and they will not cast their pearls before the House of Commons. The omission of all reference to the authority of God's word in the petitions which we are now considering, is right or wrong; but it is at all events consistent with a perfect submission of every hand, head, and heart to that authority. It is a question of civil prudence, and not of faith.

We proceed, then, to consider not what in the judgment of any individual may be the scriptural view of the particular case, but what is the interpretation of Scripture, which, for at least fifteen centuries, has been recognised and affirmed by the Church.

It is said, that even if, for the sake of argument, it be conceded that the Church has denounced the marriage in question as unscriptural, we are brought back to 'dark ages;' and that in the purer days of the Apostles the licence was uncontrolled. Surely if we prove that a given view of scriptural morals can be traced for fifteen centuries, it is for those who deny that it can be traced further back, to prove that the licence existed previously unchecked by the authority of the Church. We contend that the practice, as soon as it appeared, was prohibited; just as we contend that forging seamen's wills was prohibited in the reign of George II. and not in the reign of Edward III., merely because the offence grew up in the 18th century and was unknown in the 14th.

From the time when the offence was known, the prohibition, then, may be found in every branch of the Church.

No man, indeed, can deny that the Church Catholic is on this point united. The Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Church of Rome, and the Greek Church, differing as they differ upon almost every other point,—not indeed of dogmatic theology, since in God's gracious providence the great truths of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, have been preserved and enshrined alike in all these churches—but differing as they differ upon questions of Scripture as affecting social life, celibacy, &c., all are nevertheless united in respect to  
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the prohibition which the English Parliament is now urged to sweep away.

The doctrine of the Greek Church has been elaborately stated in a paper printed in the Report of the Commissioners (pp. 53-59). It is enough to quote the words of the canon (p. 34); 'A man cannot marry two sisters; for his deceased wife's sister is as his own sister.'

The doctrine of the Church of Rome, irrespective of Scripture, clearly prohibits the marriage in question. The acknowledged fact that such marriage requires a dispensation, proves it; since if it were not previously prohibited, no dispensation could be required. It is true that Bishop Wiseman regards the whole as 'matter of ecclesiastical legislation;' but it is as a question of the judgment of the Church of Rome upon the lawfulness of such marriages, and not as to the ground of such judgment, that we are now referring to that Church. 'It was the deliberate mind of the western Church, her councils, her popes, her schoolmen, her canonists, that these marriages were a part of the unchangeable Divine law; and popes, schoolmen, and canonists deliberately taught that the popes could not dispense within those degrees. Pope Zachary (A.D. 745) held it a thing incredible that a pope should dispense contrary to the canons of the Fathers. Pope Innocent III. (A.D. 1198) and Pope Eugenius (A.D. 1431—1477) held and answered that the popes *could not* dispense in those degrees.\* And the general truth is stated in these words: 'Within the Levitical degrees there is no instance whatever of any dispensation until Alexander VI. at the close of the 15th century.' It is hardly necessary to add, that the concentrated evil of man's nature was embodied in the person of Alexander VI.; and that a dispensation first granted by him would even from that very circumstance become an object of the deepest suspicion. But we need not pursue this subject. There is no record, and there is no allegation, that any such dispensation was granted for the fifteen centuries before him; and as the fact of a dispensation implies a prohibition, the voice of the Church of Rome on the general question is united with the voice of the Greek Church 'against the marriage of any man with the sister of his deceased wife.'

The voice of the Church of Scotland is not less distinct. The Confession of Faith, in chapter xxiv., section 4, says expressly, 'Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the Word; nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife. The

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\* Preface to Pusey and Badeley, pp. lix. lx.

man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own; nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own.' And be it always remembered, that this passage is not an insulated text from a popular work of hortatory theology: it is a portion of the doctrine of the Established Church of Scotland, which has been recognised and ratified by the parliament of that ancient kingdom;\* which became the law of the land of Scotland during its independence, and was confirmed in perpetuity by the Act of Union, which, while it surrendered that independence, secured the legal maintenance of the doctrines of its church. The law of that church and the law of that land are maintained by its courts. As our present object is rather to quote the authority of the Church of Scotland in respect to the interpretation of Scripture, and to show how entirely it accords in this instance with the authority of its opposite extreme, the Church of Rome, we do not follow the question into courts of Scotch law, further than to state that the Lord Advocate, Mr. Rutherford, being specifically asked the question as to the legality of the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister, refers the Commissioners to the great Institutionalist, Mr. Erskine, who in his Title of Marriage (book i. title 6) says expressly in section 7, 'that marriage is null when it is contracted within the degrees of propinquity or affinity forbidden by law;' and afterwards in section 9, 'that as to the degrees in which marriage is prohibited, the law of Scotland has adopted the Jewish law, by act of 1567, c. 15.' He then adds, 'that the degrees prohibited by the law of Moses of consanguinity, are in every case virtually prohibited in affinity; and by the aforesaid act of 1567, the prohibition is equally broad in the degrees of affinity as in those of consanguinity. Thus, one cannot marry his wife's sister more than he can marry his own.† The feelings of the people of Scotland sustain their church and sustain their law. The Lord Advocate confirms this when he adds, 'not only that no clergyman of the Church of Scotland could venture without incurring the pain, I think, of deprivation of office, to celebrate such a marriage with a knowledge of the relationship of the parties, but that such a marriage generally is held by the people of Scotland in very great abhorrence.‡ The Lord Advocate is accurate in this view of the penalty which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland might incur by celebrating a marriage within the prohibited degrees. There is an early and very remarkable case, in which the Rev. James Forsyth, who was guilty of this offence, but who could

\* 1 Will. &amp; Mary, act. 5.

† Report, p. 100, A. 1141.

‡ P. 101.  
state,



state, on the other hand, 'that it was the only miscarriage with which, in a ministry of thirty-five years, he could be charged,' was nevertheless deposed from his office and living for having thus violated the laws of God and the Church. The Lord Advocate says further, in respect to the parties themselves, that 'in the severer and more rigorous, as well as violent times of the middle of the 17th century, there are cases in which that connexion appears to have been punished, and punished even capitally.\*' In this state of the law and of the religious opinion of Scotland, we are not surprised to find that the Lord Advocate, in a later portion of his evidence, states, 'These marriages take place in Scotland, I should say, hardly at all. Certainly, I do not think that persons in the better classes of life would be received in society, having made such a marriage; and I should think that in the lower orders the impression against it was very strong indeed.'† The great constitutional organ of the Established Church of Scotland, the General Assembly, a body which contains not only the leading ministers of that Church, but—be it always remembered—its leading laymen also, has recently adopted unanimously a petition to both Houses against Mr. Wortley's bill; and it is most satisfactory to add, that the General Assembly of the Free Church has also, in like manner, unanimously addressed a similar prayer to Parliament. The faculty of Theology, represented by its Dean, the Principal of the College of Edinburgh, has in like manner solemnly remonstrated against the measure.

The voice of the Church of England is heard not less loudly and distinctly than that of the other churches to which we have listened. She speaks in her Canons, in her Table of Prohibited Degrees, and in every institutional writer without exception, from the Reformation downwards. We challenge contradiction on this point. We do not include the Five Divines whose off-hand letters form one of the subjects of this article; since, in those letters, they do not profess to expound the doctrines of their Church. But those who seek the teaching of the Church of England will find it in the 99th canon:—

'No person shall marry within the degrees prohibited by the laws of God, and expressed in a Table set forth by authority in the year of our Lord God 1563. And all marriages so made and contracted shall be adjudged incestuous and unlawful; and consequently shall be dissolved as void from the beginning; and the parties so marrying shall by course of law be separated. And the aforesaid Table shall be in every Church publicly set up and fixed at the charge of the parish.'

'Now, here,' says an able controversialist on this subject, 'we have a declaration of the Church of England—the very same

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\* P. 101, f.

† P. 103, A. 1148.

authority

authority of the Church which gave its sanction to the Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies, and which abolished the Papal Supremacy, and carried on the Reformation, —a declaration, that these marriages are prohibited by the laws of God, and incestuous.' We may add, that if the authority of Convocation were sufficient to establish the 39 Articles as embodying the mind of the Church of England on the points to which they relate, the authority of Convocation is equally sufficient to establish the 99th Canon as embodying the mind of the Church of England on the point of the law of God in respect to the Prohibited Degrees.

And this is not all. The injunction is still obeyed: and in the large old parish-churches of England the Table of Prohibited Degrees is put up accordingly, visibly enough, on their walls. It is said, however, that it is no part of the Book of Common Prayer, inasmuch as it is not in the Sealed Book in the Chapel of the Rolls. It forms, nevertheless, a part of every such book in every cathedral; we believe, in the large Prayer-Book of every parish church; and in Mant's edition. But even if it were otherwise, the question would equally remain—(since even the Articles themselves are not in every copy of the Book of Common Prayer)—is it or is it not a part of the doctrine of the Church of England, that the marriages which are now sought to be legalised are contrary to its sense, and ought therefore, in its judgment at least, and among all who profess to be in communion with it, to be prohibited? And we look in vain for any single assertion, in the countless pamphlets on the subject, by which it is contended that the rule of the Church of England, either before or since the Reformation, has ever tolerated such marriages.

The advocates of the new licence say, 'You, who quote the authority of the Church, must, for consistency's sake, obey every other canon of that Church; you are not at liberty to pick and choose: you, clergymen, sometimes wear white stockings, though the canons forbid them; and, therefore, you have no right to object to the marriage in question, though the canons prohibit it.' The answer is easy: If the Church enjoined black stockings *on the authority of Scripture*, and could produce any Scripture as requiring it, the cases might be parallel; but the distinction is in this: that the Church not only prohibits the marriage, but specially alleges Scripture as the authority for such prohibition. Whatever be the obligation of the canons on laymen, whatever be the soundness of the scriptural authority therein quoted, as forbidding the marriage now in question, though we have not the shadow of a doubt as to its sufficiency, the main point is, we think, established, that the Church of England unites with all the other

other great divisions of the Universal Church, in so interpreting their common Scriptures as to denounce the marriages which are now sought to be permitted.

The expounders of the mind of the Church of England, from their seat of judgment, proclaim the same doctrine. In the celebrated case of *Ray v. Sherwood*, in which Mr. Sherwood had married the sister of his deceased wife, Sir Herbert Jenner stated:—

‘In the first place, this is a contract which is prohibited by the laws both of God and man; for so, sitting in an ecclesiastical court, I should be bound to consider it, even if I were, as I am not, among the number of those who privately entertained any doubt upon the subject.

. . . Looking to the words of the Act of Parliament (5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 54), I am by no means prepared to say that, in prohibiting the ecclesiastical courts from annulling marriages of this kind subsisting at the time of the passing of the Act, the legislature has altered the law in any other respect. I am not prepared to say that the parties may not be punished by the ecclesiastical law for the incest, though the validity of the marriage cannot be called in question. . . .

The enacting part of the Act does not declare these marriages to be good and valid to all intents and purposes, as might be supposed from the title of the Act. . . . I do not think, when the enacting part of the statute is to the effect that all marriages which shall have been celebrated before the passing of this Act between persons being within the prohibited degrees of affinity, shall not hereafter be annulled for that cause by any sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, that this amounts to a prohibition to the Ecclesiastical Court to punish the parties under another branch of the law for incestuous cohabitation. I apprehend the law is not altered in this respect; and that the Court is not prohibited by this Act from punishing parties for such cohabitation, although it cannot declare the marriage null and void.

‘Again, if we look to the preamble of the Act, it is not for the protection of the parties who have been guilty of the *offence* (for such it is by the ecclesiastical law and by the law of God), but for the protection of the children; for that is the purport and object of the Act, to settle the estate and condition of the innocent issue of such marriages, not to screen the delinquent parties. But whatever may have been the intention of the Legislature, and whatever may be the effect of this Act of Parliament, the marriage had between the two parties, Thomas Moulden Sherwood and Emma Sarah Ray, is an incestuous marriage, and must ever so remain. The law of God cannot be altered by man. The Legislature may exempt the parties from punishment; it may legalise, humanly speaking, every prohibited act, and give effect to any contract, however inconsistent with the Divine law: but it cannot change the character of the act itself, which remains as it was, and must always so remain, whatever be the effect of the Act of Parliament.’\*

\* Stephens's *Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Statutes*, vol. ii. p. 1649.

This is the solemn authority of the highest court of ecclesiastical law in England. The unanimous judgment of the Queen's Bench in the more recent case of Chadwick has decided—what could hardly have been previously ambiguous—that the marriage of any man with the sister of his deceased wife is no marriage; and, consequently, that the marriage of the husband with a third woman, while the unhappy being, the sister of his first wife, was still living, was not bigamy.

What Scripture has denounced, what the Church has forbidden, what the law has prohibited, is equally inconsistent, as might well be expected, with the best interests of social life.

Those who fear not God, neither regard man—in other words, those who disregard the authority of Scripture, the voice of the Church, and the law of the land, can little be expected to stop in their course from any consideration of the social evils and domestic misery which will follow their success. But those law-makers who have not broken the law, and do not desire to alter it in order that they may do that which at present it forbids, ought to consider the effects of the proposed measure upon others, as well as on the law-breakers.

In the actual state of public feeling and of the law, a man looks upon the sisters of his wife as upon his own sisters; and the wife brings into her new abode her own sisters as having such an interest in her husband's affection and attentions as his own sisters by blood. In life they are united as one family; and in the approach of death the married sister may look to one of the unmarried as the natural protectress of the orphans. But if the wife be to feel that her sister may become her rival and her successor, she will pause before she hazards the interruption to her own peace which the introduction of such an inmate may occasion. In the existing constitution of the law and of the feelings which it sanctions, the husband has not merely the opportunity, but the duty, of paying to his wife's sister those blameless and tender attentions which he pays to his own sister. He can pay them to no other woman except his own sister; he sees his wife's sister as he sees his own, with a freedom which is pure to the pure; and which we are confident is indulged in by thousands and tens of thousands with no other emotion than that which is felt by the same men towards their own sisters;—the idea of any other affection never for an instant rising in the minds of either party; the husband gaining another sister, and the wife seeing in her husband's heart thus opened to all her connexions only a new proof of his expanding interest in herself. But change the sister of a wife into a young marriageable stranger, and the attentions which are now offered by the husband and received by the sister, and witnessed  
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by the wife, with purity, with delicacy, and with confidence, become insults alike to both females. The union which is daily seen in families will, where it now exists, be broken, and will never hereafter be formed: the relation of brother-in-law and sister-in-law will cease to exist; the parties now described by those terms will henceforth be strangers to each other; and the reflected tenderness, which now binds them to each other, must be abandoned by both as a snare and a danger; while the wife will be deprived of that support and comfort which she now derives from the presence of the sister of her youth as a companion in her own house. This is well stated in the letter of the 'Englishwoman, a Sister and a Widow,' pp. 5, 6:—

'Throughout the whole range of domestic connexions, there is not one more peculiar in itself, or which gives birth to sentiments more pleasing, than that which subsists between the husband and his wife's sister. With the frankness, the cheerfulness of affection that exists naturally between brother and sister, there is a freshness united with a certain degree of tacit respect entertained by the sister for her brother-in-law, which, while it marks the difference of the relationship between them, detracts nothing from the playful confidence or the ingenuous warmth that distinguishes it. In no situation, perhaps, is a female seen to greater advantage. Emulous to please for the sake of a beloved sister, grateful to the husband for the happiness he confers on one so dear to her, fearless of any misconstruction of her views, she is never so much at her ease, never so agreeable or attractive, never apparently less selfish or more amiable. Whilst the wife, whose desire it has been that her husband should be loved and valued by her sister, who has encouraged this mutual regard, feels her own happiness augmented by the attachment she thus witnesses, and esteems herself flattered and honoured by that affectionate conduct of her husband towards her sister, which, if shown to another, would dash the cup of felicity to the ground, and poison its very dregs.' . . . .

'Remove, however, the present restriction, and all is changed. A different line of conduct must be pursued by all parties—restraint must take place of affectionate familiarity; the tie of relationship is severed; each is to the other what strangers are; the wary and modest female will resume the armour of womanly reserve, womanly prudence, and caution; and substitute mistrust for confidence; while the husband no longer daring openly and freely to evince his regard for the sister who differs in no other respect from other women of his acquaintance, except as she stands in a more dangerous position towards him, must confine himself within the bounds of polite friendliness.' . . . . 'Former restriction, we consider, removed temptation; the imagination, that root and source of all that is to be dreaded—was curbed; and innocence was secured, as in the case of brothers in blood, by the very unconsciousness that guilt could be conceived. Well, indeed, will it be, we apprehend, if many will not have cause to say, though with a different meaning to his who first used it—I had not known sin but through the law.'

'It

It has always been thought' (says Dr. Pusey, Evidence, Ans. 496, p. 53) 'one ground why marriages between those near of kin have been forbidden, that it extends the domestic relation. No other affection can be called out in pure minds where none can have place lawfully.' And he proceeds to quote from St. Antoninus—'For since choice is only of things possible, the very fact that what might become an object of desire is impossible, diminishes or takes away all desire for it.' Mr. Tyler (Evidence, p. 111), a witness who, though not in all things, coincides in this with Dr. Pusey, well expresses the same sentiment—'Certainly one great object of Christian marriage has been to make the union, in its collateral effects, as entire and as intimate as are the relationships of blood. This is evidently for the good of society and the well-being of the offspring. But under the supposed alteration all the brotherhood and sisterhood of society would be weakened if not destroyed.' And he goes on to confirm, as a man, those apprehensions of suspicion and jealousy which the 'English-woman' already quoted has so forcibly expressed.

On this subject we have seen a remonstrance from a lady, now no longer young, against the proposed measure; stating, in substance, that, having been the first married of her family, she had received in her house her sisters as they grew up, who, in succession, had married; that this continuance of early affection could not have been indulged if she had felt that she was introducing under her roof—particularly at the periods of her own confinements—those who were to be placed in nearer intercourse with her husband than any strangers could be, and yet who were not to be protected by the sanctity of that relationship which, at the time, actually surrounded them. As the law was and is, the harmony was never for an instant hazarded by a suspicion; but, as Mr. Wortley will make the law, the intercourse will become impossible; and a sister, once married, can never receive an unmarried sister into her house in the present fulness and freedom of confidence. The widower, likewise, will suffer equally. At present he receives—the Commissioners cannot be ignorant of the fact—the aid of his deceased wife's sister as her best successor in the charge of her children. That sister enters his home with a confidence and a purity which, if he had had a sister of his own blood, he could not find surpassed in her case. As the law now stands, and as the feelings of society are developed, the deceased wife's sister remains in the widower's house, or enters it in the midst of his sacred sorrows, and soothes them, and adopts his children, and supplies her lost sister's place to them, without one thought as to him which one of his own blood might not blamelessly indulge.

All this must be blotted out from English society. And where is it to stop? If A. B. may marry one sister, C., he may, after her death, marry another sister, D.; and, if there be a third, he may look forward to the prospect of marrying E.\* We ask, can either D. or E. ever be to him or to C. what she now is?—she is lost to both as a sister. Mr. Keble has well put the case, in substance—the word *sister-in-law* will henceforth disappear from the English language; as the relationship itself will be expunged from English life: ‘the very name will become an absurdity, if once this change is made—the relation, I mean, of sister-in-law’ (*Keble*, p. 5).

For whom, and for how many, is the innovation asked? We do not deny that there may be some two or three, who, from the intimate intercourse which the present state of the law allows, as one of the witnesses† states before the Commission, have been led to form an attachment which yet that present state of the law forbids; and who, in deference to the law, have nevertheless severally refrained from contracting a marriage which it condemns. But, we ask, if no intimate intercourse can subsist without both parties, or either, thinking of marriage, and if, when such intimate intercourse has terminated in mutual affection, such mutual affection is to supersede the law, whatever it may be, on the subject, where are we to stop—and why, at all events, at the point marked out by the proposed legislation? The argument arising from an allowed intercourse, and from an attachment following such an intercourse, proves too much, since it may be applied to almost nameless cases where the intercourse is still more intimate and necessary; but where—except in the most depraved and monstrous natures—no idea of marriage could ever occur. *Principiis obsta*. Unless there be a restraint on the eyes, the tongue, the imagination, evils will arise even in the case of those now pure, which they cannot contemplate without self-abhorrence; but which those who remember the awful example in Scripture, will pray GOD to avert from them—‘Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?’

But, as Mr. Alexander Hope remarks,‡ the case is rare where, as in the circumstances of the last of the anonymous witnesses, the witness already referred to—a witness whom he justly describes as ‘of another and higher stamp of moral feel-

\* ‘There was another case at Norwich where a man married three sisters in succession.’ Evidence, Ans. 1040.—‘I saw one woman who was the third sister the man had married; and her expression to me was, that, if she died, she believed her husband would have the fourth—that was in Sheffield.’ Ans. 150.

† A. 912, p. 80. See also the letter of another anonymous gentleman to Mr. Wortley, in pp. 152, 153, of the Appendix.

ing'\*—the party asking for a repeal of the law has not already violated it. And we might contend, in the indignant language of Mr. Keble (p. 5), that if the complaints of those who violate the law are to justify the abrogation of it, there is no offence which will not speedily be blotted out of the calendar of English crime. But without quoting that language, this at least is clear, that every argument used for the abrogation of the law of marriage may be applied with equal force to the repeal of the law of the Sabbath. It is disregarded by many—it is an infringement of natural liberty. Even if it be clear that it was imposed on the Jews, it is more than doubtful whether it be binding on Christians. 'I have spoken to an Archbishop and a Bishop: one, the Archbishop of —, is decidedly against the Scriptural obligation of the Sabbath; the other, the Bishop of —, said, that certainly in the Gospel there was no distinct enforcement of it.' The readers of the evidence will see the kind of Episcopal authority which is quoted in favour of the repeal of the marriage law; and will admit that the authority in favour of our release from the restraints of the Sabbath is as valid as that in favour of our release from the restraints of the present law of marriage.

The evasion of a law, the defiance of a law, or the disregard of a law on the part of a few who are subjects of that law, has never yet been held an argument for the repeal of such law. 'But,' say the advocates of the new licence, 'we are not few but many: we claim this repeal because the actual law torments thousands and thousands of us.' The barristers of 'seven years' standing,' of course, and 'our own Commissioner,' and 'our own correspondent,' have, by a rule-of-three sum, made out that between 30,000 and 40,000 marriages of men with the sisters of their deceased wives took place between the year 1835—the date when, by Lord Lyndhurst's Act, they were forbidden—and the year 1847, when the enumeration was made. The 'Times' newspaper said acutely, some months ago, that the number of such marriages was more probably one cipher less—*i. e.* 3000 or 4000. Mr. Goulburn, in a most masterly and comprehensive speech, which we regret not to be able to place as one of the works at the head of this article, since it has not been published separately, blew into air all the statistics of the case, hoisted the engineer with his own petard, and demolished all the arguments which could be urged in reference to the numbers of those who are 'grieved and wronged' by the existing law of God and man. He took a medium num-

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\* Mr. A. B. Hope's letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, p. 128, in reference to Evidence in the Report, 909-926.



ber, say 36,000, as the aggregate of the marriages contracted in the period; and then, dissecting that number, he took 3000 as the average number in each of the twelve years; and he then took 12,000, which the Registrar-General showed to be the number of marriages between all widowers and all spinsters in the one year, 1847; and thus made it clear to every boy at any school, National, British and Foreign, or Kay Shuttleworth schools—either that every fourth man who married in 1847 must have married his deceased wife's sister, or that there is no more value in the 'facts' of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, their clients and their agents, than there is force in their 'arguments.'

It has been asked in Parliament—and we have already hinted at the question—where, if the proposed law shall break down the present lines, is the inroad to stop? We repeat the question formally: is there any consistency in stopping where Mr. Wortley stops? He alters the law of the land, and he violates the law of the Church, and he wounds the feelings of thousands of men and of ten thousands of women, and he hazards the happiness of domestic life in some of its dear and now sacred relations; but does he establish a principle? No, he only makes an exception. The principle, and some are bold enough to maintain it, is, 'Abolish all restraints on marriage, except where there is a blood-relationship; we mean, such a blood-relationship as nature abhors.' But 'Stop,' says a still bolder one; 'why should my liberty be restrained by your scruples about nature abhorring anything?' We cannot pursue this subject further; but we may say thus much, that to get rid of all prohibition in respect to *all* degrees of *affinity* is consistent with a principle—odious, repulsive, and fatal as would be the working of that principle: but to get rid of the prohibition in respect to the one prominent degree, for which heaven and earth are now moved, involves great evil, in fact; and does not attain, even in theory, the miserable satisfaction of establishing a mischievous principle.

We have just said, and much of the preceding reasoning, and all of our preceding quotations, have had relation to the one prominent degree now sought to be expunged from the Table of Prohibited Degrees; we mean, the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife. But we must not conceal from our readers that Mr. Wortley's Bill proposes to legalise another union, which, though technically further removed, is to our apprehension, in some respects even more repulsive than that of a widower with his late wife's sister—it is his marriage with her niece. We feel all the delicacy of this, and indeed of every portion of the subject. It is enough to say, that in the vast majority of all marriages the  
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age of the man exceeds, and sometimes greatly exceeds, that of the wife; and that in the vast majority of the cases which could be conceived under the present head, the widower would be far older than his second bride—probably a child during his first marriage, whom he ought never to have regarded except with parental eyes.

But such cases are brought forward in the evidence before the Commissioners—what Mr. Thornburn calls familiarly ‘niece cases.’ We do not here confine ourselves to those alliances which Mr. Wortley desires to permit: we do not refer to a Birmingham clergyman marrying his wife’s niece—now a ‘beneficed clergyman,’ by the bye, living ‘perfectly comfortable’ in the witness’s parish;\* nor to a Norfolk magistrate who was not ashamed to contract the same unholy alliance;† nor to those at Sheffield who ‘occasionally’ marry the wife’s niece;‡ but we do refer to cases ‘where a man had married *his own niece*.’§ It is to this class of cases that Mr. Thornburn had so naïvely adverted: ‘I dare say I may have, in the course of my notes, two or three other niece cases, but not more.’ Another of the barristers, sent forth to make inquiries, says, ‘I think there are about six instances of marriages of the party’s own nieces, not deceased wives’ nieces.’ (Foster’s Evidence, p. 4.) This is not the worst: ‘there were one or two, out of the six, where a man had married the mother and the daughter; but I think six is the outside of those cases.’ (Foster’s Evidence, Answer 17, p. 4) ‘One,’ says another inquiring barrister in another district, ‘married his wife’s mother.’ (Aspinall, Answer 47, p. 6.) ||

And it is to the prospect of such cases, and to the increase of alliances which we believe to be repugnant to the law of God, that we look fearfully—when the barriers shall be broken down which now, by the double sanction of ‘Scripture and our laws,’ forbid a man to marry either his wife’s sister or his wife’s niece. Each of these would be evil, but each might be exceeded in evil: there would be no further limit, so far as principle is concerned, in regard to any other case of *affinity*; and as to *consanguinity*,

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\* Evidence of Rev. S. Garbett, A. 1073, 1074, compared with evidence of J. Brotherton, Esq. (Evidence, p. 9), unless, which we hope is not the case, the witnesses refer to two different unions.

† Evidence, p. 12. Perhaps the same case is stated in p. 14.

‡ Evidence, Answer 142, p. 15.

§ Evidence, Answer 117, p. 12.

|| This more than realises the case already put too happily by Dr. Pusey, in answer to Mr. Hatchard, who had contended in his evidence before the Commissioners that, though man and wife are called ‘one flesh’ by the word of God, yet that, as such relation did not exist before marriage, it ceases when the marriage is dissolved by death, and, consequently, that the widower is at liberty to marry his first wife’s sister as being altogether a stranger. ‘Mr. Hatchard,’ says Dr. Pusey (Preface, p. lxxxiii.), ‘probably did not observe that his argument applies equally to the wife’s mother or daughter.’

there is little ground of hope that, thenceforth, men would regard it as a limit beyond which their eye ought not to wander : the law of God, which was the safest foundation for the restriction in cases of *affinity* having been abandoned, the only safe foundation for the restriction in cases of *consanguinity* is undermined. And the example of others will seduce many. It is not the least painful part of the examination conducted by the Commissioners, that reference so frequent is made, both in the questions and in the answers, to the opinions of men, and reference so scanty to the will of God, as determining the fitness or unfitness of the marriages which formed the subject of inquiry. Thus, (Evidence, p. 13) we find the Commissioners asking, ‘Are persons who have contracted such marriages looked down upon by their friends and associates?’ and we find in the answers, ‘Quite the contrary—held in the highest regard—full knowledge and approval of all her relations—speak of them with the greatest regard.’ Almost all the parties, indeed, to whose marriages the witnesses refer, are what they call ‘respectable.’ One of them gravely adopts the celebrated reply of a witness in the famous Thurtell case of murder—who had described one of the parties as a respectable man : ‘Witness,’ said the Court, ‘what do you mean by respectable?’ ‘I mean, my Lord, that he keeps a gig.’ So Mr. Thornburn describes the hero of one of his cases—‘a man *who keeps his carriage*. . He is *much respected*; and though he is living in open concubinage, his neighbours sympathise with him.’

We dread the contagion of this morbid sympathy—we dread the *defendit numerus*. ‘The respectable man’ who keeps his carriage will infect the man who keeps his gig; the two will corrupt the shopkeeper and the farmer, and the practice of these will descend to the lowest; so long as all, by upholding each other, can prevent the occurrence—which in Scotland and in Ireland still is happily found—of a public disapprobation, equal in force to law, even if law had been wanting, against the unsanctified alliance.

But ‘the plague is begun,’ and the evil is already gone forth. Legislation, indeed, will make it worse, since the nation as a nation will then be committed to the sin. But even the popular discussion of the subject, however inevitable, on the right side, when the agitation has been urged on by our opponents, is itself an almost incalculable mischief. Thoughts, which never would have occurred to the pure, have been forced on the purest—a relationship which had given a mother to orphans, while it still gave a sister to the widower—is hazarded, if not broken up; and hundreds, who have looked on each other with the feelings of a blood-relationship, are even now compelled to think that the protection,

tection, which saved them from even a doubt or a thought in each other's minds, will no longer save them from suspicion; and the children, the objects of their joint care, must be abandoned, since some loud and interested clamourers have declared that sisters of a wife deceased are to the widower no more than any other marriageable woman; and their own delicacy will then prompt them to withdraw from a position which no other marriageable woman could fill.

We cannot conclude this article without some reference to the composition of the Commission, and to the course of its proceedings. The Queen was advised to intrust the inquiry to the gentleman who moved the address to Her Majesty praying for it, to a bishop, a common-law judge, an ecclesiastical judge, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the late Remembrancer for Ireland, Mr. A. R. Blake. We do not say that the Commission was radically defective; but we think that some, at least, of the gentlemen named were already known to have formed their own conclusions before they undertook the inquiry. We may be mistaken as to the person who, having as rector been consulted by one of the witnesses, 'is now a bishop;' or that witness may himself have utterly mistaken his then rector's opinion. (See Ans. 267, Evidence, p. 25.) We also may be mistaken as to any previously expressed opinion of any other Commissioner. But we cannot be mistaken as to the view of the mover of the Commission. His object—however anxious he might be to be impartial in his individual dealings with the case—must have been to sustain his own position; and our chief complaint is that the Commissioners generally put the whole inquiry into the hands of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard; whose firm, as Mr. Ker Seymer said in the House of Commons, ought to have been endorsed on the Report as 'Solicitors for the Plaintiffs.' There appears to have been little or no cross-examination of any of the witnesses whose names appear on the back of their brief; while one of the witnesses on the other side seems, by his own showing at least, to have been subjected to treatment which was less judicial than we could have desired or expected. This at least is clear, that whatever may have been the wish of Her Majesty's advisers, that, by a balance in the Commission, all might have been fair and equal, the Commissioners by their non-attendance defeated that object; since on the day when he was examined three only attended;\* and his answers, which were strictly in accordance with the Protestant faith as established in this country, were objected to, altered, and expunged, because a member of the Church of Rome was one of the Commission

\* Proposed Alteration of the Law of Marriage, by the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, p. 5.

then present. He adds that the three Commissioners before whom he appeared were 'the three acting Commissioners.' If this be incorrect, the Commissioners have themselves only to blame for the mis-statement, since, contrary we believe to the example of every other Royal Commission, they never record their own names as present on any one given day. It is not surprising, therefore, that they never prefix their names to any of their questions: whereas in the proceedings of the other Royal Commission issued at the same time—for inquiring into the British Museum—each meeting of the members begins with a record of their names, and every one of them makes himself responsible for every question which he addresses to any witness.

All this is matter of comparatively little importance. The real objection to the proceedings of the Commissioners is, that they did not seek for evidence or weigh its value. It is a remarkable fact, in reference to both these points, that they did not examine any one minister of the Established Church of Scotland; and that, having taken evidence (*Report*, pp. 63-64, Q. 557-583) intended to prove that one of the ministers of that Church had knowingly celebrated such a marriage, although they were afterwards solemnly assured by him that the evidence was utterly incorrect, they nevertheless published the evidence as if it had not been contradicted. It is true that they conceal the names of both parties, and may say that therefore they do not injure the clergyman, or benefit the layman; but the publication of the alleged fact benefits his cause, by showing that a clergyman in the metropolis of Scotland recognised such an alliance as 'a valid marriage.' At all events, this instance entitles us to ask, when there was so little cross-examination of the parties, so little sifting of their evidence, how many of the other witnesses, alike unnamed, alike interested in their own behalf, may have made other declarations alike void of foundation? Yet there are those who, because such evidence has been taken before 'a Royal Commission,' and because 'a Royal Commission' has thought fit to publish it, pay a spurious deference to it.

Having thus alluded to the kind of evidence taken and published by the Commissioners, we may add, as the single tribute of approbation to which they are entitled, that they themselves attach no practical value to that evidence, since they are, at any rate, unable to draw any other conclusion from it than *nil*, which word, after a little self-praise, they thus cautiously expand into the last sentence of their Report:—'Whether any or what measure should be introduced for a change of the law, either on the side of relaxation or of stricter prohibition, we must leave to the wisdom of the Legislature.' This conclusion will in truth sur-  
prise

prise no one who considers that, after all, the Commissioners must, in reviewing their own proceedings, have felt that they had been content, in great measure, to take evidence as it might be tendered, chiefly by the acute firm who got up the case; or by parties, mostly anonymous, who were interested in the proposed alteration of the law. Yet the Commissioners at one time knew better. They thought fit to address to the Lord Primate of all Ireland a communication requesting his Grace to ascertain the opinions of the clergy of Ireland on the subject of Marriages within the Prohibited Degrees. Why did not they address a similar communication to the Lord Primate of all England? Perhaps the reply which they received from the Archbishop of Armagh and the other prelates of Ireland did not encourage them to prosecute their inquiries. The words of the first noble and venerable man are as follows:—‘My opinion is decidedly opposed to a removal of the prohibition which prevents a man from marrying his wife’s sister. There are, I believe, but very few cases of such marriages among persons of the higher ranks of society in this country; and among the lower orders, I understand, marriages of this kind are regarded with great dislike.’ The Bishop of Meath, speaking of public opinion in Ireland on this subject, says, p. 156—‘Such marriages have been held in much greater abhorrence than in England. I know of only three or four in my long life; and the couples so united were cut off from all society, and even from the acquaintance of their nearest relations.’ If the Commissioners had desired to have the opinions of the clergy of England, their course was clear—namely, to submit to the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York a request that their Graces would in their respective provinces obtain through the several diocesans the returns of the archdeaconries or rural deaneries, respectively, on the two questions of opinion and of fact. The *opinions* so collected would, we think, have shown a vast preponderance against altering the existing law: the *facts*, we also think, would have shown that the existing law is violated far less frequently than has been assumed. We have ourselves taken town parishes and country parishes: in four agricultural parishes there has been no remembered instance of a widower marrying his late wife’s sister; in another, only one in seventeen years. The Rev. J. E. Tyler, having ‘made careful inquiries in his parish of St. Giles,’ says, ‘I have not known one in my parish since I became rector in 1826.’ (Ans. 1212, p. 108.) Another London clergyman, from whom we have seen a return, maintains that the feelings of the poor, and the habits of the poor, and the silence of the poor in respect to any grievance arising from the present law, all concur in proving that, speaking generally, they seek no change. That it is not a poor  
man’s

man's question is clear from the fact (App. p. 140), that of the 1648 marriages enumerated by Mr. Crowder, 40 only are in the class of labourers and mechanics. Of the twelve thousand widowers who marry spinsters, how many have infant children requiring female care, and is that care never to be found in the widower's own mother, or in the widower's own sisters?—is he never to obtain help from his own aunt, or from his wife's aunt?—and must he see his children orphanless, unless he can prevail on their mother's own sister to violate alike the law of the Bible and the law of the land, and become their stepmother, and the only wife whom he can find?

But without referring to marriages, the bare existence of any female relation on the husband's side as the protectress of his children seems never to have occurred as a possibility even to the wild imagination of the witnesses before the Commission; nor is it ever stated by any one of them that his own sisters had ever been or could ever be as mothers to his children.

Relations more sacred than those of brother and sister are, however, now at stake. This is, indeed, as it has been already called in the House of Commons, emphatically a 'woman's question;' and, as such, even if there be a prejudice on the part of woman, it ought to be treated tenderly by the sex which enjoys the monopoly of legislation. But it is not a prejudice; and the women of England—of whom, if the numbers were told, an overwhelming majority would concur in deprecating the proposed licence—appeal not merely to the existing law of the land—not merely to their Bibles, strong and stronger still as are those authorities—but, as the 'Englishwoman' states, 'to the law of God written in our hearts, and re-echoed by the feelings of our nature.' Admitting that the alliance is not forbidden in very terms and syllables, she says, for herself and her sex—'Where the command is not in express words, we bind ourselves by its spirit; and on our humble and faithful obedience to its dictates we rest our hopes of future recompense, or ground our fears of future retribution and punishment' (p. 4): and she closes her appeal by earnestly imploring the House of Commons, as husbands, brothers, and fathers,

'to remove no safeguard to our virtue and our peace.—If female purity and innocence, domestic harmony and joy, be dear to you—we entreat your consideration and aid; and beseech you, in the eyes of your God and of your country, not, for the sake of the few whose motives cannot bear the scrutiny, to sacrifice the well-being—the happiness of the whole.'

[Page 157, line 19, *for twelve read ten.*]

ART. VI.—*A Second Visit to the United States, in the Years 1845-6.* By Sir Charles Lyell. 2 vols. 1849.

THIS is very pleasant and at the same time very instructive reading. Sir Charles Lyell ranges with great ease, liveliness, and rapidity over an infinite variety of subjects, religious, scientific, political, social—from the most profound inquiries into the structure of the immense continent of North America, and the institutions, the resources, the destiny of the mighty nation which is spreading over it with such unexampled activity, down to the lightest touches of Transatlantic character and manners. Now we are discussing the grooves and indentations which the icebergs have left, as they grated over the rocks, when great part of Canada and the United States formed the bottom of an unfathomed ocean; we are taking measure of the enormous coal-fields, as large as most European kingdoms, which promise to be the wealth and strength of this great federation; or we are calculating the thousands of years before man became an inhabitant of our planet, when the Mississippi began to accumulate its Delta. We are now amusing ourselves among the every-day topics of American steam-boats and railroads, with incidental anecdotes of the language, habits, modes of feeling in the various races and classes or conditions of American citizens; we may almost see the growth of cities springing into existence, we trust under happier auspices, as in a more genial clime, but hardly less rapidly, than that which Milton describes as ‘rising like an exhalation.’ We are discussing the exhausted Oregon question, the inexhaustible Slavery question; even to the Millerites, a set of fanatic impostors and dupes, who sat up in their winding-sheets, or in more becoming white robes, awaiting, on the night of Oct. 23, 1844, the dissolution of this world and all its geology.

Sir Charles Lyell’s present volumes will command the interest of the ordinary reader in a much higher degree than his former valuable *Tour*, which we take some shame to ourselves for not having reviewed in this Journal.\* Not only do the author’s peculiar pursuits occupy in proportion much less space, but the scientific part, without being condescendingly popular, from his perfect mastery of his topics and the lively perspicuity of his style, has the rare merit of making the most abstruse discussions intelligible, we cannot but think even attractive, if not to the absolutely uninitiate, to those who have but slight elementary acquaintance with this new philosophy. If on the other grave questions with which Sir Charles Lyell, in the strong curiosity of an active and ardent mind, delights to grapple, his judgments do

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\* The former tour was made in 1841-2, and the account of it (2 vols.) published in 1845. This ought to be at hand while one reads the new book.



not always obtain our assent, they command our respect for their honesty, calmness, and moderation. If from the natural bias of his mind, predisposed and kindled by the wonderful revelations of his own science to the utmost speculative freedom and boldness, from gratitude for the more than generous hospitality which he everywhere met with, from the honour paid to his philosophical pursuits, the universal acceptance which he encountered in all parts of the land, he is inclined to take a favourable view of American institutions and American life—to look forward with sanguine hope to the future of this great unprecedented experiment in political society; there is, nevertheless, no blind flattery, no courteous reticence of that which is socially dangerous or disagreeable, if not worse, in the result of those institutions or in the prevailing character of that life. The work may at once enlighten and render us more just and fair on our side of the Atlantic; on the other side, by the strong predominance of good-will, by the total absence of acrimony, though now and then there is a touch of sly, perhaps involuntary satire (in some of the quiet anecdotes there is a singular force and poignancy), it may afford matter for serious reflection to the thoughtful and dispassionate, and force or win some to sober thought who are in danger of surrendering themselves to the unsafe guidance of passion, jealousy, or national vanity. We cannot but hail with satisfaction anything which may tend to promote the mutual harmony and good-will of the great Anglo-Saxon race, on whom, at present at least, seems to depend the cause of order, civilization, and religion.

We write with fear and trembling when, amid this universal breaking up of the fountains of human affairs, we dwell on the stability of any political institutions. The Almighty might seem to have written on the crystal arch of the all-seen heavens, or rather on the crumbling walls of earthly palaces, for all mankind to read, the simple Apostolic axiom, 'Be not high-minded, but fear.' It is in no spirit of boasting, therefore, but in humble gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things, that we refuse to close our eyes upon this inevitable fact. So far as the world as yet has shown—partly, perhaps, from some innate national idiosyncrasy, but far more from its slow and gradual training, its widely ramified and universal scheme of self-government, the growth of its laws and polity out of its character, the strengthening of its character in congeniality and in attachment to its laws and polity—the Anglo-Saxon race alone seems gifted with the power of building up for duration free institutions in the two majestic forms of an ancient constitutional monarchy and of a new federal republic. To each institution has manifestly been appointed by irrepealable laws, and by the force of uncontrollable circumstances. England, in the  
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nature of things, could no more have become—could no more become—a flourishing republic, than America could have started as a dignified monarchy. England could no more, with safety, without endangering all that is her pride, her glory, and her strength, even her existence—without hazarding her wealth, her culture, her place among the nations—break with the Past, sweep away her throne, her aristocracy, and her church; dismantle her Windsor, demolish her Alnicks, and Chatsworths, and Belvoirs, and Blenheims, and Hatfields; break up her cathedrals into congregational churches—than America, when the inevitable day of her independence was come, could have vested her presidency in an hereditary line of sovereigns, or attempted to create an aristocracy without descent, wealth, traditionary names, or those great professional fortunes and distinctions, or fortunes and distinctions from public services, which are the popular element constantly renewing our aristocracy. This subject—‘this great much-injured name’—the Aristocracy of England, with its influence, we have long wished to see treated with the fulness, the freedom, the philosophic impartiality of M. de Tocqueville’s celebrated work on the Democracy of America; but we confess that among the most profound as among the more empiric or ignorant continental writers, including among the former M. de Tocqueville himself—even among the most enlightened Americans—there seems so complete an incapacity of comprehending its real nature and bearings, that we almost despair of the fulfilment of our earnest desire. Yet, so long as such a work is wanting—a work developing and illustrating worthily the profound and real meaning of a phrase which with most writers conveys but a vulgar and utterly erroneous reproach—we take the freedom to say that no political writer can judge, with the least justice, the absolute necessity of our present institutions to our political and social well being; nay, the *fact*, that while the slow, and gradual, and inevitable expansion of those institutions in their own spirit and in their own principles is their one safeguard, a revolution which should shatter them to the earth would, in Europe at least, throw back for ages the civilization, the order, the social happiness of mankind. We might then seek in far western realms old English institutions under totally different circumstances, growing out into the laws and usages of orderly and of happy republics; we might find our laws, our language, our letters renewing their youth under new social forms. As we may now, we might perhaps for centuries contrast North America with South America—the grave legislative assemblies of New York or Pennsylvania with the lawless armed bands in Monte Video or Paraguay, which rise one day to power and have disappeared the next—the great system of educa-  
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tion established in Massachusetts, where the whole community cheerfully submits to a very heavy taxation to secure the intellectual and religious advancement of every order, even the lowest of the citizens, with the anarchy of Peru and Mexico, where, to judge from some recent travellers (Mr. Ruxton in Mexico, or Dr. Von Tchudi in Peru), the land would hardly lose in peacefulness, or in intelligence and cultivation, if it were resumed by the Indian tribes. We might with deep and reverential sorrow acknowledge the truth of Bishop Berkeley's famous prophecy as to the western course of empire and civilization—a prophecy which we will not believe so long as our throne and our three estates maintain their ancient authority.

Enough, perhaps too much of this: more especially since, while we attend our accomplished traveller in his wanderings over almost the whole continent of North America, we shall be perpetually reminded at once of those points of kindred and sympathy which arise out of our common descent—of the contrasts and differences which spring from the different forms taken by institutions primarily of the same origin, but developed under different auspices—when we shall behold the strange, striking, and amusing juxtaposition of the European life of Boston or New York, with the savage squattings in the far West; the inflexible law, which the sovereign people, even while we write, are vindicating against a furious mob by the right royal argument of files of soldiers and discharges of musket-balls—to the law of Judge Lynch, which the Borderers assured Sir Charles he would duly respect as his best, his necessary protection, if he were to settle among themselves. This consummation, indeed, they seemed to consider the necessary consequence, as it could be the sole object, of travelling so far westward.

Sir C. Lyell left England as far back as Sept. 4, 1845, in one of those magnificent steam-ships which have, as it were, bridged the Atlantic; and have brought Halifax, and even Boston, almost as much within the reach of London as Dublin was in the earlier part of this century. We have heard a retired Home Secretary of the old school say, that in his active days, between the transmission of a despatch and an answer received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, owing to adverse winds on both sides of the Channel, several weeks had been known to elapse. The average passage to Boston is now fourteen days. Here is something still more startling:—

‘In September, 1848, one of my London friends sent a message, by telegraph, to Liverpool, which reached Boston by mail-steamer *via* Halifax in twelve days, and was sent on immediately by electric telegraph to New Orleans in one day, the answer returning to Boston the

the day after. Three days were then lost in waiting for the steam-packet, which conveyed the message back to England in twelve days, so that the reply reached London on the twenty-ninth day from the sending of the question; the whole distance being more than 10,000 miles, which had been traversed at an average rate exceeding 350 miles a-day.'—vol. i. p. 244.

Another singular contrast suggests itself to Sir Charles: his noble vessel, the *Britannia*, was of 1200 tons burthen; the first discoverers of America committed themselves to the unknown ocean in barks, one not above 15, Frobisher in two vessels of 20 or 25 tons; Sir Humphrey Gilbert in one of 10 tons only. Sir Charles had the great good fortune—a good fortune which can only be duly appreciated by those who know how important a part the Glacier theory fills in modern geology—to behold, and at safe distance, one of those gigantic icebergs which warp slowly down the Atlantic: he could judge, to a certain extent by ocular demonstration, how far those mighty masses, 'voyaging in the greatness of their strength,' might achieve all the wonders now assigned to them—the transport of enormous boulders, the furrowing of the hardest rocks, the transplantation of the seeds of arctic or antarctic vegetation. On his return home he had the advantage of a nearer view, and detected a huge iceberg, the base of which towards the steamer covered 600 feet, actually conveying two pieces of rock, not indeed of any very great dimensions, to be deposited somewhere at the bottom of the sea, a long way to the south. Yet, after all, modern philosophers are prudent and unenthusiastic compared to those of old. He who

'ardentem frigidus *Ætnam*

*Insiluit,*'

is said to have been urged to his awful leap, either by the desire of knowing more, or despair at his knowing nothing, of the causes of volcanic action. We do not read of Sir Charles Lyell, nor do we hear of any other more self-devoted geologist, desiring to be left, as some melancholy bears sometimes are, on one of these majestically-moving and tardily-melting islands, as on an exploring voyage to test the powers and follow out the slow workings of these great geological agents.

Sir Charles was no stranger at Boston—though Boston, from its great improvement in handsome buildings during but three years, was in some degree new to him. Before his first journey to the United States an invitation to read a course of lectures in that city had happily fallen in with his own desire to explore the geology of North America. One of those munificent donations for the promotion of intellectual culture, to their honour now becoming of frequent occurrence—particularly in the Northern States—

States—had excited the laudable ambition of the conductors of the ‘Lowell Institute’ to obtain aid from some of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe; and if we may judge from the eager curiosity, as well as from the intelligent behaviour of the audiences which assembled to hear the author of the ‘Principles of Geology,’ this munificence is not wasted on an ungrateful soil. ‘The tickets were given gratuitously to the number of 4500. The class usually attending amounted to above 3000. It was necessary, therefore, to divide them into two classes, and to repeat in the evening the lecture of the morning. Among my hearers were persons of both sexes, of every station in society—from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions, to the humblest mechanics—all well-dressed, and observing the utmost decorum.’ (*First Tour*, vol. i. p. 108.) The scientific traveller, indeed, enjoys peculiar advantages. Throughout the civilized world he is welcomed at once by persons of kindred minds and congenial pursuits—these being in Europe sometimes of the highest rank and position—everywhere of superior education and intelligence. The man of science may be but a man of science—his entire mind narrowed to one study—his conversation on one subject; the whole talk of a zoologist may be of Mammalia and Mollusks—of Ornithorhynchi Paradoxi and the last of the Dodos; the botanist may be but a ‘culler of simples;’ even the geologist may have such a mole-like vision for that which is under the earth as to see nothing upon it—he may seem to despise everything not pre-Adamitic—his vocabulary may not go beyond greywacke, cocene and meiocene, ichthyosauri and plesiosauri. But these are the rare exceptions—the hermits and devotees of an exclusive study. Far more usually men of science are not merely under the strong desire, almost the necessity, of extending their knowledge to kindred branches of natural philosophy; but they are likewise men of keen observation, quickened intelligence, extensive information on all general subjects. It must be of inestimable use to the traveller to be thrown at once under the guidance of such persons; instead of being entirely dependent, at best, on chance letters of introduction, on the casual acquaintance of the steam-boat, the railway-carriage, or the table d’hôte (though, of course, much that is amusing and characteristic may be gleaned by the clever and communicative tourist from these sources, and, well weighed and winnowed, may assist in judgments on graver subjects)—or, last and worst of all, on the professional guide or lacquy-de-place. Nor is it only in cities like Boston, in meetings held in that capital of American geologists, that Sir Charles Lyell finds a zealous interest in his own inquiries, as well as society calculated to give him sound views on the state and prospects

prospects of the country. It is remarkable that in the most remote and untravelled quarters of the spacious land—on the edge of the wilderness—even within the primeval forest, where men have just hewn themselves out room for a few dwellings—he encounters persons familiar with his own works, who are delighted to accompany him on his expeditions, and to make an honourable exchange of their own local observations for the more profound and comprehensive theories, the larger and universal knowledge, of a great European master of the science. Of course now and then he will fall in with admirers of his science rather solicitous to turn it to practical than to philosophical advantage—men who would not be sorry to have the name of the famous geologist as at least encouraging the hope of finding coal or valuable minerals on certain lands, the value of which would rise thereby in the market with the rapidity once possessed by railway shares. A geological Dousterswivel would find plenty of victims—or Face would be content to agree with Subtle for a full share in the vast profits of such ‘smart’ transactions. We have heard of advances of this kind, only prevented from becoming more explicit, only crushed in the bud, by certain unmistakable signs of impracticability, of an unapproachable dignity of honour and honesty, which even awed such men. But—besides and beyond the facilities thus afforded to Sir C. Lyell for his more complete geological survey of the land—our knowledge of the intimate footing on which he stood with the intellectual aristocracy of the United States, his opportunities, of which he seems constantly to have availed himself, of gathering information from those most trustworthy authorities, gives far greater weight to his statements on these more general subjects. We are hearing through him educated and accomplished Americans speaking of themselves and of their own country; while at the same time the pursuits of the geologist, leading him almost over the whole vast area of the United States, to its wildest and most untravelled regions, are constantly setting him down in the strangest quarters, bringing him into contact with every gradation of wild as well as of civilized life. He is among abolitionists and slave-holders—people of colour, and of every shade and hue of colour; he is lodging in a splendid hotel or in a log-hut; travelling smoothly in well-appointed railroad carriages, in splendid floating hotels on the great rivers, or jolting over corduroy roads in cars or in stage-coaches, which might seem to be making their own road as they proceed; on Sundays he is listening to Dr. Channing—to Dr. Hawkes or some other of our eloquent Episcopalian divines—or to a black Baptist preacher, himself the only white man in a large congregation.

We return to our traveller at Boston—admonishing the reader that

that we are about to dwell far more on these general topics than on the author's scientific inquiries. To geologists his work will not want our commendation: his name, and if more than his name were wanting, his former volumes, his masterly account of Niagara, his description of the organic remains discovered in various parts of the continent, as well as his other papers on the geology of the New World, will at once command their attention. Our first impression, not only at Boston, but throughout the extensive journeys on which we accompany Sir Charles Lyell, is that we are travelling in a Transatlantic England; yet we can never forget that it is Transatlantic: the points of resemblance and dissimilitude—of kindred, and of departure from the original stock—of national sympathies and national peculiarities—are equally striking; and give at once the interest of that which is native and familiar, and the freshness of a strange and untrodden land. 'It is an agreeable novelty to a naturalist to combine the speed of a railway and the luxury of good inns with the sight of the native forest; the advantages of civilization with the beauty of unreclaimed nature—no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds and animals undisturbed.' This is a slight and casual illustration of our travelling in a Transatlantic England. But the affinity and the difference extend much further. England is circumscribed within two comparatively small islands—the United States stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Mexico. England, with colonies and dependencies almost as vast as America itself, but distant, scattered over remote regions, in every continent—America, swallowing up, as if already not spacious enough, bordering territories, but those territories only divided by mountain ranges or uncultivated provinces; England, therefore, with an excessive population pent within her narrow pale, is finding a vent only at great cost and with great difficulty, and is ever threatened by explosion from its accumulation in crowded quarters—America is spreading freely, and year after year adding almost new states to her Union; making highways of rivers which but a short time before were rarely broken by the canoe of the Indian, but are now daily and nightly foaming up before the prow and the paddles of the huge steamboat; exemplifying Cooper's famous sentence, quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, that Heaven itself would have no charm for the backwoodsman if he heard of any place farther west. England proper has long completely amalgamated her earlier races—the Briton, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman for centuries have been merged undistinguishably into the Englishman; we may say nearly the same as to Scotland; yet England has her Celtic population in Ireland—either from her impolitic and haughty exclusiveness,

exclusiveness, or the stubborn aversion on the other part, or what may almost seem a natural and inextinguishable oppugnancy, a mutual repulsion—still lying on the outside of her higher civilization, a separate, unmingling nation. America has the not less dangerous black races, apparently repelled by a more indelible aversion, in a state of actual slavery—of which we wish that we could foresee some safe and speedy termination. England from her remote youth has slowly and gradually built up her history, her laws, her constitution, her cities, her wealth, her arts, her letters, her commerce, her conquests:—America, in some respects born old, is starting at the point where most nations terminate, with all the elements of European civilization, to be employed, quickened it may be and sharpened by her own busy acuteness and restless activity; with a complete literature, in which it might almost seem impossible to find place for any great genius, should such arise among our American sons, in its highest branches—at least of poetry and inventive fiction; with English books in every cottage; with the English Bible the book of her religion. She is receiving with every packet all the products of our mind—and we must not deny making some valuable returns in the writings of her Prescotts, Irvings, Bancrofts, Channings: America, in short, is an England almost without a Past—a Past at the furthest but of a few centuries; if calculated from her Declaration of Independence, a Past not of one century—though assuredly, if it had but given birth to Washington, no inglorious Past. But she has, it must seem, a Future (and this is the conclusion from Sir Charles Lyell's book) which, if there be any calculation to be formed on all the elements of power, wealth, greatness, happiness—if we have not fondly esteemed more highly than we ought the precious inheritance of our old English institutions, and the peculiar social development which may counteract and correct, at least for a long period, the dangers inseparable from republican politics—a Future which might almost tempt us to the sanguine presumption of supposing, in favour of this Transatlantic England, an exception to the great mysterious law of Providence—

‘*Prædens futuri temporis exitum  
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus.*’

Boston itself forces upon us, in more than one point, the analogy and the divergence of England and America. America is an England without a capital, without a London. A London she could not have had without a king, without an aristocracy, without a strong central government, without a central legislature, central courts of law, without a court, without an hereditary peerage, we may well add, without a St. Paul's and a Westminster Abbey. It is



is singular, but it is both significant and intelligible, that Washington is the only city in America which has not grown with rapidity:—

‘In spite of some new public edifices built in a handsome style of Greek architecture, we are struck with the small progress made in three years since we were last here. The vacant spaces are not filling up with private houses, so that the would-be metropolis wears still the air of some projected scheme which has failed.’—vol. i. p. 265.

The cities of America answer to our great modern commercial towns, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham. Many of these English towns have boasted and may still boast of scientific and literary circles, to which have belonged men not equal perhaps to those of whom Boston is now proud, but still—notwithstanding the natural flow of the life-blood to the heart, the gravitation which draws all the more eminent talent to London—of deserved name and estimation. Yet Boston, New York, perhaps Philadelphia and Baltimore (New Orleans seems to stand by itself, with some faint kindred with Paris) are, though not the capitals of the Federation, the capitals of States. Boston in one respect, as likewise the province of Massachusetts, and indeed the New England States in general, may glory in one distinction, of which we cannot boast, the cheerful, unreluctant submission to general and by no means light taxation for the purposes of public education. We have before us, besides Sir Charles Lyell's volumes, a report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and an eloquent speech of the late most highly respected Minister of the United States in England, Mr. Everett, for a short time the President of Harvard College, near Boston. In the main facts they fully agree:—

‘The number of public or free schools in Massachusetts in 1845-6, for a population of 800,000 souls, was about 500, which would allow a teacher for each twenty-five or thirty children, as many as they can well attend to. The sum raised *by direct taxation* for the wages and board of the tutors and for fuel for the schools is upwards of 600,000 dollars, or 120,000 guineas [Mr. Everett states the amount for 1848 at 754,000 dollars], but this is exclusive of all expenditure for school-houses, libraries, and apparatus, for which other funds are appropriated, and every year a great number of newer and finer buildings are erected. Upon the whole about one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, *independently of the sums expended on private instruction*, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the money levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000*l.*). If we were to impose a school-rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost  
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of living and the comparative average standard of income among professional and official men.'—vol. i. p. 190.

The State of New York, it appears, is not behind Massachusetts; the population in 1845 was 2,604,495. The schools 11,000. The children in the schools for the whole or part of the year 807,200, being almost one-third; and of these only 31,240 in private schools. The expenditure, chiefly raised by rates, 1,191,697 dollars, equal to about 250,000*l*.

Sir Charles Lyell discusses at some length the causes which have led to this universal acquiescence in the duty and even the necessity of providing, at so large a cost to the whole State, this system of popular education:—

'During my first visit to the New England States, I was greatly at a loss to comprehend by what means so large a population had been brought to unite great earnestness of religious feeling with so much real toleration. In seeking for the cause, we must go farther back than the common schools, or at least the present improved state of popular education; for we are still met with the question—How could such schools be maintained by the State, or by compulsory assessments, on so liberal a footing, in spite of the fanaticism and sectarian prejudices of the vulgar? When we call to mind the enthusiasm of the early Puritans—how these religionists, who did not hesitate to condemn several citizens to be publicly whipped for denying that the Jewish code was obligatory on Christians as a rule of life, and who were fully persuaded that they alone were the chosen people of God, should bequeath to their immediate posterity such a philosophical spirit as must precede the organisation by the whole people of a system of secular education acceptable to all, and accompanied by the social and political equality of religious sects such as no other civilised community has yet achieved—this certainly is a problem well worthy of the study of every reflecting mind. To attribute this national characteristic to the voluntary system would be an anachronism, as that is of comparatively modern date in New England; besides that the dependence of the ministers on their flocks, by transferring ecclesiastical power to the multitude, only gives to their bigotry, if they be ignorant, a more dangerous sway. So also of universal suffrage; by investing the million with political power, it renders the average amount of their enlightenment the measure of the liberty enjoyed by those who entertain religious opinions disapproved of by the majority. Of the natural effects of such power, and the homage paid to it by the higher classes, even where the political institutions are only partially democratic, we have abundant exemplification in Europe, where the educated of the laity and clergy, in spite of their comparative independence of the popular will, defer outwardly to any theological notions of the vulgar with which they have often no real sympathy.'—vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

Our author illustrates largely the mutual toleration which prevails, not only as to the great purpose of the common education.

tion. Thus, we read concerning the cheerful, smokeless town of Portland, the principal city of Maine:—

‘There are churches here of every religious denomination: Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free-Will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, all living harmoniously together. The late Governor of the State was a Unitarian: and as if to prove the perfect toleration of churches the most opposed to each other, they have recently had a Roman Catholic Governor.’—vol. i. p. 48.

Sir Charles is disposed to attribute great influence in this change of the staunch exclusionists, the old Puritan settlers, into perfect religious cosmopolitans, ‘to the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the church first established in this part of America, a movement which has had a powerful tendency to subdue and mitigate sectarian bitterness.’ He gives us some curious extracts (vol. i. pp. 53-5) from an old religious poem, the ‘Day of Doom,’ written by one Michael Wigglesworth, teacher of the town of Maldon, New England. In this strange homily in verse the extreme Calvinistic opinions are followed out to their most appalling conclusions with unflinching fearlessness: and this poem was not more than 70 years ago a *school-book* in New England. We forget which was the teacher, within or without the church, of the last century, who noted in his diary:—‘Enjoyed some hours’ comfortable meditation on the infinite mercy of God in damning little babes!’ Of this race was our poet: who, in his picture of the Last Day, has this group—

‘Then to the bar all they drew near who died in infancy,  
And never had, or good or bad, effected personally’—

alleging that it was hard for them to suffer for the guilt of Adam:—

‘Not we, but he, ate of the tree whose fruit was interdicted,  
Yet on us all, of his sad fall the punishment’s inflicted.’

To which the Judge replies that none can suffer ‘for what they never did.’

‘But what you call old Adam’s fall, and only his trespass,  
You call amiss to call it his: both his and yours it was.  
He was designed of all mankind to be a public head,  
A common root whence all should shoot; and stood in all their stead.’

With more to the like effect—when

‘The glorious King thus answering, they cease and plead no longer,  
Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger.’

We are then instructed that the elect mothers admitted to heaven are not permitted to be disturbed by any compassion for their babes consigned to the place where

‘— God’s

‘ ——— God’s vengeance feeds the flame  
With piles of wood and brimstone flood, that none can quench the  
same.’

After which it cannot startle us to hear that

‘ The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear,  
For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.’\*

‘ Were

\* Our Transatlantic friends need not suspect us of the slightest wish to discompose them by transcribing a few of Sir C. Lyell’s extracts from the poet Wigglesworth, who died, and by the way had a funeral sermon highly eulogistic preached over him by the celebrated Cotton Mather, in 1710. We do not need to be reminded that the ‘Day of Doom’ might be paralleled, stanza for stanza, from hymn-books of more recent composition, and even now current in *old* England. For example, we have on our table the seventeenth edition of the Hymns of Daniel Herbert (2 vols. *Simkin & Marshall*). The preface is dated 1825, and the poet says,

‘ I live in Sudbury, that dirty place,

Where are a few poor sinners saved by grace.’—ii. p. 8.

These hymns are at this day, we believe, chanted throughout the communion of our Whitfield Methodists. Imagine a Christian congregation singing ‘to the praise and glory of God’ in 1849 such strains as—

‘ God’s own elect, how oft they fall, as often rise again;  
Not one shall ever fall to hell; for Christ bore all their sin;  
Although he falls ten times a day (which often is the case),  
These falls will make him cry to God to hold him up by grace.  
Then, oh! my soul, take courage then; thy God permits all this;  
To prove that he hath chosen thee for everlasting bliss.’—i. pp. 66, 67.

‘ The things I would I cannot do, because the flesh oppose,  
And what I would not that I do, thro’ these my carnal foes;  
But shall Satan ever have to boast of one that fell from grace?  
I’d tell the man that dare say so he’s one of Satan’s race.  
If one might fall, then all might fall—but ah! that cannot be!  
Will Jesus lose the souls he loved from all eternity?’—*Ibid.*, p. 129.

‘ T was Mercy made poor Peter mourn and weep,  
For Mercy knew he was a Chosen Sheep;  
T was Mercy found its way to David’s heart,  
Though he was found to act the murderer’s part:  
He was a Sheep before he killed Uriah,  
T was sovereign Mercy saved him from hell-fire.’—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

‘ Too many trust, be saved they must, because of their behaviour;  
Christ must be all, or none at all; He won’t be half a Saviour.’—*Ibid.*, p. 52.

Again (p. 92)—

‘ If Jesus is holy, his people are holy, for Christ and his people are one;  
As Jehovah’s gift in the counsels of old ere creation’s work was begun.

In another of these hymns we read (*ib.* p. 8)—

‘ That day when he brings all the nations from far,  
When Caiaphas and Pilate shall stand at his bar—  
The Arian will tremble, Socinians will quake,  
For he’ll plunge such as those in the fiery lake.’

Once more (vol. ii. p. 125)—

‘ Read then Paul’s Epistles, you rotten Arminian!  
You will not find a passage support your opinion.’

But why go so far as to the Whitfield Methodists or 1825? Here is a neat little volume just published in London (Nisbet and Co., 1849) entitled ‘*Evangelical Melodies*,’ the author of which professes himself to be a member of the Church of England, animated by a fervent desire to redeem the piano-forte and the poetry of Moore and Burns

'Were such a composition,' proceeds our author, 'now submitted to any committee of school managers or teachers in New England,

Burns from the service of the Evil One—and in this volume, which probably has already attained great circulation and success within the bills of mortality, we find old favourites of younger days metamorphosed in certainly a most astounding fashion. For example—

- 'The Pilgrim Boy on his way has gone,  
In the path of Life you'll find him,' &c.—p. 13.
- 'Sing, sing—if music desire  
Themes that with ravishing rapture are glowing,  
Surely believers can proffer her lyre  
Themes with such rapture replete to o'erflowing,' &c.—p. 18.
- 'Ah! think it not—the notion  
No warrant gleams from truth and fact—  
That to this creed devotion  
Brings lawlessness in outward act!'—p. 56.
- 'It is not an act at a moment done,  
On the spur of some one occasion,  
Can attest that a soul has lost or won  
The treasures of true salvation,'—p. 78.

Campbell too has his share in the pious transmutation—

- 'Ye spirits of our Fathers  
Who (instrumentally)  
From England's church did exorcise  
The demon Popery!' &c.—p. 108.

But Moore is the staple—and we hope, if he has not seen the precious little tome, that this incidental notice of it may both gratify and edify the recluse of Sloperton Cottage:—

- 'There is not in this fallen world season more sweet  
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet,'—p. 162.
- 'Go where duty calls thee,' &c.—p. 148.
- 'Yes! Praise to the Lord for the good City Mission,'—p. 94.
- 'The voice that once within these walls the Gospel trumpet blew,'—p. 179.
- 'When in death I at length recline  
This message bear to my kindred dear!  
Tell them I sought upon grace divine  
Day and night to live while I sojourned here.  
If a stone on my grave reposes,  
I pray you upon its surface write—  
That he the mouth of whose grave it closes  
Held free-grace principles, main and might,'—p. 189.

Our own feelings of respect and veneration for the prelate lately most fitly and happily advanced to the first place in our national hierarchy must not prevent us from adding a single stave after Moore's well-known tribute to his illustrious countryman, the hero of Waterloo:—

- 'While History the record was mournfully keeping  
Of all that false doctrine had done in our age,  
O'er her shoulder Britannia in sadness lean'd weeping  
As though she would weep out the tale from her page.  
But oh! what a sunshine—how joyous! how bright!  
Dispelled on the instant the blush from her brow,  
When she saw the pen write,  
In letters of light,  
John, Bishop of Chester, is Archbishop now!' &c.—p. 114.

The modest author of this work is anonymous. It appears from a parody on *John Anderson my Joe*, at p. 90, that he is a mercantile gentleman, and is, or once was, connected in worldly fortunes with a devout citizen named *Jones*. Whether the firm was 'Jones, Bliff, & Co.' we cannot say.

they

they would not only reject it, but the most orthodox amongst them would shrewdly suspect it to be a weak invention of the enemy, designed to caricature, or give undue prominence to, precisely those tenets of the dominant Calvinism which the moderate party object to, as outraging human reason, and as derogatory to the moral attributes of the Supreme Being.' No doubt it is the inevitable tendency of these extreme Calvinistic opinions to produce a violent revulsion. Calvinism is everywhere the legitimate parent of Unitarianism. It has been so in Calvin's own city, in Geneva; it has been so in England, it has been so in America. The process is simple, and, if slow, direct. The human mind directly it subsides from that high-wrought agony of belief which trembles before and submissively adores the Calvinistic Deity, can no longer endure the presumption which has thus harshly defined and, as it were, materialised the divine counsels; which has hardened into rigid, clear dogma, all which must be unfathomable mystery. It becomes impatient of all circumscription of the spiritual nature as of the moral attributes of the Godhead. All other dogmas now appear as purely of human invention as those intolerable dogmas relating to predestination, election, the five points, with their hideous consequences. Calvinism has already snapped asunder the long chain of traditionary theology, and contemptuously cast aside its links. No restraint remains; the whole doctrinal system of older Christianity is broken up. In truth the one leading thought throughout that school of powerful, eloquent, and, in justice we cannot but add, deeply devotional American writers, Channing, Dewey, Norton, is the abnegation of Calvinism; this is the key to all their doctrinal system, as far as they have any system; without this they cannot be fairly judged, or addressed with any hope of success. It is a curious and significant fact, that exactly the same process went on among the English descendants of the Puritans, though in far more unfavourable times, in times dangerous to all religion, and under auspices less likely to maintain any hold on the religious mind. This change too was chiefly in our great commercial and manufacturing towns, which, as we have observed, are our nearest types of the American cities. In almost all these towns—if not the actual offspring, the growth of our rapid, almost sudden, manufacturing prosperity—the Church of England was at its weakest. A single parish-church, in general a miserably poor vicarage, saw itself almost in a few years the centre of a vast city. Many of the ~~former~~ <sup>new</sup> manufacturers were of the shrewd, sober, money-making race of the old Dissenters. For them, as they grew in intelligence and mingled more with mankind, the old stern Puritan creed became too narrow. Then arose Priestley and his school:—we could follow

follow out this whole history with far greater closeness and particularity—but it is well known how great a number of the old Presbyterian congregations utterly threw aside the old Presbyterian creed. Calvinism found refuge chiefly among the Whitfieldian Methodists, where it still broods in all its harrowing darkness; where it still (it is but justice to say) is crushing many hard hearts into religious belief; with amiable inconsistency bringing forth from that iron soil a large harvest of Christian gentleness and love.

As to the United States, we confess that we have grave doubts whether the whole secret of this mutual toleration is not in the multiplicity of the sects; in the weakness of each single one against the hostile aggregate. But after all, is this more than outward reconciliation, a compulsory treaty in which all have been compelled to yield up to the common use the neutral ground of education, because no one has such a superiority of force as to occupy it as his exclusive possession? We have been very much struck by a passage from a sermon by a writer of a very high order, of the school of Channing, in some respects, we think, his superior, the Rev. Orville Dewey. Dr. Dewey wants perhaps some of that almost passionate earnestness, that copious flow, that melting tenderness, which carries away the reader of Dr. Channing; but he is a more keen observer of human nature, writes more directly to what we will call the rational conscience, has, with almost equal command of vigorous, at times nobly sustained language, a strong and practical good sense, not often surpassed in our common literature. If suspected as a religious writer—(and we may observe that whoever wishes to be acquainted with the real tenets of the American Unitarians will find in his writings the most *distinct* statement of them)—as an ethical writer, as an expositor of the modes of moral, social, religious thought and feeling among our New England kindred, he might be studied with great advantage. In a very remarkable sermon *On Associations* (Dewey's Works, p. 259), we read:—

‘With regard to those great associations denominated religious sects, I fear that the case involves no less peril to the mental independence of our people. I allow that the multiplicity of sects in this country is some bond for their mutual forbearance and freedom: but the strength and repose of a great establishment are, in some respects, more favourable to private liberty. If less favour is shown to those without, there is usually more liberality to those within. It is in the protected soil of great establishments that the germs of every great reform in the Church have quietly taken root. For myself, if I were ever to permit my liberty to be compromised by such considerations, I would rather take my chance in the bosom of a great national religion than amidst the jealous eyes of small and contending sects, and I think it will be found that

that a more liberal and catholic theology has always pervaded establishments than the bodies of dissenters from them. Nay, I much doubt whether intolerance itself in such countries—in England and Germany for instance—has ever gone to the length of Jewish and Samaritan exclusion that has sometimes been practised among us. In saying this, I am not the enemy of dissent: nor do I deny that it is often the offspring of freedom. It certainly is the usual condition of progress. But this I say, that dissent sometimes binds stronger chains than it broke, and this is especially apt to be the case for a time when several rival and contending sects spring from the general freedom. Then the parent principle is often devoured by its own children.'

*Fus est et ab hoste doceri.* These are wise words, of the wisdom drawn from experience. We need not observe that even under the broad shade of our establishment opinions such as those of Dr. Dewey would of course find no repose; but we recommend this line of thought to those who have long been murmuring in secret, and are now openly clamouring for the dissolution of Church and State, which, if it means anything, must mean the abrogation of our Establishment. These zealots can hardly suppose that they are to unite the perfect independence of self-government with the privileges of a national church; that the Anglican Church is to retain the endowments, the glebes, tithes, estates, rights, honours, when it is no longer the Church of England. The Pope, it seems, is now to be put on the voluntary system; let us wait the result before we reduce our own clergy to that state, of something far worse than poverty, subserviency to their congregations. Break up the Establishment—which, we repeat, must be the inevitable consequence of the severance from the State—and what a Cadmean army of sects, not yet compelled as in America, and wearied out into mutual toleration! What a wild din of controversy! Poor Charity, where wilt thou find refuge but in thy native heaven?

Sir Charles Lyell is no less at a loss to reconcile the excellent and universal New England system of education with the outbursts of fanaticism, of which the latest, the most ludicrous, and in some respects most deplorable, was what is called the Millerite movement. The leader of this sect, one Miller, taught that the millennium would come to pass on the 23rd of October, 1844—the year before our author revisited Boston. He has many whimsical stories of the proselytes. Some would not reap their harvest; it was mocking of Providence to store up useless grain; some gave their landlord warning that he was to expect no more rent. There were shops for the sale of white robes. A Tabernacle was built out of plunder cruelly extorted from simple girls and others, for the accommodation of between 2000 and 3000, who were to meet, pray, and 'go up' at Boston. As the building



ing was only to last a short time, but for the interference of the magistrates, who compelled the erection of walls of more providence-despising solidity, their Last Day might have come to many of these poor people sooner than they expected. But oh the fate of human things! In the winter of 1845 Sir Charles and Lady Lyell saw in this same Tabernacle, now turned into a theatre, the profane stage-play of *Macbeth*, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. where Hecate's 'Now I mount and now I fly,' reminded some of the audience of the former use of the building. 'I observed,' proceeds the traveller,

\* to one of my New England friends, that the number of Millerite proselytes, and also the fact that the prophet of the nineteenth century, Joseph Smith, could reckon at the lowest estimate 60,000 followers in the United States, and, according to some accounts, 120,000, did not argue much in favour of the working of their plan of national education. "As for the Mormons," he replied, "you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from an illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites, however, although confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was to come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy, who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Faber on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the [query? a] Quarterly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the recent exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement, have advanced the cause of truth." . . . Other apologists observed to me, that so long as a part of the population was very ignorant, even the well-educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; "for religious enthusiasm, being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best-fed individuals in the whole community." This explanation, plausible and ingenious as it may appear, is, I believe, a fallacy. If they who have gone through school and college, and have been for years in the habit of listening to preachers, become the victims of popular fanaticism, it proves that, however accomplished and learned they may be, their reasoning powers have not been cultivated, their understandings have not been enlarged, they have not been trained in habits of judging and thinking for themselves; in fact, they are ill educated. Instead of being told that it is their duty carefully to investigate historical evidence for themselves, and to cherish an independent frame of mind, they have probably been brought up to think that a docile, submissive, and child-like

like deference to the authority of churchmen is the highest merit of a Christian. They have perhaps heard much about the pride of philosophy, and how all human learning is a snare. In matters connected with religion they have been accustomed blindly to resign themselves to the guidance of others, and hence are prepared to yield themselves up to the influence of any new pretender to superior sanctity who is a greater enthusiast than themselves.'—vol. i. pp. 90-92.

Sir Charles Lyell we see, argues that this is a fallacy. To a certain extent it may be so: but we venture to say that no culture, however careful and general, of the reason, no education, the most intellectual and systematic, will ever absolutely school the world out of religious fanaticism. What was the rank—what had been the education of some of the believers in Mr. Edward Irving and the unknown tongues? Man cannot live on intellect alone; there are other parts of his moral being, his imagination, his feelings, his religious nature, which in certain constitutions, under certain circumstances, will be liable to excess. Where there is life, there will be at times too much blood; where there is not utter torpor, energy in accesses too highstrung and uncontrollable; without religious apathy there must at times be religious eccentricity. We go further, we cannot wish it otherwise; we think that here too we see the divine wisdom and goodness. We would wish all mankind to be cultivated to the height of their reason; we would desire that all might be capable of comprehending as familiar things the great truths of philosophy. We have the supreme contempt for those who would limit philosophy in her inquiries by narrow views of religion; who (for example) would lose sight of this plain irrefragable fact, that where there is one passage in the Old Testament, according to its rigid literal interpretation, which comes into collision with the principles of geology, there are twenty which must be forced out of the meaning which they bore when they were written, before they can be made to agree with the Newtonian astronomy. We are content, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and our geological deans among ourselves, with Dr. Wiseman among Roman Catholics, with Dr. Pye Smith among the Dissenters, to seek the history of man in the Bible intended for man. We would place geologists like Sir Charles Lyell on that serene eminence where all who are conscious that they seek truth, and truth alone, have a right to take their seat far above the low murmurs of those who, setting the sacred Scriptures and modern science at issue with each other, show their want of profound and sober knowledge of both; we would leave the Dean of York to that befitting answer, which we trust he will receive—silence. But this before us is a question entirely different, and to be judged on different principles.

principles. We believe that the irregularity of those individuals, or even of those sects of minds, which diverge into folly, into extravagance, into fanaticism, is the price which we pay for those irregularly great minds which are the glories and the benefactors of mankind, the creators, the inventors, the original impellers, in all great works and movements in our race—the great poets, artists, patriots, philanthropists, even philosophers. Our *vision* of education, we confess, is rather that of Milton, which Sir Charles Lyell, we are inclined to think, has judged (p. 202) more from the report of Johnson than from actual study of that noble treatise addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. Science indeed finds a place in that all-embracing system, but rather an early and subordinate one; youth are to rise at length, having left 'all these things behind,' to the height and summit of human wisdom.

. 'When all these employments [not merely natural philosophy, which Milton treats as almost elementary, but even politics, jurisprudence, and theology] are well conquered, then will those choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most royal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with right action and grace, as might be taught, would endure them even with the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.'—*Of Education, Milton's Prose Works.*

We have dwelt long enough on these subjects; though there are others of the same class in which we should wish to join issue with Sir Charles: in truth, the whole twelfth chapter, on the higher education in New England, and all the great questions which arise out of that primal controversy, would require a Number of our Journal to itself. But it would be the greatest injustice to a work, the charm of which is its fertile and ever-changing variety, to give undue prominence to one class of topics. On one kindred point alone we are bound to touch briefly and emphatically, and this in justice to the writer, as regards his estimation among ourselves. Our readers are not to ascribe to Sir Charles Lyell, from his intercourse with the Unitarians of Boston, in private, or his attendance on their religious services, agreement or sympathy with their opinions. That intercourse was almost inevitable. To this community belong almost all the great names in science and in letters, at least those known in England: their chief preachers are men of great eloquence, and it is their ordinary and avowed system to exclude controversial subjects from their teaching; they dwell on the great truths on which all Christians are agreed; they do not scruple to use, without comment or explanation favourable to their own views, the common phraseology

phraseology of the Scripture. The unsuspecting reader might indeed peruse almost volumes of Channing's writings without discovering his peculiar opinions. Sir Charles Lyell himself, however, has inserted this significant caution :—

‘ But I should mislead my readers if I gave them to understand that they could frequent churches of this denomination without risk of sometimes having their feelings offended by hearing doctrines they have been taught to reverence treated slightly, or even with contempt. On one occasion (and it was the only one in my experience), I was taken, when at Boston, to hear an eminent Unitarian preacher who was prevented by illness from officiating, and his place was supplied by a self-satisfied young man, who, having talked dogmatically on points contested by many a rationalist, made it clear that he commiserated the weak minds of those who adhered to articles of faith rejected by his church. If this too common method of treating theological subjects be ill-calculated to convince or conciliate dissentients, it is equally reprehensible from its tendency to engender, in the minds of those who assent, a Pharisaical feeling of self-gratulation that they are not as other sectarians are.’—vol. ii. p. 347.

Our difficulty in turning to other topics is to know where to pause for discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from submitting to our readers' consideration the strong good sense with which he exposes one of the great dangers, as well as one of the inevitable abuses, of republican institutions—of institutions which virtually rest the whole power of the state in a complete democracy—that which he aptly calls the ‘ostracism of wealth.’ It is a wise lesson on the jealous impatience of a democracy as to trusting the least power out of their own hands; on their suspicion of the only true and legitimate guarantees for public order, and for a wise judgment on the public welfare—we mean property and distinction, either political or intellectual—on their overweening confidence in their own wisdom and knowledge. It strikingly displays their fear of subservience to those above them, which almost always betrays them into far more degrading subservience to those below them, needy and noisy demagogues. We are sorry not to quote the whole of a very instructive conversation between Sir Charles and a leading lawyer of Massachusetts. This gentleman said, *inter alia*,—

‘ Every one of our representatives, whether in the State Legislatures or in Congress, receives a certain sum daily when on duty, besides more than enough travelling money for carrying him to his post and home again. In choosing a delegate, therefore, the people consider themselves as patrons who are giving away a place; and if an opulent man offers himself, they are disposed to say, “You have enough already, let us help some one as good as you who needs it.”’

Sir C. Lyell adds :—

‘ During

'During my subsequent stay in New England I often conversed with men of the working classes on the same subject, and invariably found that they had made up their mind that it was not desirable to choose representatives from the wealthiest class.' "The rich," they say, "have less sympathy with our opinions and feelings; love their amusements, and go shooting, fishing, and travelling; keep hospitable houses, and are inaccessible when we want to talk with them, at all hours, and tell them *how we wish them to vote*." I once asked a party of New England tradesmen whether, if Mr. B., already an eminent public man, came into a large fortune through his wife, as might soon be expected, he would stand a worse chance than before of being sent to Congress. The question gave rise to a discussion among themselves, and at last they assured me that they did not think his accession to a fortune would do him any harm. It clearly never struck them as possible that it could do him any good, or aid his chance of success.

'The chief motive, I apprehend, of preferring a poorer candidate, is the desire of reducing the members of their legislature to mere delegates. A rich man would be apt to have an opinion of his own, to be unwilling to make a sacrifice of his free agency; he would not always identify himself with the majority of his electors, condescend to become, like the wires of the electric telegraph, a mere piece of machinery for conveying to the capital of his state, or to Washington, the behests of the multitude. That there is, besides, a vulgar jealousy of superior wealth, especially in the less educated districts and newer states, I satisfied myself in the course of my tour; but in regard to envy, we must also bear in mind, on the other hand, that they who elevate to distinction one of their own class in society, have sometimes to achieve a greater victory over that passion than when they confer the same favour on one who occupies already, by virtue of great riches, a higher position.'—vol. i. pp. 97-99.

America, like some of the old Greek republics, will need a law to compel her best men to take a part in her affairs.

'The great evil of universal suffrage is the irresistible temptation it affords to a needy set of adventurers to make politics a trade, and to devote all their time to agitation, electioneering, and flattering the passions of the multitude. The natural aristocracy of a republic consists of the most eminent men in the liberal professions,—lawyers, divines, and physicians of note, merchants in extensive business, literary and scientific men of celebrity; and men of all these classes are apt to set too high a value on their time to be willing to engage in the strife of elections perpetually going on, and in which they expose themselves to much calumny and accusations, which, however unfounded, are professionally injurious to them. The richer citizens, who might be more independent of such attacks, love their ease or their books, and from hence often abandon the field to the more ignorant; but I met many optimists who declared that whenever the country is threatened with any great danger or disgrace, there is a right-minded majority whose energies can be roused effectively into action. Nevertheless,

less, the sacrifices required on such occasions to work upon the popular mind are so great that the field is in danger of being left open on all ordinary occasions to the demagogue.—vol. i. p. 101.

The second volume gives the comic side of this serious evil—its actual workings on the verge of civilized society:—

‘I heard many anecdotes, when associating with small proprietors in Alabama, which convinced me that envy has a much ranker growth among the aristocratic democracy of a newly settled slave-state than in any part of New England which I visited.’ I can scarcely conceive the ostracism of wealth or superior attainments being carried farther. Let a gentleman who has made a fortune at the bar, in Mobile or elsewhere, settle in some retired part of the newly cleared country, his fences are pulled down, and his cattle left to stray in the woods, and various depredations committed, not by thieves, for none of his property is carried away, but by neighbours who, knowing nothing of him personally, have a vulgar jealousy of his riches, and take for granted that his pride must be great in proportion. In a recent election for Clarke county, the popular candidate admitted the upright character and high qualifications of his opponent, an old friend of his own, and simply dwelt on his riches as a sufficient ground for distrust. “A rich man,” he said, “cannot sympathise with the poor.” Even the anecdotes I heard, which may have been mere inventions, convinced me how intense was this feeling. One, who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. “Do you think,” answered a former partisan, “that they would vote for you after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?” His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *flounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion, and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine-woods. In the new settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great. That the young lady whose “fixings” I have alluded to had been ambitiously in the fashion I make no doubt; for my wife found that the cost of making up a dress at Mobile was twenty dollars, or four times the ordinary London price! The material costs about the same as in London or Paris. At New Orleans the charge for making a gown is equally high.—vol. ii. pp. 69-71.

From Boston we are tempted, indeed compelled by our limited space, to make as it were a wide leap to the farthest south: we are curious to place in their striking opposition the two extremes of American scenery, society, and civilisation; the height of European culture with the most thoroughly American wildness, and, we must not say lawlessness, but that state where every

small community of men is a law unto itself. We pass over at once the author's visits to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond in Virginia, Wilmington in North Carolina, Charleston, Savannah, Darien. We must decline of necessity much curious philosophical disquisition. We have a discussion of some length, and to us extremely satisfactory, arising out of the exhibition in Boston of that 'colossal and terrible reptile the sea-serpent, which *when alive* measured thirty feet in circumference—the leviathan of the Book of Job!' There is nothing equal to the cool cruelty of men of science. Not only did Professor Owen ascertain that all which of right belonged to this monster was the remains of a vast zeuglodon, but it was likewise discovered that more than one reptile had contributed his vertebræ to this picnic giant, who was supposed to have lain floating many a rood in the swamps of Alabama; moreover, its whole serpentine form was due to the ingenuity and skilful arrangement of the proprietor. On the whole 'sea serpent' question\* Sir Charles offers what appears to us an extremely probable and consistent theory, very rigidly reasoned out, from the various appearances dignified with that awful name. Sir Charles Lyell's conclusion, a conclusion which, even if we could follow it out at greater length, would be unintelligible without his engravings, is that, wherever there has been a true sea-monster, and some of the relations appear of undoubted veracity, it has been a variety of the 'basking shark.' We would call especial attention to an extract from Campbell's Life, as showing the value of unsifted contemporaneous testimony. We have besides many pages of lively description of scenery, which of course Sir Charles beholds rather with the keen and close observation of a naturalist than with the vague and brilliant sight of the painter. We have a great many very amusing facts in natural history. We have much about Irish quarters in the great towns; Irish votes, and, we regret to say, indelible Irish hatred of England. We have a debate in Congress, with one specimen of eloquence which we cannot pass over:—

'It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen

\* A friend of the highest authority on scientific matters says, 'The Sea-serpent now in London is a fish, known to Ichthyology for about a century, described by Black and Yarrell under the name of *Gymnetrus Hawkenii*, and rarely captured by reason of its being a deep-sea fish, and therefore not taking a bait, or getting in the way of nets; the last species to figure as the surface-swimming python, for its gills are so constructed that it dies very soon after they are exposed to the air.' Some poor Germans, we hear, exhibit next door a most beautiful model of Cologne as the architect intended it to be—alas! will it now ever be? They bitterly complain that more people went in one day to see 'de nasty stinking fisch, than to their model in a month.'

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from humble stations, and whose schooling has been in the back-woods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by the member for Illinois, as chairman of a post-office committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American republic as "the infant Hercules," and the extension of their imperial dominion over the "northern continent and oriental seas," he exclaims: "The destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly defined shadows into our very eye-balls. Oh, why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate? Must this backward pull of the government never cease, and the nation tug for ever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?"—vol. i. p. 263.

We have Mr. Webster pleading before the Supreme Court before judges, only one of whom, such has been the ascendancy of the democratic party, had been nominated by the Whigs.—But we hasten southwards.

Be it remembered that the author is conveyed along all this wide and desultory route from city to city, with occasional divergences for geological purposes, by steam-vessel and railroad. He travels with perfect ease, at no great cost, from northern Boston to Savannah, and Darien in Georgia, to Macon and Milledgeville in Alabama. We cannot show the change better than by the following extracts:—

'When I got to Macon, my attention was forcibly called to the newness of things by my friend's pointing out to me the ground where there had been a bloody fight with the Chocktaws and Chickasaws, and I was told how many Indians had been slaughtered there, and how the *present* clerk of the Circuit Court was the last *survivor* of those who had won the battle. The memory of General Jackson is quite idolised here. It was enough for him to give public notice as he passed, that he should *have great pleasure* in meeting his friends at a given point on a given day, and there was sure to be a muster of several hundred settlers, armed with rifles, and prepared for a fight with 5000 or 7000 Indians.'—vol. ii. p. 65.

This cause of General Jackson's popularity is quite new to us. Macon is now a considerable town.

'I often rejoiced, in this excursion, that we had brought no servants with us from England, so strong is the prejudice here against what they term a white body-servant. Besides, it would be unreasonable to expect any one, who is not riding his own hobby, to rough it in the backwoods. In many houses I hesitated to ask for water or towels for fear of giving offence, although the yeoman with whom I lodged for the night allowed me to pay a moderate charge for my accommodation. Nor could I venture to beg any one to rub a thick coat of mud off my boots or trowsers, lest I should be thought to reflect on the members of the family, who had no idea of indulging in such refinements themselves.



selves. I could have dispensed cheerfully with milk, butter, and other such luxuries ; but I felt much the want of a private bed-room. Very soon, however, I came to regard it as no small privilege to be allowed to have even a bed to myself. On one occasion, when my host had humoured my whims so far in regard to privacy, I felt almost ashamed to see, in consequence, a similar sized bed in the same room, occupied by my companion and two others. When I related these inconveniences afterwards to an Episcopal clergyman, he told me that the bishop and some of his clergy, when they travel through these woods, in summer, and the lawyers, when on the circuit or canvassing for votes at elections, have, in addition to these privations, to endure the bites of countless musquitos, fleas, and bugs, so that I had great reason to congratulate myself that it was now so cold. Moreover, there are parties of emigrants in some of these woods, where women delicately brought up, accustomed to be waited on, and with infants at the breast, may now be seen on their way to Texas, camping out, although the ground within their tent is often soaked with heavy rain. "If you were here in the hot season," said another, "the exuberant growth of the creepers and briars would render many paths in the woods, through which you now pass freely, impracticable, and venomous snakes would make the forest dangerous."—vol. ii. p. 72.

And yet even here science finds more than liberal hospitality ; it has its ardent votaries—

'The different stages of civilisation to which families have attained, who live here on terms of the strictest equality, is often amusing to a stranger, but must be intolerable to some of those settlers who have been driven by their losses from the more advanced districts of Virginia and South Carolina, having to begin the world again. Sometimes, in the morning, my host would be of the humblest class of "crackers," or some low, illiterate German or Irish emigrants, the wife sitting with a pipe in her mouth, doing no work and reading no books. In the evening, I came to a neighbour whose library was well stored with works of French and English authors, and whose first question to me was, "Pray tell me, who do you really think is the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*?" If it is difficult in Europe, in the country far from towns, to select society on a principle of congeniality of taste and feeling, the reader may conceive what must be the control of geographical circumstances here, exaggerated by ultra-democratic notions of equality and the pride of race. Nevertheless, these regions will probably bear no unfavourable comparison with such part of our colonies, in Canada, the Cape, or Australia, as have been settled for an equally short term of years, and I am bound to say that I passed my time agreeably and profitably in Alabama, for every one, as I have usually found in newly peopled districts, was hospitable and obliging to a stranger. Instead of the ignorant wonder, very commonly expressed in out-of-the-way districts of England, France, or Italy, at travellers who devote money and time to a search for fossil bones and shells, each planter seemed to vie with another in his anxiety to give me information

mation in regard to the precise spots where organic remains had been discovered. Many were curious to learn my opinion as to the kind of animal to which the huge vertebræ, against which their ploughs sometimes strike, may have belonged. The magnitude, indeed, and solidity of these relics of the colossal *zeuglodon* are such as might well excite the astonishment of the most indifferent. Dr. Buckley informed me that on the estate of Judge Creagh, which I visited, he had assisted in digging out one skeleton, where the vertebral column, almost unbroken, extended to the length of seventy feet, and Dr. Emons afterwards showed me the greater part of this skeleton in the Museum of Albany, New York. On the same plantation, part of another back-bone, fifty feet long, was dug up, and a third was met with at no great distance. Before I left Alabama, I had obtained evidence of so many localities of similar fossils, chiefly between Macon and Clarkesville, a distance of ten miles, that I concluded they must have belonged to at least forty distinct individuals.'—vol. ii. p. 74.

Our philosopher is here in the south, in the midst of the Slave States. Throughout the Union, and here more especially, his object is to inform himself upon this vital question,—the state of slavery, the condition and prospects of the slaves, the hope, the possibility of an early and a peaceful adjustment of this awful feud of races. There is throughout a quiet dispassionateness, which gives great weight to his opinions. He has manifestly in his heart the true English, Christian abhorrence of slavery; yet neither, on the one hand, does he close his eyes to the fact that the actual slavery of the present time—in many parts of the country at least—has its compensations in the ease, comfort, plenty of food, good lodging, secure provision for old age, as compared with the condition of the labouring classes in most parts of the Old World; nor is he blind to the difficulties and perils, perils appallingly serious to the coloured race, which would make rapid or inconsiderate emancipation a curse rather than a blessing. No more, on the other hand, does he disguise or mitigate the inherent evils of the system; the barbarous laws which in Georgia prohibit the education of the negroes; the barbarous jealousy which prevents their employment when free as workmen and mechanics; the more barbarous, it should seem indelible antipathy, which will not allow social intercourse, still less the connexion of marriage, with one in whom there can possibly be suspected one drop of black blood. Sir Charles Lyell is disposed to take a favourable view of the capacity of the black, still more of the coloured race, for moral and intellectual cultivation. We do not doubt this conclusion up to a certain point—(beyond this, evidence is wanting); and below this point it is criminal and unchristian to attempt to keep

down this race of God's creatures, of our brethren in Christ. In Virginia the question first presents itself in a practical form ; at Richmond, in that province, the rector and the proprietors of a handsome new church have set apart a side gallery for people of colour. ' This resolution had been taken in order that they and their servants might unite in the worship of the same God, as they hoped to enter hereafter together into his everlasting kingdom if they obeyed his laws.' (p. 275.) In this church there were few negroes ; but the galleries of the Methodist and Baptist churches are crowded with them. The mixed races, it is allowed, are more intelligent and more agreeable as domestic servants ; whether from physical causes, or intercourse with the whites, is still matter of controversy :—

' Several Virginian planters have spoken to me of the negro race as naturally warm-hearted, patient, and cheerful, grateful for benefits, and forgiving of injuries. They are also of a religious temperament bordering on superstition. Even those who think they ought for ever to remain in servitude give them a character which leads one to the belief that steps ought long ago to have been taken towards their gradual emancipation. Had some legislative provision been made with this view before the annexation of Texas, a period being fixed after which all the children born in this State should be free, that new territory would have afforded a useful outlet for the black population of Virginia, and whites would have supplied the vacancies which are now filled up by the breeding of negroes. In the absence of such enactments, Texas prolongs the duration of negro slavery in Virginia, aggravating one of its worst consequences, the internal slave-trade, and keeping up the price of negroes at home. They are now selling for 500, 750, and 1000 dollars each, according to their qualifications. There are always dealers at Richmond, whose business it is to collect slaves for the southern market, and, until a gang is ready to start for the south, they are kept here well fed, and as cheerful as possible. In a court of the gaol, where they are lodged, I see them every day amusing themselves by playing at quoits. How much this traffic is abhorred, even by those who encourage it, is shown by the low social position held by the dealer, even when he has made a large fortune. When they conduct gangs of fifty slaves at a time across the mountains to the Ohio river, they usually manacle some of the men, but on reaching the Ohio they have no longer any fear of their attempting an escape, and they then unshackle them. That the condition of slaves in Virginia is steadily improving, all here seem agreed.'—*vol. i. p. 277.*

There is great repugnance to the separation of families ; and some persons have been known to make great sacrifices in order to do their duty by their dependants, whom they might profitably have thrown on the world, in other words, sent to market.

At Hopeton, farther south, in Georgia, Sir Charles Lyell had an opportunity of examining the actual working of the system—

tem—as he admits, on a well-regulated estate. There seems to be much mutual attachment between the master and the slave. Of 500 blacks on the property, some are old; superannuated, live at their ease in separate houses, in the society of neighbours and kinsfolk. There is no restraint, rather every encouragement to marriage. The out-door labourers have separate houses, ‘as neat as the greater part of the cottages in Scotland,’—no flattering compliment, observes our author, himself a Scot; their hours of labour are from six in the morning, with an interval of an hour, till two or three. In summer they divide their work, and take a cool siesta in the middle of the day. In the evening they make merry, chat, pray, and sing psalms. There is a hospital. To counterbalance all this there is the overseer and his whip, not a heavy one, and rarely used—but still there is a whip: though the number of stripes is generally limited, its terrors seem to have great effect:—

‘The most severe punishment required in the last forty years for a body of 500 negroes at Hopeton was for the theft of one negro from another. In that period there has been no criminal act of the highest grade, for which a delinquent could be committed to the Penitentiary in Georgia, and there have been only six cases of assault and battery. As a race, the negroes are mild and forgiving, and by no means so prone to indulge in drinking as the white man or the Indian. There were more serious quarrels and more broken heads among the Irish in a few years, when they came to dig the Brunswick Canal, than had been known among the negroes in all the surrounding plantations for half a century. The murder of a husband by a black woman, whom he had beat violently, is the greatest crime remembered in this part of Georgia for a great length of time.’—vol. i. p. 258.

The Baptist and Methodist missionaries were for some time the most active in evangelising the negroes. \*Since Dr. Elliott has been Bishop of Georgia, the Episcopalians have laboured with much zeal and success. The negroes have no faith in the efficacy of baptism, except with a complete washing away of sin; the bishop has wisely adopted the rubric which allows immersion:—

‘It may be true that the poor negroes cherish a superstitious belief that the washing out of every taint of sin depends mainly on the particular manner of performing the rite, and the principal charm to the black women in the ceremony of total immersion consists in decking themselves out in white robes like brides and having their shoes trimmed with silver. They well know that the waters of the Alatomaha are chilly, and that they and the officiating minister run no small risk of catching cold, but to this penance they most cheerfully submit.’—vol. i. p. 363.

Sir Charles Lyell attended at Savannah first a black Baptist church

church with a black preacher, and then a black Methodist church with a white preacher. The black preacher delivered an extempore sermon, for the most part in good English, with only a few phrases in 'talkee talkee,' to come more home to his audience :—

'He got very successfully through one flight about the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, and, speaking of the probationary state of a pious man left for a while to his own guidance, and when in danger of failing saved by the grace of God, he compared it to an eagle teaching her newly-fledged offspring to fly by carrying it up high into the air, then dropping it, and, if she sees it falling to the earth, darting with the speed of lightning to save it before it reaches the ground. Whether any eagles really teach their young to fly in this manner, I leave the ornithologist to decide; but when described in animated and picturesque language, yet by no means inflated, the imagery was well calculated to keep the attention of his hearers awake. He also inculcated some good practical maxims of morality, and told them they were to look to a future state of rewards and punishments in which God would deal impartially with "the poor and the rich, the black man and the white."—vol. ii. p. 3.

In neither of these churches did that odour, which is said to keep the two races apart, at all offend the sense. At another black Methodist church at Louisville, in Kentucky, built by subscription by the blacks themselves, and well lighted with gas, he heard another dark divine (we regret to say that Sir Charles compares him with a white Puseyite Episcopalian, not much to the advantage of the latter). This preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. He laid down, it is true, metaphysical points of doctrine with a confidence which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended human understanding; but in this we discern the sect rather than the colour. Our black Chrysostom received signs of assent—not the riotous clapping of hands which applauded him of Constantinople, nor the sighs and groans, so well known in other places, like those which are heard above the torrent's brawl on the hill sides in Wales. It was said of a celebrated Metropolitan preacher of the last generation, that he had taken lessons of Mr. Kemble; our sable brother (as he would be called at Exeter Hall) was a manifest imitator of an eminent American actor who had been playing in those parts. We must not omit one point more :—from his explanation of 'Whose image and superscription is this?' it was clear that he supposed that Cæsar had set his signature to a dollar note. Our author afterwards attended in Philadelphia a free black Episcopal church, in which the more solemn and quiet Anglican service was performed by a  
black

black clergyman with great propriety. While on this point we will add that, according to the account of Dr. Walsh, published many years ago, and confirmed, if we remember right, by later travellers, the black Roman Catholic priests in Brazil conduct the ceremonial of their faith with much greater impressiveness and dignity than those of European descent.

But there is much to be set against these hopeful signs of negro improvement, and the better state of feeling between the two races. By an unfortunate schism, called 'the Northern and Southern split,' the black Methodist churches are severed from the great and powerful communities with whom it might have been to their pride as well as to their advantage to have been in close union. Still, likewise, in many parts there is a stern and jealous resistance to their education: a resistance which was dying away, but which has been provoked into life by the imprudent and fanatic crusade of the Abolitionists. Sir C. Lyell gives the barbarous law of Georgia, which we should read with more righteous indignation but for the compunctious remembrance of certain Irish penal statutes, abrogated only in later days. Yet even in Georgia Sunday-schools arise in Christian defiance of the law. There is still almost everywhere the indelible antipathy of the races; the inextinguishable attainder of blood, on which M. de Beaumont founded his romance, and Miss Martineau her tale, which we wish that we could believe, like many of her tales, to be romance. Still the thumb-nail without its white crescent, still the heel betrays the lingering drops of black blood; those drops which annul marriage, even if fruitful in children; which drive back the most amiable, virtuous, intelligent, accomplished persons into the proscribed caste. Still slaves are carried openly about for sale; may be stolen like other objects of trade; may be shot by passionate overseers, without the overseer suffering in social estimation (p. 92); are advertised when runaways exactly like stray horses or dogs here: still they are either, when free, prohibited by law from acting as mechanics, (they are very clever and ingenious in some arts,) or by the jealousy of the whites, who will not admit them of their guild. Still writers of the calm humanity of Sir Charles Lyell are obliged to waver and hesitate; at one time eagerly to look forward, at another, for the sake of the blacks themselves, to tremble at their immediate—even their speedy emancipation. The number of negroes in the Union is now three millions; and according to their present rate of increase may, by the close of the century, amount to twelve millions. But for 'disturbing causes,' he would cherish sanguine hopes of their ultimate fusion and amalgamation. But by his  
own

own account, are those disturbing causes likely to become less powerful as the two races show a broader front towards each other? The following passage seems to us to give a most impressive view of the difficulties of the question:—

‘One of the most reasonable advocates of immediate emancipation whom I met with in the North, said to me, “You are like many of our politicians, who can look on one side only of a great question. Grant the possibility of these three millions of coloured people, or even twelve millions of them fifty years hence, being capable of amalgamating with the whites, such a result might be to you perhaps, as a philanthropist or physiologist, a very interesting experiment; but would not the progress of the whites be retarded, and our race deteriorated, nearly in the same proportion as the negroes would gain? The whites constitute nearly six-sevenths of our whole population. As a philanthropist, you are bound to look to the greatest good of the two races collectively, or the advantage of the whole population of the Union.”’  
—vol. ii. p. 101.

From Alabama we arrive at New Orleans, a provincial Paris in the midst of this land of Anglo-Saxondom, with its Roman Catholic religion, its Carnival, its theatres open on Sundays, its hotels with Louis XIV. furniture, its brilliant shops, its life and gaiety, but with its black slaves, its voluptuous quadroon beauties. This must contrast strangely with the sober, busy, thriving cities of the north, the pale and fever-worn ‘crackers’ in the new provinces, the restless pioneers of society pressing on towards Texas. From New Orleans Sir Charles makes his excursion to the delta of the Mississippi—perhaps the most important of his geological chapters. The delta he estimates at 14,000 square miles; the level alluvial plain to the north, which stretches above the junction of the Ohio, is 16,000 square miles—being reached by so gradual a slope that the junction of the Ohio is but 200 feet above the level of the Bay of Mexico. He calculates by various processes, and from certain data furnished to him by skilful engineers and philosophic observers of the country, that the delta must have taken 67,000 years; the plain above, assuming a certain depth of alluvial matter, 37,000 years more, to accumulate. These vast periods of time, like those of space in astronomy, alternately depress us with the most humiliating sense of our insignificance; and next awaken something like proud gratitude to our Divine Maker for the gift of those faculties which enable us thus, as it were, to gauge this overwhelming—this almost boundless time and space. As regards the Deity, while astronomy vindicates the majesty of space, so does geology that of time. What a comment on the Scriptural phrase, that to Him a thousand years are but as a day! And all this time and space,

space, so measured, is but a brief fragment of His eternity and infinity !

Our traveller's return is up the vast Mississippi, after an excursion to Grenville, in Missouri, upon the Ohio, and so across the Alleghany Mountains, back to the land of the older cities, to Philadelphia and New York. We must leave our readers to complete this immense circuit, feeling confident that, having once set forth with Sir Charles Lyell, they will not abandon him from weariness, from want of interest, or of gratitude for his varied and valuable communications.

The conclusion at which we arrive, which has never been forced upon us so strongly by any former tour in America as by these manly, sensible, and fearless volumes, is still growing astonishment at the resources of this great country. Here is an immense continent, not like old Asia, at times overshadowed into a seeming unity by some one Assyrian, or Babylonian, or Persian, or Mahometan empire, and at the death of the great conqueror, or the expiration at least of his dynasty, breaking up again into conflicting kingdoms, or almost reduced to the primitive anarchy of hostile tribes : not like Europe, attaining something like unity, first by the consolidating and annealing power of the Roman Empire, and afterwards in a wider but less rigorous form by the Church ; in later times by the balance of power among the great monarchies—a balance only maintained by perpetual wars and by immense military establishments in times of peace. The New World is born as it were *one* ; a federation with much of the vigour of separate independent states, with no necessary, no hereditary, principles of hostility, but rather bound together by the strongest community of interests ; one in descent, at least with one race so predominant that the rest either melt away into it, or, if they remain without, are each, even the coloured population, so small comparatively in numbers, that they may continue insulated and outlying sections of society, with no great danger to the general harmony ; one in language, and that our noble, manly, Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, now spoken over portions of the globe infinitely more extensive than ever was any other tongue ; one in religion, for from the multiplicity of sects, as we have observed, must result a certain unity—at least religious difference, spread equably over all the land, cannot endanger the political unity. The means of communication throughout this immense continent are absolutely unexampled, both from the natural distribution of the lakes, and seas, and rivers, and from the discoveries of modern science, which are seized, adapted, and appropriated with the restless eagerness of a people fettered by no ancient hereditary prejudices,



prejudices, active even to the overworking of their physical constitutions, speculative so as to hazard everything—even, in the case of repudiation, that good-faith which is the foundation of credit—for rapid advantage. There are no local attachments, at least in the masses, to check that adventurous passion for bettering their condition, which turns the faces of men westward with a resolute uniformity (Sir Charles Lyell met *one* man moving eastward, and that one only from a temporary motive of curiosity). Along the whole range of coast there is steam navigation, from New England to Georgia. West of the Alleghany ridge, besides the noble rivers, also crowded with steam-boats, which are so many splendid high roads for travel and for commerce, there is a line of railroads and electric telegraphs, branching off and bringing into intimate relation with the rest every considerable city. These railroads are not wild enterprises destined, like too many of our own, to swallow up irretrievable capital—framed with no sober calculation of the necessities of the land—magnificent, luxurious, and proportionately wasteful; but prudently conceived, and at first, at least, economically managed, only allowing greater speed, comfort, luxury, on such lines as those between New York and Boston. Behind the Alleghanies to the east, nature has achieved that which, on a small scale, magnificent monarchs have attempted in Europe—a system of internal navigation unrivalled in its extent, and of which even American enterprise has far from approached the limits. Instead of running up singly into the central land—as in the old continents the Ganges, the Indus, the Volga, the Nile, the Niger, the Danube, the Rhine, each divided from other great rivers by ridges of impenetrable mountains—the Mississippi receives her countless and immense tributaries, ramifying and intersecting the whole region from the borders of Canada, from the Alleghanies to within a certain distance of the Pacific. She is carrying up the population almost of cities at once to every convenient fork, to every situation which may become an emporium; and then receiving back into her spacious bosom and conveying to the ocean the accumulating produce, the corn, the cotton, even the peltries of the West. Almost in the centre of this empire is a coal-field, or rather two coal-fields, of which we believe the boundaries are not yet ascertained—but in Sir Charles's geological map (in his former volumes) they blacken a space which, according to the scale, might furnish out several great kingdoms in the Old World. By a singular provision the clear-burning and smokeless anthracite on the west side of the Apalachian ridge furnishes its inexhaustible fuel for the hearths and manufactures of the more polished and stately cities, for the gayer steam-boats on the  
Hudson

Hudson and the Delaware; the heavier and more opaque, that of the Illinois, seems destined to adumbrate the manufacturing towns on the Ohio. Those treasure-fields, quarries as they are at present rather than mines, require hardly any expense to work them. If steam is still to be, as no doubt it must be, the great creator of wealth, of comfort, of commerce, this fact might alone almost justify our boldest visions as to the expansion and duration of American civilisation. In California the United States may appear to have acquired the more doubtful and dangerous command of the precious minerals to an unexampled extent. And over this progressive world, this world which, even at its present gigantic strides, will not for an immense period have reached its actual boundary, which—even if it swallow up no more Texas, no more of Mexico, if it merely absorb into itself its own prairies and forests, if it people only its half of Oregon—will still have ‘ample space and verge enough’—some elements of civilisation seem to spread, if not with equable, with unlimited advance. There is no bound to the appetite, if not for intellectual improvement, for intellectual entertainment. With Sir Charles Lyell we have full confidence in the palled craving for one leading to the sober and wholesome demand for the other: once awaken the imagination and the feelings, the reason will rarely remain in torpid slumber. This almost passion for reading appears to be universal: newspapers perhaps first (and newspapers are compelled to become books), and then books accompany man into the remotest squattings in the backwoods, are conveyed in every steam-boat, spring up with spontaneous growth in every settlement, are sold at prices which all can afford. From later intelligence than that of Sir Charles Lyell, we are assured that the sale of Mr. Macaulay’s *History* has reached at least 100,000. We recommend our author’s statements on these subjects, of which we have room but for a fragment, to the consideration especially of our men of letters:—

‘Of the best English works of fiction, published at thirty-one shillings in England, and for about sixpence here, it is estimated that about ten times as many copies are sold in the United States as in Great Britain; nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that day labourers in an American village often purchase a novel by Scott, Bulwer, or Dickens, or a popular history, such as *Alison’s Europe* (published at thirteen pounds in England and sixteen shillings in America), and read it at spare moments, while persons in a much higher station in England are debarred from a similar intellectual treat by considerations of economy:

‘It might have been apprehended that, where a daily newspaper can be bought for a halfpenny, and a novel for sixpence, the public mind would be so taken up with politics and light reading, that no time  
would

would be left for the study of history, divinity, and the graver periodical literature. But, on the contrary, experience has proved that, when the habit and facility of reading has been acquired by the perusal even of trashy writings, there is a steady increase in the number of those who enter on deeper subjects. I was glad to hear that, in proportion as the reading public augments annually, the quality of the books read is decidedly improving. About four years ago, 40,000 copies were printed of the ordinary common-place novels published in England, of which sort they now only sell about 8000.

‘It might also have been feared that the cheapness of foreign works unprotected by copyright, would have made it impossible for native authors to obtain a price capable of remunerating them highly, as well as their publishers. But such is not the case. Very large editions of Prescott’s “Ferdinand and Isabella,” and of his “Mexico,” and “Peru,” have been sold at a high price; and when Mr. Harper stated to me his estimate of the original value of the copyright of these popular works, it appeared to me that an English author could hardly have obtained as much in his own country. The comparative cheapness of American books, the best editions of which are by no means in small print, seems at first unintelligible, when we consider the dearness of labour, which enters so largely into the price of printing, paper, and binding. But, first, the number of readers, thanks to the free-schools, is prodigiously great, and always augmenting in a higher ratio even than the population; and, secondly, there is a fixed determination on the part of the people at large to endure any taxation, rather than that which would place books and newspapers beyond their reach. Several politicians declared to me that not only an income tax, but a window tax, would be preferred; and “this last,” said they, “would scarcely shut out the light from a greater number of individuals.”’\*—vol. ii. pp. 336-338.

The great cities, it is true, can never be as the ancient capitals of Europe. America, perhaps the world, will hardly see again a new Cologne, or a new Strasbourg, a new St. Peter’s, or a new St. Paul’s, any more than new Pyramids, a new Parthenon, or a new Coliseum. Yet we cannot but think that peace and wealth may beyond the Atlantic achieve great things, though of a different character; and this assuredly should be the aim of her artists, especially of her architects. Whether Trinity Church, now the pride of the Broadway in New York, will bear the rigorous judgment of our Gothic Purists, or stand as high even as our best modern churches, may, notwithstanding Sir

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\* As some drawback to this we must subjoin the following sentence — ‘Many are of opinion that the small print of cheap editions in the United States, will seriously injure the eyesight of the rising generation, especially as they often read in railway cars, devouring whole novels, printed in newspapers, in very inferior type. Mr. Everett, speaking of this literature, in an address to the students of Harvard College, said, “If cheap it can be called, which begins by costing a man his eyes, and ends by perverting his taste and morals.”’—vol. ii. p. 339.

Charles Lyell's opinion, admit of doubt. But we have heard only one opinion of the great Croton aqueduct; a work which for magnificence, ingenuity, science, and utility (as pouring pure and wholesome water, even to the luxury of noble fountains and water-works, throughout the whole city of New York), most nearly approaches the days of old Roman greatness. The expenditure of almost the whole of the great Giraud bequest, (half a million sterling,) on building alone, leaving hardly anything for the endowment of the college, may in one sense have been very unwise, and indeed wrong; but as showing at least a noble ambition for architectural grandeur, even if not in this respect successful, may not be without its use. But so long as we hear of such legacies as those of Mr. Lowell, 70,000*l.* sterling; of Mr. Astor for a public library, of a much larger amount—and we believe that those public spirited acts of generosity do not stand alone—there can be no room for despair. Though the Capitol at Washington be but a cold and feeble attempt to domiciliate classic forms—though bold and creative originality be more difficult of attainment to those born late into the world in art even than in letters; the great Transatlantic cities will gradually have their great, we trust, characteristic American monuments. If we had believed the story for an instant, we certainly should have shared in the alarm—we perhaps should not have been without some jealousy, if brother Jonathan had bought and carried off the Apollo Belvedere. On the other hand, we most cordially rejoice in the place which the young American sculptor, Power, has taken even in Italy. That such statues as his exquisite Greek Slave should be set up in American halls by American hands would be to us a source of unfeigned satisfaction, not merely for the gratification of the present, but as an omen of the future. For, as the future of America, to be a glorious future, must be a future of peace, so we would hope that it may be fruitful in all which embellishes, and occupies, and hallows, and glorifies peace.

Sir Charles Lyell must excuse us, if with these wonderful prospects of centuries to come, 'expanding their cloudy wings before us,' we have been less willing to look back to those ages behind ages, which are the study and the revelation of his important science. Interesting as it may be, under his sure guidance to be told that a hundred thousand years must have passed in forming the land at the mouth of the Mississippi, we are more absorbed in the thought of the few years which have beheld on the banks of that wide river and its affluents, cities arising beyond cities, and those cities peopled with thousands on thousands of free, industrious, in many respects, as far as is given to man, happy human beings; province after province yielding to possession, to cultivation,

cultivation, to production—the production of harvests now poured without stint, and we suppose destined to be still more profusely poured, upon our shores. The Indian corn, we ought to have observed, appears by no means one of the least precious gifts of this region. The aboriginal tribes so wither away before the invader, that his occupation of the land can hardly be called usurpation. Instructive as it is to be initiated in the growth of those 63,000 square miles of coal (First Tour, p. 88), the gradual transformation of terrestrial plants into this store of fuel, garnered up it might seem for endless generations, with the vegetable texture still apparent throughout under the microscope; and flattened trunks of trees, now transmuted into pure coal, and erect fossil trees in the overlying strata; instructive to trace all the geological and all the chemical processes in this immense laboratory;—yet to us there is something even more surprising in the application of those inexhaustible treasures by that race of beings for whom the Almighty Creator in his boundless Providence may seem to have entombed them in the earth. What can be more strange than their sudden revelation, as it were, in these enormous quantities, just when is most apparent the practical dependence of man, in his most crowded state of civilisation, on powers which his ancestors, content to warm their hearths and to cook their provisions with bright and useful fuel, dreamed not to be latent in this coarse and ordinary product of the earth? Who shall conjecture the incalculable results of the use, perhaps the improvement of steam-power in a country where railroads are of such comparatively easy construction, and the spreading network of rivers might seem providentially designed for steam-navigation? Intellectually delightful as it may be to follow out such a beautiful piece of philosophical reasoning as that in Sir C. Lyell's second volume (p. 304), where, from certain footmarks on slabs of sandstone, which could only have been made by air-breathing animals (all others being too light to make such deep impressions even when the stones were in the state of fluid mud), the date of the primal existence of this class of animals is ascertained:—nevertheless, we are more inclined to lose ourselves in wondering speculations as to the short time which must elapse before the first footprints of man, at least of civilised man, in the lands west of the Mississippi will be utterly untracable through the broad strata of culture and population which even one century will spread perhaps to the Pacific. We seem irresistibly compelled to look onward; we are seized, as it were, and carried away by the advancing tide to the still receding haven, till we are lost in a boundless ocean.

That clouds, heavy, blackening, awful thunder-clouds loom  
over

over this wide horizon of the Future, who that knows the mutability of human things, the wild work which fortune or fate, or rather divine Providence, makes of the most sagacious conjectures—what wise and reflective American will attempt to disguise from himself? There is surely enough to check and subdue the overweening national pride, which prevails among the vulgar. We must in justice to ourselves touch on some of these dangers. One of them, though we do not know how far it extends over the Union, is the effect of the climate. In New England especially there seems a certain delicacy of health, a general ‘care-worn’ expression, a kind of premature old age, which, with other circumstances, shows that our Anglo-Saxon race is not perfectly acclimated. This may be aggravated, but is not entirely caused, by the busy, exhausting, restless life of the great body of Americans. The fevers and agues of the back settlements will probably disappear, with the swamps and marshes, before cultivation and drainage; the vigorous health of Kentucky and some other of the back settlements may eventually renew the youth, if renewal be necessary, of the earlier race, which seems to want the robust look, the clear and ruddy complexion of the Englishman.—(See Lyell, vol. i. pp. 154-5.) But this danger will probably bring its own cure; every succeeding century will adapt the race more completely to their climate. Their political dangers are more serious and inevitable. That which is their strength and pride, their independence, is their greatest peril. There is no great repressive, no controlling power, nothing to drag the wheel of popular rule, either in the constitution of the Federation or in the States. In each the Senates must obey the mighty will of the masses. But separate interests may grow up, in the nature of things cannot but grow up; the North and the South, the West and the East, may be arrayed against each other. The ruder, the more tumultuous, the more uneducated West, may be able to dictate at Washington not the soundest policy, policy which may be fatal, but which must be adopted from fear of separation, and the consequence of separation. In each State there is the same danger: the predominance of the turbulent many—or those who, self-multiplied by their noise and activity, represent themselves, and are believed to be the many—over the quiet, the wise, the educated. We have great faith, we need hardly say, in the effects of true and real education; but here is the rub—can sound political education travel as fast as population? That which, to all appearance, is most feared by the calmer immediate speculators, is indeed too much in human nature not to justify serious apprehension—the quiescence of those who ought from  
their

their superior intelligence to govern, but are too easy and happy to strive and wrestle for their proper influence.

This applies equally to the States and to individuals: Kentucky and Illinois may lord it over New England and New York; and if Kentucky and Illinois become more civilized, States yet unnamed, unsettled, still farther West, may lord it in their turn over Kentucky and Illinois. So long as the subjects of collision are but the election of a President, or even a Tariff, this predominance may be comparatively innocuous; but when it comes to War or Peace—war, not with Texas or Mexico, but with European nations, or even with Canada, if Canada should grow up into a rival power—then may the United States be exposed, at least, to the chances of loss and defeat, or, escaping them, to the proverbial consequences of military glory and success. We have the most sovereign contempt for Mr. Cobden and his international arbitration—for the European Peace Societies, which have the most fatal effect, that of casting ridicule on what is in itself a righteous cause; but, if Americans, we should hardly refrain from joining with Mr. Sumner—though even in America peace societies have, we know not why, something of a bustling, officious, and somewhat ridiculous air. We should hail the more legitimate denunciations of war as unchristian by her Channings and Deweys; as American patriots and Christians we should never cease to cry Peace! Peace! That which is utterly, hopelessly, as seems at present, impossible in Europe, seems, by a wonderful combination of circumstances, of easy practicability in America. This vast continent may, if it will, exhibit to the wondering annals of mankind centuries barren of warlike glory, safe from the miseries of war. The United States may at length relieve republican governments from that heavy charge registered against them by all history—and too much countenanced by their own proceedings in Texas and in Mexico—that Democracies are as ambitious and aggressive as the most absolute Monarchies. What has America to gain—what may it not lose by war?

Sir C. Lyell was in the midst of the fierce discussions about Oregon: fiery news-writers were brandishing their pens—wild backwoodsmen poisoning their rifles; they would have had the country at once adopt the language of that not very imitable personage in Milton—‘My sentence is for open war.’ What can happen?—these were among the amiable anticipations—‘England may bombard and burn a few of the cities on the east coast; but then she will add hundreds of millions to her debt; she will break down and be for ever ruined under her intolerable burthen.’ There is one result from all this which Brother

ther Jonathan, even in his wildest mood, we doubt not would be acute enough to apprehend—Brother John bankrupt, he has lost his best customer. Sir C. Lyell, with his calm good sense, at the very outset of his volume, doubts the wisdom of the commemoration of ‘Independence Day:’ all this recital (of the doings of the mother country before the war) ‘may have been expedient when the great struggle for liberty and national independence was still pending; but what effect can it have now but to keep alive bad feelings?’ We are happy in believing that all ‘rumours of wars’ with England have passed away; but any other great war, we conceive, might arrest for centuries the progress of Transatlantic civilization—might split up the Union into the chronic condition of the Old World, that of separate and, before long, hostile States—might raise up in one a military despotism, formidable to all. Before we close these hastily-written but not less deliberately-considered opinions on the expediency, the necessity of peace, to the development of American wealth, happiness, virtue; on the majestic position which the United States may take in the history of man, by showing herself superior to the folly, the intoxication, the madness of war—of war which cannot be necessary as self-defence, and therefore must be wanton and wicked; we would look on one other peril, which appears to us, if more remotely, to threaten her internal peace. Her growth must be in wealth—and wealth, even under the most levelling institutions, will accumulate in masses. There will be individuals, there will be classes high above the rest in opulence, in luxury. This will be, of course, more manifest in the great cities, which as they grow in size will become more unmanageable; and notwithstanding the constant vent in the backwoods for turbulent and violent spirits, will leave a still larger class of those who feel that they have a right to be as rich as others, and are not. There must be an aristocracy, and that aristocracy an object of hatred and jealousy to some; by whatever title it may be held up to scorn or animosity; ‘a white-gloved aristocracy,’ &c. &c.;—such class there must be, where capital, commercial industry, enterprise, even fortune, are left to their free course. It is to be seen whether the Republic, or Republics, will have strength, courage, and determination to defend property, as the basis of human freedom and happiness.

Thus far that spirit has not been wanting—the sovereign people, on more occasions than we are aware of here, has not scrupled to use the Old World arms against ‘the mob.’ At Providence, the soldiers were ordered, some short time ago, to fire on ‘the people,’ and did fire to put down a riot which rose out of the destruction of houses of ill-fame; they did the same at Philadelphia, during the attack on the Roman Catholics; and now at  
New



New York, in the disgraceful disturbances around the theatre.\* Thus far, too, the public voice has been strongly and unequivocally in favour of public order. There has been no maudlin sympathy for lawless rioters; the press has been, almost with one voice, on the side of authority; the attempt to get up a popular demonstration was an utter failure. It has been seen that the only true mercy is to stop a riot at once—if not, as with us on a recent occasion, by the civil force—at all events to stop it. There are dangers which must be imminent under the broadest republican forms. Only free and popular institutions like our own and those of the United States, and the spirit they inspire into the citizens, can prevent them from becoming calamities. But these slight outbreaks from insignificant causes, we must acknowledge, cast somewhat dark shadows before them; if more deeply-rooted causes of discontent should spring up—if with the spreading cities there should be quarters inhabited perhaps by multitudes of a particular race or class, and so bonded together by common passions—quarters into which education does not equably penetrate—which there is no strong police to overawe—our only trust is that there will be an instantaneous tact and sympathy among those to whom order is life, which will combine them into a more commanding league. We trust that ~~not~~ neglecting measures of precaution, in improving, as far as they may, the condition of their more abject fellow-citizens, they will never be wanting in resolution to confront and crush these insurrections of communism (for such even in free America may be their form), and not scruple to hazard their lives for what is dearer than life. There must be moreover no self-gratulation in more remote towns, that it is but one city which has thus become a city of desolation. The rapid communication of revolutionary wild-fire, more swift and terrible than the conflagration over leagues of prairie land—this fearful rapidity is an essential part of its nature: one city a prey to its ravages, who will insure the rest? If the waters of the Hudson reflect its red light, how long will it be before it glares on the Mississippi or the Ohio? May heaven avert the omen—may one human community grow up as a great Peace Society, peace external and internal, peace with all its blessings!

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\* It was impossible, as we hear from all quarters, and cannot refrain from repeating, to surpass the coolness, self-command, gentlemanly, we might add Christian, bearing of Mr. Macready.

ART. VII.—*Austria and Central Italy.* By Miles-Thomas, Lord Beaumont. 2nd Edition. London, 1849.

IT is, probably, to his religious rather than to his political principles that Lord Beaumont is indebted for the notice which this publication seems to have attracted. The opinion of a Roman Catholic peer on a question involving the temporal sovereignty of the Pope could not but excite curiosity and interest. Moreover, the number of such peers is so small, that each individual of the class acquires a prominence, and his sentiments an importance, to which they might not be otherwise entitled. How far the theological views indicated in these pages may be agreeable to his co-religionists it is no business of ours to inquire. Lord Beaumont has duties, he supposes, towards humanity in general as well as to his Church, and in reconciling their conflicting interests his conscience must be his guide.

His Lordship commences by expressing his astonishment that a revolution should have occurred in Austria—an event however which had seemed to him no less desirable than improbable. We have little doubt Lord B. was as ill-informed as to the internal state of Austria, as the Government whose policy he supports: yet we should have guessed that, besides the disturbances in Galicia\* to which he alludes, he could hardly have been ignorant of the implacable opposition in Hungary—the mutinous spirit in Lombardy. But there were other causes of alarm which, however unknown to him, were perfectly well known to the Cabinet of Vienna. The canker of Socialism had spread within the last two years from France over Germany, Poland, and a great part of Italy; nor was Vienna free from it any more than Berlin, Frankfurt, or Prague, where it afterwards manifested itself with such appalling consequences. The ramifications of the Socialist plot and the machinations of its secret agents had not escaped the Austrian police, and that no steps were taken to arrest their manœuvres, though a fact strikingly illustrative of the general forbearance of that much-abused Government, is greatly to be deplored. But the instant triumph of a new outbreak in Paris, proving such an utter hollowness in a popularly-elected monarchy, was a surprise to the victors no less than to the victims of that melancholy riot, and had neither been anticipated nor provided against in any part of Europe. For a moment, in short, the floodgates were left unguarded, and the mischief of that moment

\* We hope that the mystery which envelopes the causes of those disturbances will ere long be cleared up; it will then become apparent how falsely the Austrian Cabinet was suspected of a participation in the crimes that accompanied them, and with what forbearance it acted in concealing the iniquity of the Emperor's guilty and unfortunate subjects.

will be felt in the misery of ages. So far from sharing the pleasure with which Lord Beaumont contemplates the ruin of Austria, we believe such an event would be as unfortunate for England as for Germany at large, and for the general civilization of the continent.

Filling a huge space in the map between France and Russia—the only powers from which the independence of Europe could have anything to dread—Austria seemed with peculiar propriety to claim the guardianship of that independence. Removed from the possibility of hostile contact with England, she seemed as naturally formed to be our ally as her geographical position made her the bulwark against the ambition of the gigantic powers at the extremities of Europe. Does it not appear incredible, that at the very moment when British interests were confessedly exposed to new and enormous perils by the advantages unexpectedly opened to the great rivals of our commerce and our navy—at a moment too when from every motive of generosity as well as of policy our friendly countenance ought to have been extended to Austria—we should have united with our immemorial rival to despoil our well-trying ally, and to force her to seek safety from the arm of Russia? If we yet cherish hopes that the vast accession of power which must accrue to Russia from the possession of the whole valley of the Danube and the command of the navigation of that river will not be attended with all the evils apprehended by many others—it is from the magnanimity of the Czar alone that we derive those hopes, and not from the policy or the diplomacy of England.

In our last Number we said that the appearance of the French in Italy must be the signal for an alliance between Russia and Austria, which would place at the disposal of the latter the resources of the former. We spoke advisedly, and the result has proved it, though under circumstances somewhat different from those we were then contemplating. The occupation of the Papal States by French troops disturbs the balance of power in Italy no less than the threatened intervention in behalf of Piedmont, and must ultimately be attended with the same consequences. It is obvious that it could not be looked on without jealousy and distrust by Austria, even should her consent—in an hour of manifold distresses—have been extorted from her; and that in the uncertainty of the ultimate policy that France might adopt, or indeed the part which that very army might be instructed to take in the Italian wars, the Austrian forces in Lombardy could not be safely diminished, and the necessities of the empire in other quarters, how urgent soever, must be supplied from other sources.

While

While the actual origin of this invasion remains so mysterious that the principal English minister in the House of Lords intimates his opinion that it was undertaken with *no object at all*, it cannot be easy to foretell to what use it may be turned. Neither the Austrian ministry nor the Italian princes appear to entertain that boundless confidence in the good faith and sincerity of all French republican statesmen which Lord Palmerston professes; nor has the history of the new Republic hitherto afforded even a guarantee for the capacity of any of its ministers to carry out their own policy in any class of operations whatsoever.\*

The contest which began last year in the streets of Paris, and which still threatens the civilisation of Europe with an eclipse, having been defeated (for the moment at least) in France and Germany, found a battle-field in the plains of Hungary, where the haughty and arrogant Magyar\* has not hesitated to espouse the cause of anarchy, and to mingle his own interests with all its unworthy objects. It is foreign to our purpose to discuss the rights of the Hungarian quarrel, or to trace the course of the events that have marked its progress; we will only observe that the resources of Austria, had they been all disposable, were not more than sufficient to face her internal enemies, supported as they were by an army of forty thousand Poles, and the whole democratic and communist influence of Europe.

Russian intervention will probably decide the contest; and mortifying as it is to Austria to seek such a remedy, the desertion of other allies and the disastrous state of the empire have left no other resource. We are not unwilling to believe that the assistance of Nicholas was offered in perfect good faith, clogged with no humiliating conditions, nor with any stipulations for selfish advantages; but we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in the event of success, the overwhelming preponderance of Russia must be the result—in other words, the utter disturbance of that balance of power which so much has been done to preserve. That Germany should have showed such anxiety to neutralise the influence of the only State which afforded a barrier against the ambition of Russia, and which moreover possessed the command of the Adriatic sea-ports, so essential to her newly-formed schemes

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\* What an encouragement to foreign nations to ally their policy with that of France, and to suffer their armies to co-operate with those of the republic, the late Constituent Assembly has afforded! The Austrians, Spaniards, and Neapolitans form a treaty with the government of France—a government, be it remembered, elected by universal suffrage—by which an army of the latter power is admitted into a country occupied by the forces of the former: in its first attempt it is unsuccessful, either from the inefficiency of the general or of the troops; the Assembly professes disapprobation of the original purpose of the expedition, and it receives an order to operate against the allies by whose consent it had gained a lodgment in the country!

of commercial development, is an act of folly unparalleled even in the annals of the Frankfort Assembly; but other countries, we regret to say, have been no less blind. The ancient policy that recommended the alliance of England and Austria had derived additional cogency from the advances which Russia was constantly, though cautiously, making towards the consummation of her ancient designs on the Turkish empire. To these designs Austria was wakefully, steadily, and obstinately opposing a resistance the more effective, because, though everywhere felt, it was nowhere obtruded; and to this resistance both France and England were interested in lending their support. In abandoning it, France may deem the danger counterbalanced by the chance of some visionary alliance, such as Buonaparte projected between himself and Alexander—in substance, a scheme for dividing the sway of Europe between two bold gamesters; but by what sophistry can England defend her suicidal policy?

It was certain that the French revolution would produce sudden and momentous changes in the political condition of Europe; it could hardly have seemed probable that any of these should be advantageous to England, while it was morally impossible that either the system of government introduced by that convulsion or the men who influenced it should be destined to a long political existence. The stability of England, however, amidst the general ruin offered her a vast accession of influence—placed her in a position of most enviable superiority. Neither did it require dexterity of management to preserve it—nay, indeed the difficulty seems that by any exertion of dexterity it could be entirely lost. The treaties that bound Europe together in 1815 were yet in force; the relations between England and the countries so united cannot be changed by the revolutions that may be effected within the territory guaranteed to each power by that act of settlement. The minister who presided over the foreign relations of England should have assumed a calm and vigilant, but not hostile attitude:—instead of throwing himself into the arms, or rather at the feet, of the victorious demagogues of Paris, he should have proclaimed:—We have no wish to interfere with the form of government you choose to adopt—we were the foremost to recognise your monarchy of the barricades, and we are equally ready now to acknowledge your new chief or president from whatever class of society you please to select him—but you have not our consent to extend your dominions one inch beyond the boundary of your present territory, nor will we sanction any attempts to spread anarchy and confusion in other countries under any pretext whatsoever. Very different was the conduct he pursued, and when questioned upon his motives, the noble Secretary of State; while

while avowing it to be *his duty as much as his desire* to cultivate the French alliance, does not attempt to conceal that his line of policy was influenced by the threats of his pacific allies. The English mediation was offered to Austria, to prevent the threatened invasion of Italy by the French; the Sicilian intervention was enforced at the dictation of the French admiral. And how have these acts of complaisance been rewarded? The separate mediation of France was subsequently offered to the Sicilians—and a French army has invaded Italy for no better reason than the gratification of the vanity or caprice of a French minister. The professed object of Lord Palmerston's policy was to avoid a war—a most laudable motive, and one in which we give the noble lord all credit for sincerity—though we think on former occasions he risked its perils on lighter grounds; and it is also to avoid a war that we on our parts recommend a steady adherence to existing obligations. Unmasked interference and forced mediations are the surest provocatives of wars. Had a small part of our fleet, for instance, which was occupied in promoting civil war in Sicily, been guarding the police of the Adriatic, will any one believe that the King of Sardinia would have ventured to continue, in defiance of treaty, the blockade of the Austrian ports, or to supply the rebels of Venice? Will the noble lord himself pretend that the Sicilians would not thankfully have accepted the concessions of their king, but for the hopes held out to them by England? Had the King of Sardinia believed in the sincerity of the English opposition to his treacherous policy, would he have ventured single-handed on a war with Austria? Had he menaced Downing-street with a French alliance, would he not have been effectually deterred by a hint that, in that case, an English fleet would protect the trade of the Adriatic? The terrors of our cabinet were groundless; they started at the sound themselves had made; but there is now real ground for alarm—they created the danger they would avoid by displaying their fear of it. The policy that was adopted to prevent a war will, we apprehend, render a general war inevitable—but it will be a war in which we shall stand without allies and without support—a war forced on us by the mingled political fanaticism and political hypocrisy of a Government which has neither the confidence of those who vote for its measures, nor the sympathy of any leading interest, save one, in the British Empire.

It is to the present state of Rome and the events which led to it that the observations of Lord Beaumont are principally directed. In his estimate of the character of Pius IX. we do not think he greatly errs. We recognise the same weaknesses and incon-

sistencies

sistencies which he points out; we also give that unfortunate sovereign credit for good intentions, while we are certain of the folly of his measures, but, when the tendency of those measures was apparent, what are we to say for the sincerity of those of his own countrymen who cheered him on in his headlong progress, and promised him a long course of prosperity for himself, his state, and his order? 'The enlightened exiles of Paris,' of whom Lord Beaumont speaks with such admiration, were the persons who laid the ambush into which the unwary Pontiff fell, and who have since risen to supreme power by treachery and assassination. The fall of the Pope and the steps which led to it are too well known to need recapitulation, but we must observe that Lord Beaumont's account of them is extremely inaccurate; the faults and inconsistencies of Pius were not, as he represents, the consequence of a priestly or despotic government; they were the necessary faults of a weak prince, coerced in his conduct, and tormented by his conscience; they were not the faults of an absolute sovereign, and, in fact, could not have been committed by one: they were the faults into which a very limited one was led by pursuing the policy of 'his liberal and enlightened advisers.' Nor is it true that the papal or priestly government had lost its popular favour in Rome until the measures of the present Pope himself cut the props from beneath his throne, destroyed his resources, and disgusted his supporters, while he failed to conciliate a single enemy. Few, except Lord Beaumont, can have forgotten the enthusiasm with which Gregory XVI. was supported in Rome when the commotions broke out in the legations at the commencement of his reign, or the satisfaction with which the Austrians, who came to his assistance, were received by nearly all classes of the population, already weary of this short essay of revolution. The reason of Pope Gregory's popularity is obvious; he was true to the interests of his order, and the party that supported him; the merit of sincerity he possessed, if he had no other; and though boasting neither talent nor courage himself, he gave his confidence to those who understood the only method in which his states could be ruled. We do not mean to praise either the financial or all the administrative operations of his government, but we do most strongly commend the wisdom of those princes who call to their councils men desirous, on the whole, to support existing institutions, and not their enemies.

This was the fault of Pope Pius, and dearly has he answered it. His conduct from the first was marked by deplorable weakness,—especially a mean thirst for popularity; but if we despise him, we abhor the villany and treachery by which he was undermined.

mined. During the last few months of his residence at Rome his state of humiliation was insupportable, and extrication from it became his first object. We do not admire the choice of his Holiness's disguise nor any other particular of his escape, but that escape was necessary; to withdraw from his enemies the sanction of his name was the only measure of offence or defence in his power; if he could not strike a blow, he could at least deprive his adversaries of a weapon: and this the democrats well knew;—his escape was ruin to them, and hence their wrath. But more—Lord Beaumont is in error when he asserts (p. 22) that the person of the Pope was in no danger. His minister, his *lay* Premier, had been murdered in the legislative chamber—his troops deserted him, his palace was besieged with artillery, and its gates consumed by fire. His secretary was killed by his side, and when at last reduced to capitulate and receive the chiefs of the barricades, who addressed him with the same assurances which Lord Beaumont reports, he listened to them with calmness, and then, picking up one of the bullets with which the floor was strewed, 'Behold,' said he, 'the affection of the Roman people towards our consecrated person.' With this protest he submitted to the conditions imposed on him.

Neither is Lord Beaumont more correct in his representation of the improved state of Rome during the early part of the Pope's reign. He tells us (p. 31) of the advantages resulting from a more extended and more liberal system of education, and from the free admission of the works of Hume, Gibbon, Lady Morgan, &c., as if it were possible that in so short a time any effects from such causes could be visible at all. The real result of the Pope's innovations, as all who have visited the country will assure him, was the progress of disorder and licentiousness amongst an idle and excitable people, with all their usual concomitants, the increase of crime and the decrease of wealth. The removal of the restrictive laws on printing inundated the highways and thoroughfares with blasphemous and seditious publications of native manufacture, while the abolition of restrictions on books from abroad did not multiply the copies of Hume, Gibbon, and Lady Morgan—at least not to the extent which Lord Beaumont thinks so edifying: it is notorious that the literature imported was mostly the genuine produce of the Parisian brothel.

We agree with Lord Beaumont that the calamitous condition to which Italy is reduced is mainly to be attributed to the relaxation of the protecting care of Austria; but we do not think he will find many persons in this country (out of the Cabinet) who will rejoice in the change—or be comforted by his cool announcement that 'on Paris and her caprice the fate of Italy depends.'



depends.' (p. 33.) It is to maintain this dependence, he no doubt assumes, that the expedition to the papal states has been undertaken—but, if so, he will allow that it has been less happy in execution than in design. The dictatorship of Mazzini and his colleagues seemed trembling to its fall: time is precious with men who hold their power from day to day, and lean for their support on the goodwill of a mob. The republican cause seemed on the decline throughout the peninsula—the Austrian victories had revived all the terror which that name was wont to inspire—and the usurping governments had shown themselves everywhere rapacious, oppressive, and absurdly incompetent. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany had been recalled by the repentance of his subjects; a similar reaction was expected in Rome: the priests—who alone among the papal subjects had exhibited any courage or energy—were labouring to accomplish it by their influence,\* and the 'Triumviri' were daily sinking in public estimation. Had these facts been known or believed in France, it is possible that an active intervention in the affairs of Rome would not so soon have been attempted;—but the cabinet of that country desired above all things the destruction of a republic formed on the principles on which their own was professedly based; and if, in suppressing this odious caricature, they could give an air of generosity to their proceedings or dazzle by the appearance of military achievement, their object was doubly gained. The diplomacy of France was skillfully conducted at Gaeta by the Duc d'Harcourt; and the weak pontiff having been induced to request that France would take 'an active interest in the position of his affairs,' a plan was formed and adopted for accomplishing his restoration by the joint intervention of the four principal Catholic powers. The secret intrigues of the council at Gaeta are now likely to be revealed to the world—but enough, we think, has transpired to shake even Lord Palmerston's faith in the fair-dealing and sincerity of French diplomatists. We believe it was arranged that an Austrian army should occupy the northern legations, and menace the Patrimony from the western coast of Tuscany; the Neapolitan army, with the Spanish auxiliaries, was to march on Rome, while the united fleet of the two nations was to remain in attendance on the Pope at Gaeta. As a guarantee that these terms were complied

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\* No priest belonging to the chapter of St. Peter's could be found to mount the balcony and pronounce the benediction on Easter Sunday; neither would they sanction by their presence the blasphemous buffoonery afterwards substituted for the sublime and touching ceremony to which the Roman people were accustomed. A brawling Capuchin, one of the street orators, was decked in the sacred vestments, and appeared in the usual place amidst the waving of tri-coloured banners, instead of the fans of peacocks' feathers, or flabella, which accompanied the chair of the sovereign pontiff. The refractory priests were fined for their contumacy.

with, France was to occupy the seaport of Civita-Vecchia with a force which was to remain in observation only, unless invited to advance by the allies themselves. Each of the allied armies was to observe an equal forbearance as regarded the Papal capital. The provinces were to be occupied, and the city, left to its own resources, must speedily have been reduced to capitulate. The imposing force arrayed against the Roman rebels was intended to deter any attempt at resistance, and the alliance of the four powers was to serve as a guarantee to each that none of them entertained any scheme of selfish aggrandisement. On the merits of this treaty, or on its prudence, we purpose offering no remark—we content ourselves with stating what we believe to have been the fact. Our readers are all aware of the manner in which the French performed their part, and of the hostility which their appearance excited. Succeeding events are so strange and contradictory as to involve us in inextricable confusion. There is, however, a clue to every labyrinth, and we do not believe the French agents to have been so totally without a plan as Lord Lansdowne supposes.

Weak as Pius IX. had shown himself, even the statements of our English ministers support us in asserting that the march of the French upon Rome was neither sanctioned by the allies nor authorised by the Pope. He certainly—however anxious that France should lend him some of her countenance—could not desire to be replaced on a Jacobin throne by the bayonets of a single foreign republic, condemned to tolerate the presence, perhaps to rule by the assistance, of the demagogues who had dethroned him, and who connived at, if they did not devise, the assassination of his ablest minister. The French general (or his secret instigators) had other objects, and we know not whether to be most astonished at the audacity of his measures, or at the apathy with which they were regarded in England. Our astonishment is not diminished by the explanations afforded:—never, we believe, was an aggression so audacious defended by such frivolous arguments. When questioned as to the purpose of the expedition, M. Odillon Barrot replied, in the name of the cabinet over which he presided, and of the President whose minister he is, that his object was ‘to protect the dignity and to preserve the legitimate influence of France in Italy.’ We know not whether this measure was concerted with the English government (Lord Lansdowne has asserted that he saw nothing in it to condemn), or whether it was perpetrated in defiance of some feeble and half-muttered protest. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs has repeatedly been asked in the House of Commons if he counselled or approved this act of aggression. The question which we would propose; could we hope for an answer, is rather: Did you

you protest against it with all the energy that the united opinion of your cabinet could give it? Did you warn your allies of the inevitable consequence of their imprudence? Did you tell them plainly that such a course was in open violation of the pledges they had given to Europe as well as of that policy which you had undertaken to defend? But alas! the French cabinet is as indifferent as we ourselves whether our diplomatic errors proceed from the spontaneous obsequiousness of our ministers, or from the state of insulation in which their policy has placed us amidst the nations of Europe.

M. Odillon Barrot, we have seen, disdains to speak of the interests of religion, of piety towards the outraged father of Catholic Christendom, or of compassion for the state of the degraded Romans; such language he deems unfitted to his audience—he only appeals to their ambition and their national vanity. While such is the explanation afforded by ministers at Paris (their real reason, the dread of a socialist republic, being sedulously concealed), their representative at Gaeta boasts the zeal of his employers for the service of the Pope, and their anxiety to see him restored to his throne by the united arms of his spiritual subjects. General Oudinot, in his manifesto from Civita-Vecchia, gives still a somewhat different version; he proclaims that he takes possession of the papal states for the purpose of preventing an invasion of them by foreign armies, and at the same time to assist the Romans to shake off their actual government—a government which we had hitherto been told was the free choice of the people, declared by universal suffrage.\* In all his receptions of deputations, authorities, and envoys, he constantly protested his attachment to the republican form of government, and his particular affection for the Roman people. His soldiers believed, or professed to believe, that they landed in Italy in the expectation that they were to oppose the Austrians and not to co-operate with them: it is quite certain that they embarked at Marseilles with shouts of '*Vivent les républiques Toscane et Romaine.*' To those who have studied the principles of republican morality, this matter will not appear so inexplicable. Nor indeed is the feat of diplomacy without a pretty close precedent.

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\* General Oudinot's despatches afford an instance of the flagrant want of candour in French officials, even when communicating with their employers, and in these days too of free discussion. In his first confused, contradictory, and unintelligible account of his repulse before the crumbling walls of Rome, he says he retired with his whole force—'*not a prisoner, not a haversac remained with the enemy as a trophy of success.*' In his letter of a few days' later date, he says: '*Between two and three hundred men, commanded by Commandant Picart, with a few officers, misled by words of conciliation, and inspired by the ardour of their courage, advanced too far within the Porta S. Pancrazio, and were made prisoners by the inhabitants.*'

When General Berthier, in 1798, conducted an army to Rome, the Directory furnished him with minute instructions—viz. :—

‘You must *march secretly and rapidly to Rome* with 16,000 men. You will assure the envoy whom the King of Naples will probably send to your head-quarters, that the French government is actuated by *no ambitious designs*—that its usual generosity forbids the supposition that it can intend any injury to the Roman government now. While repeating these assurances you will advance as rapidly as possible to Rome; the great object is to keep your design secret till you are so near the city that the King of Naples cannot prevent it. When within two days’ march of Rome, menace the Pope, and all the members of the government, in order to terrify them, and make them take to flight. Arrived at Rome, employ your whole influence to establish a Roman republic.’\*

Such was the diplomacy of a republican directory at the close of the last century; but the task of the General commanding the present expedition was still more delicate. The Roman administration was already strictly revolutionary; its members had been elected by the populace; they had, moreover, resided long in France (Lord Beaumont’s ‘enlightened exiles’), where kindred virtues had endeared them to the true republicans of that country—they were in constant correspondence with clubs, circles, and secret societies of all the capitals of Europe—they could not be dismissed like the Pope of 1798 and his aged presbytery. The recent revolutions of Paris and Rome, it must likewise be remembered, had taken place under circumstances of marked resemblance. The sovereigns of both, once the objects of popular affection, assailed in their palaces, betrayed or deserted by their subjects and their troops, escape from their capitals in sordid disguises. A provisional government succeeds—dictators and presidents are named by the same farce of universal suffrage, and govern, we must presume, to the satisfaction of their countrymen. Why is the republic of Paris the godlike result of superhuman wisdom?—and why must the same institution be put down at Rome by republican bayonets? In what do Louis Buonaparte and Mazzini so essentially differ? they hold their power by the same tenure, and the destruction of one by the hand of the other is an act of fratricide. These reflections might have paralyzed the exertions of less daring diplomats. At present we are ignorant of the *private* instructions of the General; but we believe he was no sooner landed at Civita-Vecchia than he opened those secret negotiations with the Triumvirs which French agents had already prepared them to receive. It would appear that these demagogues, foreseeing the speedy termination of their career, were not unwilling to secure

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\* See Alison’s History of Europe, vol. iii. p. 539. (Edit. 1835.)

their plunder and withdraw themselves—at least for the moment—from their dangerous pre-eminence; while General Oudinot, with or without the connivance of his employers, was anxious to secure by a bold stroke the prize for which all were contending—to be the arbiter of the destinies of the Pope, and thus most effectually to restore ‘the legitimate influence of the French in Italy.’

The Triumvirs had reasons to doubt the fidelity of the national guard. When the news of the French invasion was first spread over Rome, the majority of the civic troops, though professing a loyal purpose of defending their hearths from violation and the city from pillage, distinctly disavowed the intention of opposing an armed resistance to the foreign force. Whether they were impelled by their disgust of Mazzini and the *Condottieri* or by the traditional terror of French arms may be doubtful; it is certain, however, that the colonels waited on the Triumvirate and explained the sentiments of their corps. This alarming intelligence increased the anxiety of the demagogues to treat; and they, in their selfish terrors and selfish schemes of aggrandisement, not only neglected the interests of their confederates, but miscalculated the strength of the auxiliary army and the spirit that animated it. It was arranged then between them and the General that the French army should march on Rome with doubtful and ambiguous professions (this part of the compact was fulfilled at least); that meetings, negotiations, protests should be multiplied; that the people should be addressed in a lofty tone of patriotic determination; that a show of opposition should be made—a show just sufficient to justify those measures which the French commander might choose to adopt on the capitulation of the town. Without such an understanding it would be hardly possible to suppose that any General would, with so little precaution, approach a great city, containing an armed population *professing* hostility, besides a regular force—troops, if not disciplined, accustomed at least to warfare, anxious to prolong the enjoyment of their free quarters, and animated by the most enthusiastic love of plunder. Mazzini himself, it is believed, intended no treachery towards the French, and was willing to make the surrender he had promised—but he was no longer the master of the destinies of Rome. Neither the war-minister, Avezzana, famous for having commanded during the revolt of Genoa, nor Garibaldi, the commander-in-chief, had been consulted; but more—even if their connivance had been secured, it is not likely that they could have answered for the disposition of their followers. It was, in short, the legion commanded by Garibaldi that succeeded in repulsing the French in their first onslaught; on which occasion the greater part of the Romans remained inactive—being, in fact, hostile to both parties.

parties. Garibaldi is a subject of the King of Sardinia—a native, we believe, of his transalpine dominions. His first appearance in public life was as a sort of Guy Faux :—he had planned a scheme for blowing up the opera-house at Genoa while the king and his court were attending the performance. Escaping from justice, the culprit took refuge in South America, where, finding congenial spirits and ready employment, he served in various military expeditions. On hearing of the new disturbances of his native country, he returned to Italy, and received both pardon and employment from his benign and placable sovereign. He soon became distinguished for his zeal rather than his exact observance of the rules of legitimate warfare; and on the first armistice being signed between Austria and Piedmont, after attempting a war of brigandage on the banks of Como, he retired to Tuscany, and from thence to Rome, where his high reputation recommended him almost immediately to the command of the Roman army, composed of few native Italians, and still fewer Romans, but chiefly of Poles, Swiss, and Frenchmen, the sweepings of barricaded capitals and of the army of Algeria, men ready for any enterprise, driven to their last retreat and rendered desperate by despair of pardon. We know not what terms were stipulated for these truculent partisans, or whether (which is more probable) Mazzini had abandoned his garrison to the mercy of the invader.

To understand the situation of Rome and the conduct of its inhabitants, it is necessary to call to mind the peculiar relation which the governing powers and the people bear to each other, and the opposing interests that must have influenced their motives. The entire command of the unruly and licentious military was divided between Avezzana and Garibaldi, while the whole influence of the civil government, though nominally shared with two colleagues, was centred in Mazzini. This man, a native of Genoa, and a lawyer, engaged in early life in some of those plots and conspiracies in which restless Italians are for ever dabbling, and which consigned him with so many others of his countrymen to exile or imprisonment. Having eluded the police, he established his head-quarters in London, and from thence organised that party known by the name of the '*Gioyane Italia*.' With the assistance of two branch associations, the one at Marseilles and the other at Leghorn, he directed the revolutionary movement, and corresponded with its various partisans throughout Europe. Having been defeated in an intended outbreak in the year 1837 by the vigilance of the Austrian police, the hopes of the party began to revive towards the close of the reign of Gregory, and they were crowned with the most unexpected success in finding a coadjutor and fellow-labourer in  
his

his successor. The ill-judged amnesty published by the new Pope brought the central committee to Rome itself, and the events that have since followed were the necessary and inevitable consequence. Unfettered by any religious principles or human scruples, uniting perseverance with the spirit of intrigue, boundless vanity, and insatiable ambition, with a restless activity and a considerable share of tact in the choice of his tools, Mazzini was eminently qualified to succeed in his undertaking. Lord Beaumont calls him a 'fanatical republican:' not so—he is a republican because it was the only road that was open to his restless ambition, but he is *fanatical* in nothing but the belief of his own high qualities. Mazzini is a fanatic of the description of Robespierre and Danton, possessing the ambition of the first and the rapacity of the last: probably he himself may have contemplated the possibility of sharing their fate.

It is true he did not confiscate the whole landed property of the state, or erect the guillotine in the Piazza del Popolo, but for six months a system of terrorism had prevailed—forced contributions—domiciliary visits. Public robberies and open assassinations were perpetrated with applause in the name of patriotism. Sacrilege was the favourite crime, and priests had been murdered at the foot of the altars they were endeavouring to defend. It was currently believed that the vaults under the Vatican and St. Peter's were filled with gunpowder, which on the approach of an enemy would instantly be fired. Sterbini, one of the ministers, had menaced this revenge, and was thought capable of performing his threat. The peasants who had flocked to the city, and the lower classes of townspeople, were maintained in idleness by the state, nominally as workmen, and though their stipend was paid in base coin and in paper money, yet, as a forced currency was given to these, it sufficed to procure them the coveted pittance of food and wine, and to secure their stanch adherence to a system which afforded them subsistence and licence at the expense of the peaceable and industrious. Under such circumstances, when the timid and unwarlike character of the Italians is considered, the unanimity that appeared to prevail is no longer surprising.

The invasion and occupation of the Papal states by the French were events as unexpected by the Republicans as they were unwelcome to every class. Those who had always regarded that nation with favour, and had hitherto been protected by it, were in the possession of authority, and were *apparently* the very persons against whom the attack was directed. The priests dreaded a final and perpetual exclusion from power; the nobles could not welcome the advocates of democracy; the orderly citizens feared that the government formed by these intruders

intruders would be in fact the organisation of anarchy; the populace, demoralised by the system of state pauperism, saw with regret the end of their licentious idleness; while Garibaldi and his banditti regarded the approach of a regular army and a fixed government as the destruction of their 'occupation.' Though the French army was thus totally without allies in the city, it is more than probable that, had the General instantly advanced, a capitulation would have been offered in the first moment of surprise and consternation; the third day's march from Civita Vecchia would have brought him before the walls of Rome, and the suddenness of his appearance might have paralyzed resistance. Instead of pursuing this bold course, the only one that could have immediately availed him, he lost time in proclamations, decrees, and negotiations—he suffered the underhand falsehood of his plans to be discovered; he exhibited doubt and hesitation himself, and the growing conviction of his secret correspondence with the government completed the ruin of his undertaking—leaving him and his accomplices in the condition of clumsy gamblers who, intending to cheat, but not having agreed on the signs of their confederation, find themselves deprived of the stakes by the very means they have taken to secure them.

The French General from the first exhibited a lamentable deficiency in skill and enterprise: he was farther embarrassed by the reluctance of his troops and his dread of the heavy responsibility that rested upon him; his army, moreover, was too small to overcome the resistance that the foreign legion could oppose, supported as it was by its own desperation and the now awakened enthusiasm of the populace, whose national vanity had been as much offended at the method of his attack as it was afterwards gratified by its repulse. The exhilaration which followed this event no doubt was real, and was farther excited by the distribution of money, by inflammatory harangues and copious draughts of wine (to which the Romans are at all times addicted), which were served by order, of the trembling and internally jealous government at the corner of every street.

We have been assured that this proposed invasion, at variance as it was with the professed principles of a vast majority of the French people, was nevertheless generally popular in France; and we can readily believe it. Every act of aggressive violence has been popular there, from the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., the devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV., the kidnapping of the King of Spain by Buonaparte, to the *razzias* in the territory of Morocco. We cannot but think, however, that the constituent assembly gave the minister on whom they had bestowed their confidence, credit for some better motive for his policy than that which



which he assigned. Far as we think 'the assertion of their dignity' would carry them, we can hardly believe they would have taxed their exhausted exchequer to furnish forth a costly expedition for no better cause. It might be difficult, moreover, to discover how the glory and dignity of France could be exalted by an attack on the states of Rome in concert with the forces of three other powers. Nor, had the re-restoration of the Pope been the sole object, would so great a sacrifice of money and consistency have been necessary. The Pope had been dethroned for refusing to declare war on Austria. The Roman republic had invaded the Austrian states—the two countries were at open war—neither Spain, Naples, nor France had any quarrel with Rome—the task of advancing on it and accomplishing the restoration of the Pope belonged exclusively to Austria, and had an Austrian army presented itself before the gates of Rome, the result would probably have been very different. The jealousy and the ambition of France were opposed to this natural and simple course—the *joint invasion* was the scheme of French intrigue, and the method of accomplishing *that* will furnish a very curious chapter in the future history of the diplomatic art as practised by French republicans.

It was desired to establish a permanent footing in Italy—to counterbalance Austrian influence, as it was pretended, but in reality to substitute that of France. No human being believes that a republic in France can co-exist with peace—war somewhere was felt to be inevitable, and nowhere could the struggle be commenced with fairer prospects of success and of ulterior advantage than in Italy. Whatever may be the success of the cunning scheme otherwise, its main purpose of mischief has succeeded. It has added fresh rancour to party bitterness, it has raised the spirits of the crestfallen republicans, and delayed the peace which was all but concluded between Piedmont and Austria. It has hurried the period of general war, decided the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, and afforded a precedent for every act of future aggression and violence. Yet this measure is one which her Majesty's ministers are able to regard with perfect indifference, seeing in it neither a matter to praise nor to condemn.

It will be remembered that two years ago, when Lord Palmerston professed to believe that the Austrian cabinet entertained the purpose of interfering in the internal affairs of Rome and Piedmont, he addressed a despatch to the English Ambassador at Vienna (dated 11th September, 1847), to be communicated to the Imperial minister, in which—a tone of menace and defiance being very thinly veiled under the language of diplomatic civility—he intimated that any aggression on the rights and independence of neighbouring

neighbouring states 'would not be viewed by *Great Britain* with indifference.' He further added distinctly, 'The integrity of the Roman states may be considered as an essential element in the political independence of the Italian peninsula; and no invasion of the territory of that state could take place without leading to consequences of great gravity and importance.' It has since been clearly proved that his lordship's fears of Austrian interference were chimerical; but if her Majesty's ministers were so averse to any aggression on the part of Austria, which, in fact, could have made no change in the political aspect of Europe—nay, by dividing her forces, must be to Austria herself a source of weakness rather than of strength—how can we explain their indifference to a French invasion, which establishes a great and encroaching power in a part of the world from which the policy of Europe had sedulously excluded it? This ostentatious indifference, too, is the more extraordinary, since our policy in the first instance with regard to Austria was professedly guided by the fears of a French march into Italy; to prevent so great an evil we imposed our mediation on Austria, and Lord Palmerston demanded the congratulations of Parliament on the lucky expedient. We knew that we had failed in our plan of mediation—failed in supporting the King of Sardinia—failed in conciliating the love or confidence of any party in the country—but we did hope we had not failed, at least for the moment, in preventing the invasion of Italy by a French army. Yet so ungrateful are our allies for our support, so indifferent to the wishes of our ministers, so sure do they feel of their submission, or so contemptuously do they brave their displeasure, that not only do they adopt the dreaded measure, but assign for it a reason so insolently frivolous as might well have kindled a minister less punctilious than Lord Palmerston had sometimes been pleased to show himself. All this is true—but still, it seems, they have not over-calculated our patience.

There appeared grounds at one moment for believing that our ministers were themselves ashamed and weary of a line of policy in which the country at large had long before seen nothing but meanness, degradation, and pitiable folly. In the course of a desultory debate which some questions of Lord Beaumont produced in the House of Lords on the evening of the 14th of May, we hailed, as a certain proof of this wholesome reaction, the declaration of Lord Minto that the cabinet was determined to abide by existing treaties: to which, not a little to our surprise, the Earl annexed a distinct statement that during his memorable mission he had uniformly proclaimed the resolution of the English government 'not to encourage, tolerate, or approve of any change with respect to the territorial arrangements of the treaty of Vienna.' Nothing,

he asserted, ever fell from him which could be construed by the most eager advocates of Italian unity or 'of any of that sort of nonsense which prevailed in some quarters. into a sanction of any attempt to expel the Austrians from Italy.' Little as this remarkable speech was in accordance with our former belief, or that of persons more deeply interested in correctly interpreting the words of the noble ambassador, we accepted it, we say, with pleasure, as the earnest, at all events, of future adherence to that policy by which alone the honour and interest of our country can be maintained. The same debate exhibited, however, a ministerial misrepresentation concerning Austria not easily to be reconciled with the amicable professions of the Lord Privy Seal. Lord Lansdowne, when he stated, in reply to a question of Lord Beaumont, that the French Government had announced the intended invasion of Italy, denied that Austria had avowed any participation in the same purpose—although, in fact, that purpose had been formally announced to Lord Palmerston by the communication of a despatch from Vienna. We need not, we are sure, say that we acquit the Marquis of Lansdowne of any personal unfairness in statement. The fact, however, that his statement on this occasion as to Austria was wholly incorrect, he himself distinctly allowed on a subsequent evening. How are we to expound these things? Is it true—is it really true—that her Majesty's other ministers, even their dignified and responsible mouth-piece in the House of Peers—the proper head, and by far the most respected member of the Whig party—submit to let Lord Palmerston conceal from them whatever he pleases and for so long as it suits his convenience? Meantime, though Lord Lansdowne subsequently explained, the impression had been created—the candour of the Austrian Government had been impeached. And as to France—our cabinet, by its own admission, had been deceived by its honest allies, since, after all, it was only an expedition to Civita Vecchia that they had avowed, making no mention whatever of the intended occupation of Rome.

For our own parts we confess we are tired of 'diplomacy' with all its mediations, conferences, and 'explanatory papers'—we should wish to see an intelligible policy loudly proclaimed and boldly pursued—such as should at once restore us the good opinions we have forfeited on the Continent, and remove from us a load of hatred which we should have thought almost incompatible with so much contempt. The principal agent in this disastrous drama will probably not long brave the general disapprobation, nor can we envy the reflections he will take with him into involuntary retirement. The Foreign Secretary, attached in his youth to that political party which raised our country to the  
highest

highest pitch of glory it has ever attained, in his maturer age has lent his various and eminent talents to destroy the fabric he helped to raise. Placed in a conspicuous situation at a moment of unparalleled difficulty, he might have been the arbitrator of Europe, the regenerator of its convulsed society. What a noble field was opened to his ambition ! the hopes of European civilisation seemed to depend on the firmness of England, and her ministers were its chosen guardians : how has she fulfilled her mission, and what account can they render of their stewardship ? The progress of strife, jealousy, hate, war, and anarchy in every direction around her, returns a sad reply. On the continent England is believed the avowed patroness of revolt : when a rebellious province wishes to throw off the weight of its natural allegiance, it is constantly circulated that the assistance of England would be secured if a Prince of the house of Coburg were elected to the vacant throne. When the tide of battle turns against the cause of rebellion, agents are immediately sent to demand the intervention of England ; and when a capitulation is at hand, the people are promised the speedy arrival of an English agent and a French admiral (an ominous conjunction !), who will enforce an armistice on the victor. Our efforts at mediation have served but to deepen animosity, our protection to countenance treachery. The appearance of an English agent is the prelude to disappointment and disaster. Yet so perverse has been our national diplomacy under the direction of the noble lord, that the cause of havock, in general prosperous, has been finally unsuccessful only where his active endeavours had been used to promote it. The Pope, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia, whose follies he encouraged and whose ambition he abetted, have fallen ; while Austria, whose distress he mocked and whose cause he deserted, has signally triumphed.\* We have heard of an Oriental imprecation, ‘ May the blessings of the evil Genii, which

\* Venice is an exception ; and why ? In Venice the rebellious resistance has been prolonged solely by the obstinate breach of international law in which the governments of England and France persist. Ample time was given to the natives of both countries to retire before the blockade, which had so long been threatened, was at length enforced. In spite of the remonstrances of the Austrian authorities, three French vessels of war, the *Pluton*, *Solon*, and *Brasier*, remain at anchor off the Piazzetta, while the war-steamer, the *Panama*, with a merchantman, lies off the Lido. The English vessel, the *Ardent*, is anchored off the gardens. Upon these vessels the property of the members of the government and their friends is already secured ; and on board of them their persons also will find an asylum, should the city, which they have exposed to the dangers of a storm, be taken without having capitulated. The garrison, desperate, if not courageous, has nothing to expect from submission, and the members of government, having secured impunity, find their advantage in prolonging their precarious hold of office with its emoluments ; meantime the city is exposed to the double danger of a capture by assault, and of being previously plundered by its own defenders, who openly declare that in any case the enemy shall not have the cream of the pillage.

are curses, be upon you : '—surely the good offices of the noble lord have been equally fatal to his clients !

To counterbalance all his mistakes and all his misfortunes, the Foreign Secretary can only reiterate the boast of his French alliance. At the commencement of his career as foreign minister, he attempted and for a time effected a closer union than had for ages existed between the governments of France and England : but he is, we presume, the last man to look back with satisfaction on that chapter of our story. It was a line of policy that had ever been equally unpopular in the country and unfortunate in its results. Charles II., with an obsequiousness of which there was no previous example, and of which till within the last year there has been no imitation, was prevailed on to join a French alliance, and the ruin of the Dutch was its object. Holland found her De Ruyter, as Austria has found her Radetsky, and triumphed over her baffled enemies amidst the applause of nations. We need not dwell on the scorn which Charles II. encountered—yet we much doubt whether England had so much reason to dread the ambition of Louis XIV. as the cause of monarchy has to fear from the successes of republican France.

We have detailed the intrigues which led to the invasion of the papal states at some length, not to expose the duplicity of French Revolutionists, but simply to point out the imbecility of that policy which seeks a close and confidential connexion with them. The affairs of Naples afford a still more striking illustration. After the joint endeavours of the French and English fleets had failed in stirring up rebellion in the continental kingdom, they sailed to Sicily, where discontent had always existed, and where the French revolution had excited an insurrection such as no efforts could effect at Naples. An ample field was furnished for mediation, dictation, and interference, and all the resources of diplomacy were exhausted in every form of official insolence, from the grandiloquent and haughty assumption of the chief secretary in Downing-street, down to the vulgar impertinence of a vice-consul's deputy in a small Sicilian seaport. Two volumes of unequal bulk, but of tedious monotony, contain this official correspondence, bearing ample testimony to the forbearance and courtesy of the Neapolitan authorities, and to the harshness with which they were answered. We are too well accustomed to the mingled meanness and insolence with which our diplomacy has recently been conducted, to feel astonishment at any exhibition of them, however flagrant. We see, however, with surprise as well as regret, that the same ungenerous course has been adopted by some of our naval commanders employed during this disastrous contest. To excuse and account for this general  
hostility

hostility towards the Neapolitan crown it was necessary that some cause of complaint should be alleged ; but never, we think, was so frivolous a list of grievances presented to an ill-used and persecuted government. The Sicilian rebels who had invaded Calabria, and had been compelled by the hostility of the natives of that province to retreat, were captured by a Neapolitan vessel, which used the common *ruse de guerre* of hoisting English colours to effect her purpose. This ‘*profanation*’—as it is termed in the official communications—of the British flag is made the subject of an angry, or rather, we should say, an insulting correspondence with the Neapolitan government. It is pretended also that the rights of British jurisdiction were invaded by the capture of the vessel within three miles of the island of Corfu. The commander of the Neapolitan war steam-vessel pleads in his defence the general custom in similar cases of hoisting foreign colours, and in his clear and ingenuous account of the transaction he asserts that the British ensign was lowered before he fired on his prize, and that the capture was made at a considerable distance from shore. Lord Napier, declining to admit the truth of this explanation, or to seek one from the governor of the Ionian Isles, desires to have access to the prisoners themselves for the purpose of ascertaining their opinion as to the legality of their own capture ; he further demands for the rebels the privilege of being considered as prisoners of war ; and he requires that certain individuals among them, *professing* to be natives of Malta and the Ionian Islands, shall at once be given up to the British authorities.\* It will hardly be a matter  
of

\* Compare a despatch from *Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker to the Secretary of the Admiralty*—dated, Hibernia, Castellamare, Aug. 14, 1848.

“ I have received answers from Lord Seaton, stating that the two vessels with the Sicilian troops on board returning from Calabria were captured on the 11th ultimo, from eight to ten miles distant from Corfu, which *completely refutes the assertion of many of the Sicilian prisoners*, that they were seized within swimming distance of that island, and the impression that the territory protected by Her Majesty’s forces had thereby been violated.—The Ionian subject who was taken in one of the vessels *was voluntarily given up by the Neapolitan government on the 11th instant*, and received on board the Bull-dog ; but as his evidence is now positively contradicted, I shall send him to Corfu or Malta by the first opportunity to be set at liberty.”

We are sorry not to produce a more favourable specimen of the sense of justice and the diplomatic courtesy of Lord Napier than we must now do by giving some extracts from his despatch relating to this matter. After having recommended Prince Cariati to treat his prisoners with great humanity (a precaution that was perfectly useless, since a letter of Lord Napier’s own, and another of Captain Robb’s, bear testimony to the kindness with which the rebels had always been treated), he adds, that, should there be any ground for complaint, it would become a matter of painful notoriety and comment :—“ a strong expression of public feeling would be raised in Great Britain, and Her Majesty’s government could scarcely fail to notice it.”

In a letter to Lord Palmerston, dated Aug. 4, 1848, he gives an account of Dionisio Cavallaro, the worthy subject of Her Britannic Majesty in whose behalf the British fleet had assumed an hostile ‘attitude’ in the Bay of Naples :—“ He is a native of  
Zante.

of surprise to our readers that some of these demands provoked objections from his Sicilian Majesty's ministers, irritated, moreover, by an act of '*inadvertence*' in an English naval officer in styling their sovereign 'King of Naples' in an official communication to the minister of war. The spirited but measured remonstrance of Prince Cariati is afterwards made the excuse for the hostile 'attitude,' as Lord Napier terms it, of the British fleet before the town of Naples. On the 30th of July, 1848, Admiral Parker arrives with the British squadron in the Bay of Naples to demand satisfaction and redress of grievances from the government at their own proper peril. In the letter of this commander to the Secretary of the Admiralty, he details his causes of complaint, and explains his intentions. One of the principal grievances had already been redressed—the forced loan to which British residents were expected to contribute had been abandoned. An apology had been made for the use of the British flag, and a promise given that a similar stratagem should not be repeated. On this subject, however, the Lords of the Admiralty have given an opinion decidedly favourable to the Neapolitan government. In a letter from their secretary, dated Aug. 7, 1848, it is stated 'that the practice of using the flags of other nations being constantly adopted *by our own cruizers* in time of war, my lords do not think there can be any well-grounded cause of complaint in the present instance.' Under such circumstances we cannot but think that the hostile demonstration should have been spared; but the homely proverb says true—a stick is easily found to beat a dog—and other complaints were advanced even yet more frivolous and unsubstantial. A musket-shot, it seems, had reached the brig 'Edward Barnett,' in the Bay of Messina, and the offender was declared to be amongst the garrison of Fort Salvatore.\* In vain had the general commanding denied

Zante, and not of Malta as was first believed; is the son of a small farmer in that island, and took service in the army of the King of Greece. *Having deserted* those colours he fled to Malta, and finding no occupation he passed to Messina in the month of March last, where he was employed in drilling the Sicilian troops. He declares, in conformity with all the Sicilians whom I have been able to reach, that the trabacolo at least was *taken within swimming distance* of the shore; but he can only state on hearsay that the larger ship was in the Ionian waters at the time of its surrender, and that the first shot was fired by the Stromboli under British colours. Considering the at least doubtful manner of the capture of the trabacolo, the previous liberation of a *French subject* arrested at the same time, and the *violation of the Neapolitan peninsula* in his imprisonment for twenty-three days without examination or trial, I am inclined to avail myself of the offer of the Neapolitan government to liberate him, and I shall state my readiness to accept him, if I find Sir W. Parker of the same opinion, *although on his own confession he has been guilty of a serious offence.*

\* It must be remembered that the town was at this time full of armed peasants and foreign bands, and that the idle and mischievous part of the population were exercising their newly acquired privilege of carrying arms with all the zeal and less than the discretion of a froward schoolboy on the 1st of September.

that

that the shot had proceeded from the fort, or had been sanctioned by him or any in authority under him; his assurances are disregarded, and satisfaction is formally demanded.

‘These circumstances, my lord,’ proceeds the admiral, in detailing his grievances unto the willing ears of Lord Napier, ‘indicate a disposition on the part of the Neapolitan government to treat slightly the respect due to the British flag and the British subjects in the Neapolitan dominions which cannot possibly be submitted to. It places me, my lord, most unwillingly, in the unpleasant position of appearing before Naples with her Majesty’s squadron, without feeling myself at liberty to offer a salute to the Neapolitan flag until the proceedings complained of are abandoned or satisfactorily explained.’

The admiral’s list of grievances was not yet exhausted; he observes, in a letter addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, dated two days after that already alluded to, that—

‘He understands from Lord Napier that the Neapolitan government’s communications to him have lately been made in an unpleasant, if not rude tone; and until we have satisfactory explanations on the points that are still open, he has declined offering a national salute to the Neapolitan flag.’

We think our readers will feel a curiosity to see the expressions of the Sicilian ministers which gave such deep offence as to render ‘a hostile demonstration’ necessary. On one occasion they had cavilled at the word ‘respectable’ being applied to the Sicilian bands which invaded Calabria, composed for the most part of convicts and galley-slaves, though conducted by men from whose birth and situation better conduct might have been expected. On another, Prince Caiati writes to Lord Napier under the date of July 17, 1848, that

‘He finds it his unpleasant duty to call the attention of the *Chargé d’Affaires* to the fact that in Captain Codrington’s letter his majesty the King is named by a title different from that by which he is recognized by all the sovereigns in Europe, and sanctioned by all existing treaties. The King’s government are willing to attribute this proceeding to mistake; but it will be their duty to adopt those measures which they may deem expedient in support of the rights and honour of the sovereign of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies should such a mistake be repeated.’

In another despatch, dated July 19, 1848, when objecting to the Sicilian prisoners being interrogated by the *Chargé d’Affaires* and an officer of the British navy, *before* they have been examined by their natural judges,—

‘Such a demand,’ he observes, ‘to a free and independent government, is, in the opinion of the undersigned, unprecedented. The King’s government could not consent thereto without derogating from its own rights, and without a grievous offence against the inviolability and impartiality



impartiality of existing laws. And moreover, should the Charge d'Affaires and Captain Codrington, contrary to all rule, call in question the veracity of the statement of a respectable officer of the King's navy as being an interested party in the affair, how could they repose implicit confidence in the words of the accused, who have naturally an evident interest in narrating facts in the sense most favourable to themselves, and different from the account of the commander of the *Stromboli*, and in stating that which is not true, so as to secure still more the protection of the British agents? On the principle of reciprocity, the undersigned would also have the right to demand from Lord Napier and Captain Codrington the sources from whence they derive their information respecting the course pursued by the commander of the *Stromboli* in capturing the Sicilians, as there is good reason to suppose that they proceed from persons who under divers pretexts, or to satisfy their private passions, are interested in exerting themselves in the Sicilian cause.

To counterbalance these grievances, the Neapolitan Government has to complain that, besides the open and notorious hostility of the British legation, and of the officers of the British squadron, the Sicilians were encouraged, if not directed, by British subjects in their resistance to their legitimate sovereign; that the offer of the crown of Sicily had been made to the Duke of Genoa by means of a British man-of-war; and that the flag of the rebels had been formally recognized and saluted with royal honours;\* that the army of the King, our Sovereign's ally, had been arrested in its career of conquest by the joint intervention of France and England, and an armistice enforced under the most offensive pretext of the cruelty of the Neapolitan troops. All this is strictly and undeniably true, and every iota is proved by the official documents, yet neither apology nor explanation is offered to the aggrieved government—nay, it is still further insulted by this publication of papers in which it is charged with tyranny and wanton cruelty. We never remember to have seen a case so ill 'got up' as these alleged 'atrocities' of the Neapolitans in Sicily. In one respect, however, it gives us sincere pleasure: we had no idea that war—civil war—could be carried on with so small an amount of loss. How little is proved, even if the exaggerated accounts of consuls, vice-consuls, and their deputies, were all admitted without abatement! But these gentlemen well knew the nature of the 'information' that was expected from them, and they exhibited a most confiding good faith in admitting the truth of whatever statement was made by the favoured party.

\* Captain Key, in a despatch, dated July 11, 1818, informs the vice-admiral 'that, as the King of Sardinia had expressed his readiness to accept the crown for his son, he deemed it his duty to publish this recognition without delay by saluting the Sicilian flag with 21 guns at 6 A.M., which was returned by the castle. The French 90-gun ship *Inflexible* saluted the Sicilian flag this morning at 10 30 A.M.'

Would they, we ask, have accepted the word of their informers in these important matters for the weight and value of a chest of green oranges? We are astonished, moreover, that our ministers should wish to exaggerate the extent of mischief which, be it much or little, is attributable only to themselves. Is it not clear to demonstration that the submission of Catania, Syracuse, and the whole eastern coast, would have followed the capture of Messina, but for the armistice imposed on the victors by the French and English squadrons?

Besides the official communications, which are sufficiently bulky, although elaborately *cooked* for the public digestion, these volumes are swelled to an unnatural size by the letters, notes, memorandums, and journals of various *amateurs*, travellers, and residents, who, finding themselves somewhat at a loss for occupation, tried their hands at diplomacy—all, to their best ability, contributing to the embarrassment of the Neapolitan government and to the propagation of falsehood. Is it astonishing that the Neapolitan cabinet should have misconceived their motives, and attributed what really proceeded from individual folly or love of mischief to something like a national plot for gaining possession of Sicily? Lord Palmerston is obliged to address a circular despatch (dated March 15, 1818) to repudiate any such intention. The Neapolitan government will now, we are certain, do him justice: they cannot suppose he has designs of acquisitive ambition as to *all* the countries in the internal affairs of which he has meddled, to fan the flames of discord, and promote the cause of rebellion. These documents have appeared, however, at a propitious moment; and all who read them (particularly the statesmen and legislators for whose information they are published) will learn to place a juster value upon republican consistency and Italian patriotism. There appears throughout the whole of this correspondence a total want of that candour and good faith which we believe to be as essential to the management of international affairs as to those of a private nature. We regret to see that with the French alliance we have adopted their diplomacy also; we detect, with a like concern, the imitation of our neighbours in their method of communicating with feebler states. We would willingly see that lofty and indignant style in which the Neapolitan cabinet is rebuked, reserved for some more important occasion, and some more powerful nation by whom our friendship has been scorned and our interests disregarded.

We have often heard the neglect and indolence of our diplomatic agents condemned and deplored; we do not share in such regrets; we would gladly see our public servants in the Mediterranean resume those habits of careless apathy so much less

less injurious to the public service than the pernicious activity infused by Lord Napier into his subordinates. Our gallant admirals and captains will, we trust, abandon diplomacy, and confine themselves in future to that profession where their exertions are sure to be creditable to themselves and their country.\* Lord Napier is clever—he possesses the pen of a ready writer : he is young, and will learn the error of his recent conduct by the signal failure that has attended it, and by the universal condemnation of his countrymen. It is possible to serve a cause too well, an employer too eagerly : and in spite of the official approbation that all his smart blunders have received, we cannot but suspect that, had he been less of a partisan, he would have afforded his employer much sounder information, and, though he might have pleased less at the moment, secured a more permanent title to his gratitude. He will make wise reflection, we have no doubt, and will in future call to mind that sage advice of the late Prince Talleyrand to the young diplomatist, ‘*et surtout, monsieur, point de zèle.*’

It is obvious that Lord Palmerston from the first was deceived both as to the powers of resistance on the part of the Sicilian rebels and the powers of coercion on that of the King's

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\* We do not need to be reminded that we have had naval diplomatists of illustrious ability—such was Collingwood for one. Nor need we say how strongly we partake in the general admiration excited *everywhere* by the humane skill of a distinguished naval officer during the late insurrection at Genoa. The preservation of thousands of lives, and even of the edifices of that beautiful city, is owing altogether to the personal gallantry, discretion, and humanity of the Earl of Hardwicke, whose ship, the *Vengeance* 71, happened to be in the bay. The public will probably never be made fully acquainted with the merit of Lord Hardwicke's conduct on this occasion, the risks he ran, and the difficulties of every kind that he had to contend with. We all know the fortunate result, but he himself would be the last to relate the individual traits of courage and ability by which it was brought about. We have seen more than one letter from Genoa, from which we gather that his Lordship, seeing that the destruction of the city was inevitable if some capitulation could not be effected, volunteered a visit to the Provisional Government, in which, with (as we believe) no other instructions than his own good sense and humanity, and no more credentials than his British epaulettes, he offered his personal mediation between the parties; and, after several *trajets* made under a hot fire from both sides, and with a great deal of personal risk, and on at least one occasion a personal conflict, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of both parties to a convention drawn up by himself. His greatest difficulty was with the Provisional Government, amongst whom there were some very hot-headed men who were desirous of holding out, principally, it is supposed, with the hope of obtaining either an amnesty for themselves personally or time to escape; and it is reported that some very violent scenes occurred through which Lord Hardwicke managed to steer with great moderation and good humour. But it is said that on one occasion, when the storm of debate was at the height, his quieting influence was very much strengthened by the arrival of a sudden and very unexpected auxiliary, in the shape of a bomb-shell, which thundered in through the wall of the council-chamber and exploded in the opposite wall of the ante-room. It was wonderful, says one of the letters, how suddenly the arrival of this messenger stilled the stormy voices and subdued the violent gesticulations of the war party, and particularly when, in the silent consternation that followed the crash, Lord Hardwicke coolly said, ‘*Poo, poo! 'tis only a shell; but we had better make haste, for there will be more coming.*’

Government. His agents, in conveying only the information they thought he desired to receive, are really the cause of his failure, and of the ridiculous and humiliating position in which he has placed himself and his too submissive colleagues. In every page of these ample volumes there is proof of the utter ignorance of the English officials as to the state of the country and the feelings of the people amongst whom they were living. It is assumed that the person of the King—(whose imputed crimes increased regularly as the newspapers brought tidings of fresh revolutions)—was universally odious in Sicily—that he did not possess the means of recovering his revolted provinces—that to secure even a nominal sovereignty it was necessary to make such concessions as must inevitably have hastened civil war, and alienated all the loyal and spirited servants of the Crown. This pernicious counsel is intruded on the King and his Ministers by his foreign advisers, with varied expressions—but all equally contemptuous towards himself, his army, and his country. These officious insinuations deepen in insolence as misfortunes cloud over the throne, and degenerate into absolute threats when the King is menaced in his capital. The presence of the French fleet added to the embarrassments of the sovereign; and the reproaches, sinister prophecies, and unwarrantable exigencies of his turbulent allies might well have goaded a more patient nature to despair. Never was so signal a triumph afforded. After a series of persecutions and ill-treatment such as finds no parallel in the history of *English* diplomacy—in spite of the united efforts of the French and English fleets, the moral and actual support they both afforded the rebellion, the approbation which the insurgents received from the French Government, the assistance of the Red Republicans from all the disturbed districts of the Continent, the encouragement of the English Cabinet and of all the clubs and secret societies of revolutionized Europe—this traduced and injured Prince\* has reconquered his dominions, reduced his rebellious provinces, and re-entered

\* We are happy to have a contradiction under Lord Napier's own hand (no very favourable witness) of the participation of the King and his ministers in the massacre of his people on the 15th of May, 1848. In a despatch addressed to Lord Palmerston, dated Naples, July 19, 1848, he says, 'The Sicilians shared the error which was general throughout Italy, that in the convulsion at Naples the King was the first aggressor and the slaughterer of his people; and that all the provinces would rise and destroy his government. In vain they were warned to the contrary.'

However skilfully documents are selected, suppressed, and arranged, enough will appear to throw light on the truth, and to expose the weak, the mean, and the guilty. We never perused a piece of our national history with the shame and confusion these documents have inspired. They are very instructive however: detection immediately follows deception; and we trust the punishment of tyranny and duplicity is not far off. We need ask, in fact, for no other evidence against the Italian policy of our foreign minister than his own despatches and those of his agents.

his Sicilian capital amidst the undisguised joy of its population. In turning over the pages of the 'Blue-Book,' we cannot but think Lord Palmerston must ask himself the question—'Where is this immortal resistance so often promised—those mountains of slain that were to bar the entrance of Palermo on the Neapolitan army—the citizens seeking a voluntary death, and surrendering nothing but heaps of ashes to their baffled conquerors?' Such was the fustian repeated in Sicily at popular meetings, on platforms, and in rebel proclamations—such were the communications conveyed in the formal jargon of official despatches—and such was the information of the noble Secretary retailed with all the rhetorical embellishment he could command to the House of Commons. The sober truth is behind.

The contest so long kept alive by foreign intervention was drawing to a close. The folly of the Sicilian rebels rejected the terms which their sovereign offered, and which their mediators and protectors could not affect to disapprove. The wiles of diplomacy were fairly exhausted—all negotiation was closed—and the British fleet, so long dragged in the wake of our French ally, was reluctantly obliged to depart. The success of the royal army was certain, and the relief of the oppressed population was at hand.

The resistance offered by the foreign bands at Catania and Syracuse was rapidly overcome—the good conduct and discipline of the royal forces, the repentance of the people, and the dread of their self-elected *deliverers*, secured a welcome, sincere and undisguised, to the Neapolitan army. At Palermo the populace felt the growing influence—*enthusiasm* had lost its vogue, and reason demanded a hearing. The governing giunta, too deeply compromised to propose a treaty or to hope for pardon, dissolved itself; and the individuals who had composed it secured their safety by a timely flight to the vessels of their departing allies; who had so fatally deceived them; while the people loudly demanded that a capitulation should save their city from the consequences of their contumacy. At Palermo as at Messina, Rome, Genoa, and Venice—in short, wherever resistance has been offered—the strength of the revolution lay in the foreign legions, the Poles, French, Swiss, &c. It was these men that now opposed the general wish, insisted on continued resistance, and menaced the government which had begun to treat. The French fleet was still in the Bay of Palermo—excuses had been found for lingering after the departure of their British allies—and, the coast once clear, the moment seemed favourable for the renewal of negotiation. The mediation then which had been jointly offered, and jointly withdrawn, is *singly* renewed—and the evil we were most anxious to avoid is incurred. The French, unfettered by the presence

presence of allies, are enabled to afford that substantial support which the 'perfidious Albion' had hitherto prevented. The plot, indeed, did not succeed; but its failure is to be attributed neither to our own exertions nor the repentance of our allies, but simply to the good faith, good sense, and sincerity of the much-abused King of the Sicilies. The tumult that the mercenary soldiers had raised meantime could not be appeased—the Government was again changed—the deputies who had sought the camp of Prince Satriano were recalled, and a defiance instead of a capitulation was offered him. The new government appeared to acquiesce in these measures, and invited the martial commanders to assemble their troops for a *sortie* on the advancing Neapolitans. It was impossible to refuse. No sooner, however, had the expedition departed than the National Guard was beat to arms, the gates were closed, the streets were filled with the applauding populace, while the white flag was raised, and a fresh deputation despatched to the royal commander with the offer of an unconditional surrender. The rebel force gave way on every side, or fell a prey to the Neapolitan soldiers, till Prince Satriano stopped the carnage and granted quarter to all who threw down their arms. His entry into Palermo was greeted by thousands; and the re-establishment of legitimate authority was celebrated with more sincere approbation than that proclamation of the Duke of Genoa as King, which melted the tenderness and excited the admiration of the official partisans of Downing-street. The rebellion we had fostered was quelled—the prince we had oppressed was triumphant—the allies we had trusted had betrayed us.

From such a humiliating position let us hope, if we can, to be extricated by the revived patriotism of our Foreign Secretary. If this be too much, let us at least cherish hopes that the minister who so deeply resented being outwitted in a Spanish intrigue by the minions and cubiculars of the queen-mother's bedchamber (the most creditable event, we think, in his recent career), will not endure the still more galling contempt with which his alliance is treated—and that a sense of disappointment and mortification, if we must look for no better motive, will induce a return to that policy by which our country prospered amidst the respect and confidence of all honest governments and loyal nations.

The cordial sympathy that was felt and expressed by the British public when it was first understood that the Italians were anxious for constitutional and administrative reforms, arose from the strong wish to share with others the blessings of our own freedom, and from a very natural ignorance of the grievances complained of, and of the motives and intentions of the reformers

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—an ignorance that was shared by a large portion of the legislators of both houses of parliament, and by all her Majesty's ministers. It is, however, singular that these last, having been led to embrace a common error, should not change their opinion, and with it their policy, when the Italian reformers themselves have cast aside the mask, and avow openly the most daring doctrines of socialism. In Piedmont, Tuscany, and Rome, the constitutions granted were based on the broadest principles of democratic freedom; yet in the first of these the new chamber was bent on subverting the monarchy, and, after having provoked a hopeless war, was prevented from accomplishing its purpose only by a hasty dissolution; and in each of the others, without the excuse of foreign opposition or domestic treason, the constitutions have been trampled under foot, while the sovereign, against whom no accusation had been brought, was driven by violence from his capital, and in both instances dictators forthwith established a system founded on terrorism, and supported by pillage.

Those who were well acquainted with the country could not be misled by the flattering pictures presented by the advocates of innovation, and our desire to dispel an amiable but very dangerous prejudice induced us to risk the temporary unpopularity that is ever the fate of those who propound unwelcome truths. The real evil which the Italians might have to complain of in absolute and irresponsible governments was the pretence rather than the motive for discontent. The progress of socialist and communist doctrines in the peninsula was the true cause, and the demagogues who promulgated them were the real actors; the mortified vanity of a dissolute nobility, and the popular delusion of *nationality*, were the springs that were set in action, and the confiding facility of the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany were the weapons which the anarchists wielded with equal skill and success.

If our ministers *remained* in ignorance of the truth, however, their ignorance was perverse. In a despatch, dated as far back as August 2, 1847, Prince Metternich had given them a clear explanation:—

‘L’Italie centrale est livrée à un mouvement révolutionnaire, à la tête duquel se trouvent placés les chefs des sectes qui depuis des années ont miné les états de la Péninsule. Sous la bannière de réformes administratives, à l’introduction desquelles le nouveau Souverain de Rome s’est livré par suite d’un indubitable sentiment de bienveillance pour son peuple, les factieux paralysent l’action légale du pouvoir, et cherchent à consommer une œuvre qui, pour répondre à leurs vues subversives, ne pourrait point rester circonscrite, ni dans les limites de l’état de l’Eglise ni dans celles d’aucun des Etats qui dans leur ensemble

semble composent la Péninsule Italienne. Ce à quoi visent les sectes, c'est à la fusion de ces Etats en un seul corps politique, ou pour le moins en une Fédération d'Etats placée sous la conduite d'un pouvoir central suprême. La monarchie Italienne n'entre pas dans leurs plans ; abstraction faite des utopies d'un Radicalisme avancé qui les anime, une raison pratique doit les détourner de l'idée d'une Italie monarchique ; le roi possible de cette monarchie n'existe pas ni au delà, ni en deçà des Alpes. C'est vers la création d'une république vraisemblablement Fédérative, à l'instar de celle de l'Amérique du Nord et de la Suisse, que tendent leurs efforts.\*

To this prophetic warning, given before the French revolution had opened the eyes of less acute politicians, Lord Palmerston replied in a tone of contemptuous banter, unfitting his own station and that of the Austrian statesman, and most unfitting the importance of the occasion. The inextricable confusion of the present moment is a sufficient condemnation of his lordship's policy, and the completest justification of the Austrian minister.

At the moment when the Italian cause is abandoned by all but the English Government, and when some of its members even are compelled to retract or modify their opinions, Lord Beaumont comes forward as the advocate for Italian democracy—the apologist of the demagogues, the supporter of their schemes. We shall hold ourselves dispensed from a minute examination of his boy-like rhapsodies. As a Roman Catholic, we might have supposed him aware that Pius IX. has it not in his power to sanction the separation of his spiritual and temporal functions ; that the union of both was settled at the Council of Trent, and that the Popes on their accession take an oath to preserve both inviolate. Neither shall we waste much time in proving the impracticability of his plan of replacing him 'in all the pomp of his spiritual sovereignty at the Vatican,' and there permitting him to hold consistories, proclaim edicts, and fulminate excommunications, 'while the civil and military powers are lodged in the hands of some prince, president, or senator, who governs independently of him in the Capitol' (p. 43). The scheme of double sovereignty and divided allegiance was tried some time ago, we believe, at Brentford ; but we do not think the harmony of the two sovereigns was such as to recommend a repetition of the experiment.

To those more capable of serious argument who maintain the possibility of separating the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, we would point out some of the more obvious inconveniences.

\* Correspondence between the British and Austrian Governments, laid before Parliament by her Majesty's command, February, 1848.

Lord Palmerston was not aware, when he made this tardy, uncandid, and garbled publication, that he was only proving the political sagacity of the Austrian premier, and the excess of his own ignorant presumption.



It is not desirable that the guardianship of the person of the spiritual director of the whole Roman Catholic world should be intrusted to any lay sovereign. Buonaparte saw the advantage that would accrue from it to himself, and he entertained the project of establishing the seat of the œcumenical bishop in Paris, where he would nominate him (as he affirmed Charlemagne did) to his office, and himself guide him in the administration of it. Without supposing in present times the possibility of an usurpation so flagrant, we do not see by what machinery the independence of the Pope can be secured, excepting by the union of some temporal power with the spiritual jurisdiction. A large pension subscribed by the great Catholic states, which has been suggested, could not secure it, as he would hold the means of subsistence upon the caprice of princes or ministers, who might at any time delay or withhold it at pleasure. Bossuet, who had given the subject a consideration perhaps as acute as Lord Beaumont, thus states his conclusion:—

‘It is ordained,’ says he in his *Treatise on the Doctrines of the Catholic Church*, ‘that the Church should be independent in all its temporal affairs, and that the common centre to which all the faithful look for the unity of their religion should be placed in a situation above the partialities which the different interests and jealousies of states might occasion. The Church, independent in its head of all temporal powers, finds itself in a situation to exercise more freely for the common good and protection of Christendom its Heavenly power of ruling the mind, and it holds the balance amidst a diversity of empires often in a state of hostility; it maintains unity in all its parts, sometimes by inflexible decrees, sometimes by sage concessions.’

Our readers will not suppose we are the advocates of Romanism, because we can neither suppress it nor abolish its scheme of spiritual government, and because we desire that the vast power which its supreme pontiffs have hitherto exercised, and will again exercise, on the destinies of mankind, may be wielded for the preservation of peace and for the protection of morality, and not for the dissemination of violence and anarchy. We utterly disbelieve in the alienation of the affections of the subjects of the papal states—but if their affections are alienated, it is not from the priest, but from the prince; in other words, because the doctrines of the Socialists have prevailed. The real truth however is, that terror prevents the free declaration of public opinion. The Roman hierarchy is singularly popular in its formation; its highest honours are open to the ambition of the lowest who enter its ranks. The College of cardinals is not, as Lord Palmerston supposes, self-selected (see *Corresp. on Affairs of Rome*, p. 3): they are nominated by the Pope in Consistory; nor is it true that the majority of the college is composed of men

men of wealth or high birth. At the same time there is in the system a good check against vulgar democratism. As many of the principal families in the states place a son in the church, who with conduct may attain a place in the sacred college, they have a direct influence in the nomination of a pope: and thus the origin of his power may be said to depend on a broader basis of public opinion throughout the territory than that of any other sovereign now reigning.

We do Lord Beaumont the justice of supposing him ignorant of the real nature of the cause which he thinks proper to advocate, of the effects it produces in the country, and of the state of misery now existing, and which he seems so desirous of perpetuating. In his speech on the 14th of May, before alluded to, he professes to deplore the murder of Count Rossi, and at the same time he exculpates all those persons who rose to power by its perpetration, of any participation in the crime. We know not what *private* information he possesses—but this we know, that the voice of all Italy declares the deed to have been decreed in the clubs of which these men were the founders and chief orators; and Sterbini, one of the ministers under the Triumvirate, certainly constituted himself its apologist in the newspaper which he edited, and to whose most rancorous articles he affixed his signature. But for this state of ignorance we should be astonished that any English gentleman should proclaim himself the advocate of a set of men who rose to power on murder, and who support themselves there by plunder and sacrilege; we should be still more surprised at the forbearance with which he was listened to, if we did not attribute both to the same cause. The accounts, in fact, which reach the English public, are necessarily meagre. The foreign newspapers, always mendacious, durst not reveal the truth, even if they had no direct interest in concealing it; but when newspaper editors are ministers of state and dictators, what information can be expected from the press? The foreign correspondents of our own newspapers also write under a considerable degree of restraint. Their ignorance of the country and of its language too often makes them rely upon those who are interested in deceiving them.\* Their persons and occupation are known, and should unwelcome truths be published through their means, their position would certainly become unpleasant, and possibly dangerous. The prejudices and predilections which they take out with them long continue to blind them,

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\* An exception must undoubtedly be made in the correspondent of the 'Times,' who wrote from Naples and Sicily during the late contest. His views from the first were clear and just. He always had early and correct information, and his able letters contributed largely to disabuse the public of many a gross misconception.

while the political opinions of their employers often fetter them still further. In spite of what may be denied or concealed, we can assure our readers that the state of misery to which Rome had been sunk by the tyranny of the Triumvirs and the organised banditti who supported and in turn tyrannised over them, was such that a speedy reaction in favour of legitimate government was inevitable, when the invasion of the French alarmed the cautious, and enlisted all the strong passions of a loose and idle population in favour of anarchy. Till now the Romans themselves had taken small part in the quarrel of which their city was the last refuge—their military service was bounded by a disorderly parade, or the more agreeable pastime of displaying their picturesque uniforms in the streets and coffee-houses. The upper classes were tired of the daily renewed exactions, under the name of voluntary loans and patriotic contributions. Crime had increased to an enormous amount, and the populace was becoming daily more demoralised as the means of existence became scarcer, and the advance of famine more rapid.

In the fresh complication to which the French invasion has given rise, it is more difficult than ever to foresee the course of events: that the fate of Italy is ultimately to depend on the rabble of Paris,\* as Lord Beaumont has a pleasure in asserting, we will not believe; but the destinies of those who can neither obey nor resist will ever be in the hands of strangers. There never was a period where the future looked more gloomily on the peninsula:

‘Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.’

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\* It seems certain, however, that the conduct of the general commanding the force was wholly influenced by the news that reached him from Paris, and in no way by the instructions he had originally received, or the obligations he had contracted with his allies. The armistice between the French and the Romans was signed without any reference to the King of Naples, who had advanced towards Rome in accordance with the terms of the treaty. He was attacked by the Romans during the armistice; and in the absence of all confidence in the honour and good faith of the French commander, he could feel no certainty that the arms of his ally would not be turned against himself. To repair the original error of his advance, a retreat was his only course. The arrival of Lord Napier on the field of action is believed both at Rome and in the Neapolitan camp to have exasperated the animosity of both parties, and to have furnished our young envoy himself with a fresh opportunity of exhibiting his hostility towards the King of the Two Sicilies. It is believed, we hope erroneously, that, while he urged the Triumvirs not to treat with the French, and recommended the retreat of the Neapolitans, he advised the Romans to attack the retiring army. The result of that attack at Palestrina was unsuccessful, although a victory was proclaimed at Rome and trumpeted through Europe by the Radical press; and at Velletri, where the Romans were represented as completely victorious, the King continued his retreat without interruption, after a very slight skirmish in which the advantage, such as it was, remained with his own troops. While we profess to disbelieve the extent of the mischief produced by the uncalled-for visit of Lord Napier, we should be glad to hear what really was the nature of a mission which could only exercise an evil influence on the state of affairs, and give rise to hopes which neither he nor his employer could have the power of realising.

The spread of communist doctrines and the spirit of insubordination are new in that region, and must present a fatal barrier against any permanent or satisfactory settlement. We are not cheered in the contemplation of this prospect by the plan suggested by Lord Beaumont for the pacification of the peninsula and its final government. 'To avoid the dangers of a republic (p. 41) and the arrogance of a metropolitan mob, to promote brotherly affection and the unity of the provinces on a permanent basis, and yet to prevent the evils of centralisation, and at the same time to gratify the wishes of the people for self-government,' he proposes 'To create and restore at Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Faenza, Ferrara, and Rome republican institutions, or rather, well-developed municipal governments; they have all once been capitals, and still possess the reminiscences of self-government. Each city should have its separate chamber, with its president and its ministers and executive committee; they would manage their own affairs, and, exhausting their energies on municipal disputes, they would never desire to interfere with the central government, which would be presided over by a stadtholder, with responsible ministers, and managed by a diet or *corort* sitting alternately at Bologna, Florence, and Rome.'

For the office of stadtholder, he adds, 'justice as well as interest points out the Duke of Tuscany as the fittest person.'

We believe there is a vast portion of our countrymen who earnestly wish that our members of Parliament would content themselves with our own struggling population at home, and the distracted condition to which recent measures have reduced our colonies, and would abandon the internal government of the continental nations to themselves. We have heard the same wish expressed by foreigners, coupled with an expression of wonder that persons should choose to pronounce judgment and volunteer advice in matters with which they are so totally unacquainted. The Italian legislative chambers have less complicated and less onerous business on their hands than our own legislature; but what would be our opinion of the wisdom of a Florentine senator who, while lamenting the party strife in England, should propose a plan for the pacification of it, and the conciliation of the antagonist interests involved in the question of free-trade and protection, by suggesting that the country should adopt the territorial division of our Saxon ancestors during the Heptarchy, establishing a supreme parliament or wittenagemot to manage the confederation—the sittings thereof to be held alternately at Colchester, London, and Ipswich, and the Duke of Cambridge to be installed as its hereditary speaker or burgomaster!

- ART. VIII.—1. *De la Démocratie en France.* Par M. Guizot. Paris and London. 1849.  
 2. *The People's Charter.* London. 1849.  
 3. *République et Monarchie. Questions Brulantes.* Par Alexandre Weill. Paris. 1849.

THE political agitation of Continental Europe is not more alarming from its unexampled and unmanageable extent and complexity than from the unfathomable depths of the principle of uncontrolled democracy by which it has been raised and continues to be propagated. Awful as the eruption of the revolutionary volcano has been, and calamitous as the devastation wherever the lava has run, the internal fire, we fear, is far from being exhausted; we not only await with a painful confidence new explosions from the old crater,\* but are not without serious apprehensions that it is destined to extend itself to the few more fortunate countries which have hitherto escaped the practical infliction,—none—not we ourselves—having wholly escaped its influence.

Mr. Burke, in the first of those wonderful prophecies which revealed the futurity of the Revolution of 1789, warned us of the inevitable influence, whether for good or evil, of France on the destinies of Europe in general, and especially on England; and this great authority is a sufficient justification for our continued endeavours to awaken the English public to a livelier interest as to the revolutionary *principle* which has been again triumphant in France, and which we are convinced is in formidable progression amongst ourselves.

The warning voice of Mr. Burke, the personal character of George III., the vigour of Mr. Pitt, and, above all, the terrible lessons that France herself was at once undergoing and teaching, carried us and nearly the rest of Europe safe through the Jacobin paroxysm of democracy. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, the public danger took another turn. The spirit of foreign conquest and the progress of domestic despotism which immediately succeeded the revolutionary anarchy in France, extinguished the moral danger of Jacobinism and combined all that was left of independent energy in Europe in resistance to the new and opposite peril. That again ceased with Buonaparte—but the spirit of national independence and

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\* All this was written, and indeed in type, before M. Ledru-Rollin's insurrection of the 13th of June, which, though it came rather more rapidly than we expected, confirms, as our readers will see, our impressions of the uncertain state of France, and has required no modification of our statements.

popular exertion which had been evoked against him survived his fall. The minds of men, released from the pressure and excitement of so long and general a war, turned naturally and eagerly to those fundamental questions of civil and political government which were all that remained of the grand revolutionary convulsion.

Amongst these the first and most important was that of *Representative Government*. Sanctioned, we had almost said sanctified, by the happiness and glory which under its auspices England had so long enjoyed, and by the 'self-centered' strength and vigour which her representative monarchy had recently—amidst the overthrow of all other forms of government—exhibited to the world—

‘ Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw  
And saving those that eyed it ’—

the principle found not only a ready acceptance but a strong desire to possess it throughout Western Europe, where indeed there were in most countries vestiges of its having been in former times indigenous. The French Charter of 1814, with its ‘*King, Peers, and Deputies*,’ was a near approach to the English model; and by it, we believe, the power of the State was as wisely distributed as the social condition and political circumstances of France permitted. It would, indeed, have been happy for her and the world if the first Constituent Assembly of 1789, instead of running wild after theories, had endeavoured to maintain what was left, and restore what had been lost, of the forms, and to revive and improve the spirit, of their own old system of the *States General*. That system possessed all the essential elements of a good constitutional government,—it would have had the immense superiority of being the native growth of the soil—and entitled by traditional authority as well as its intrinsic merits to the acceptance and reverence of a people, the volatility of whose national character requires every restraint and sedative that can be incidentally applied to it. As, however, those constitution-mongers were bent on discarding native antiquity, it is to be for ever regretted that, instead of the absurd and impracticable Constitution of 1791, they had not adopted something like the Charter of 1814, which under those circumstances might have been permanent, and saved a world of woe;—but the impulse of *theoretic change* once given (an awful lesson for ourselves in our present condition), schemes of government succeeded one another with such rapidity and violence (the Empire was the *seventeenth*) that the first principles of constitutional order were destroyed, and the mili-  
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tary despotism of Buonaparte became not merely acceptable—not merely justifiable—but inevitable. That severe but necessary discipline prepared the public mind for the Restoration, which afforded the first hope since the *nuit des sacrifices*—4th August, 1789—of a government at once liberal and stable.

The return of Buonaparte for the 100 days not only destroyed that hope for the time, but the ease with which this second usurpation was accomplished and again, as far as France herself was concerned, overthrown, revived, or, perhaps we should better say, revealed the indifference and levity with which the country at large was inclined to regard the form of its government.

M. Weill, whose lively yet thoughtful pamphlets have made some sensation, and who is one of the many whom the experience of the Republic has cured of republicanism, confesses this *insouciance* :—

‘For the last fifty years France has been making, unmaking, re-making, and re-unmaking her government.

‘For the last fifty years France has been rolling the stone of Sisyphus.

‘For the last fifty years France has been neither monarchical, nor republican, nor aristocratical, nor constitutional—she has only been revolutionary.

‘Whatever other defects France may be reproached with, it must at least be admitted that she is not too inquisitive; for fifty years past she has never once seriously asked herself what she is or what she has been about.’—*République et Monarchie*, p. 36.

This apathy in the body of the nation encouraged the turbulence of factions, and they again produced indiscreet dissolutions of chambers and changes of ministry, and at length that combination and climax of rashness and imbecility which afforded the disaffected, who were watching their opportunity, a plausible excuse for the July Revolution. If that Revolution had been an honest one—really and merely directed against the misdemeanours of Charles X. and his ministers—its adherence to the monarchical form—its maintenance of a house of peers—the elevation to the throne of a prince, almost the heir presumptive—and the re-enactment of all the essential provisions of the Royal Charter, might perhaps have strengthened that monarchy, as the Revolution of 1688 did ours. But it was not so. It was but too visible that the overthrow of Charles X. was not a vindication but an invasion of the constitution—that Louis-Philippe was nothing but at first a stalking-horse, and subsequently a stumbling-block, to the Republican faction—and that the revolutionary spirit which had unintentionally raised him was deliberately preparing his downfall. The original defect of his title—the frequent attempts at assassination—

assassination—several audacious and hard-fought insurrections—and the incessant instigations of a seditious press—increased the pre-existing indifference, and even generated in the public mind, not merely disloyalty, but a kind of contempt for a government which—wise, vigorous, and honest in the main—was unsound in its pretensions to quasi-legitimacy and anomalous in the masquerade of a Republican Monarchy. Louis-Philippe fell, as he himself said with pathetic candour, *tout comme Charles Dix*; and the Monarchy *founded*, as stately and stout-looking ships have sometimes done in the sudden surprise of a typhoon—leaving hardly a sound or sign of its catastrophe on the stormy surface of the waters.

So weaned has the French nation gradually been from any attachment to or almost any concern about either the persons or the forms by whom or which they are to be governed, that eleven individuals—proprietors, editors, and writers of two newspapers more remarkable for violence than talent, and of very limited circulation—met in a printing-office, and said, with a kind of ridiculous sublimity, ‘Let us be the Government;’ and they were so!—all France not merely acquiescing, but seeming to applaud. That Government has already had three successors, making five changes of—what shall we call them—dynasties?—within ten months! and all with the same apparent acquiescence and applause from the nation at large. We wish their influence had been as ephemeral as their existence—but the very first week of the usurpation of the two newspapers signalized itself by an event which appears to us the most important and alarming that has occurred in the modern history of mankind—the reduction of the theory of the *Sovereignty of the People* to actual practice through the medium of *direct Universal Suffrage*.

On their strange accession to power, this astonishing and astonished Provisional Government found themselves as unprepared as they were unfit for the responsibilities of their situation: they had no plan—no principles—no party—not so much as a flag—no name—they had not even yet decided between *Monarchy* and *Republic*; they had no fixed purpose, nor any other power than a mob in the streets, by which they had pulled down the throne, but which was equally ready to pull themselves to pieces. They were for at least four-and-twenty hours in more personal danger than, we believe, Louis-Philippe would have been had he remained in the Tuileries. How were they to extricate themselves?—what could they do? There was no great and tangible grievance to be redressed—no breach in the charter to be repaired. The hesitating and conditional proclamation of the *Republic*, which was their first resource, created more alarm than confidence; and,  
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after all, was but a *word*—an empty word, if there were to be no immediate and perceptible amelioration of the condition of the people. The sudden enrolment of *twenty-four thousand* of the younger *émeutiers*—the *gamins de Paris*—at a pay of one franc and a half a-day, and the creation of national workshops and some other pretences of public work, where the mob was fed and paid for doing nothing, relieved the Provisional Government from the most pressing danger of the hungry and excited population; but all these were only imperfect remedies for the material wants—thirst and hunger—caused by the Revolution itself; and men began to inquire after its political benefits.

The revolutionary movement had originally assumed parliamentary reform as a pretext. In a proclamation of the '*vœux du Peuple*' published and posted up through Paris on the 26th of February, the various political reforms desired by the democratic party—*Démocratie Pacifique*, as it entitled itself—were authoritatively enumerated. Amongst them was—

'*Electoral and Parliamentary Reform.*

'*Every National Guard is an elector, and also eligible.*'

The views of the triumphant democracy went at first no further than to extend the right of suffrage to the National Guard—a proposition in itself sufficiently inconsistent with all admitted principle, and obviously dangerous to civil liberty, but still a classification and important limitation of mere *numbers*. This proclamation seems to have had the authority of M. Lamartine, for it professes to announce 'the principles on which M. Lamartine was prepared to act.' By what new and imperious pressure of the Socialist faction the Provisional Government were driven, within but a few days, to exceed even the demands of the '*Démocratie*' is one of the as yet unrevealed secrets of the Hôtel de Ville Pandemonium. All we know is that on the 5th of March they took upon themselves the stupendous power, far exceeding anything that a Provisional Government could pretend to, of proclaiming *Universal Suffrage* as the fundamental law of France—and this too before they ventured to declare her definitively a Republic. Amidst the deafening noise and dazzling glare of the strange events that were then bursting out on every side, this prospective and, as it were, theoretic proposition did not excite so much sensation in France, nor so much attention amongst us, as its incalculable importance deserved; nor has it yet, that we know of, been presented to the public in the character of a great organic change, which, whether as a danger to be repelled or a reform to be imitated, must assuredly have a vast influence on the future destinies of the European world. We therefore take this occasion of bringing  
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the question before our readers—first, in its general principle; and then as to its operation in France, and finally its applicability to England.

We begin by stating that no such thing as an absolute democracy, nor anything so like it as the new French Constitution, is to be found in the history of mankind. It is like the *unicorn*—a thing that everybody seems to understand, and that nobody ever saw—that looks possible, and yet has never existed: an idea, in short, at once familiar and fabulous. Lord Brougham, in his ‘Political Philosophy’—a work of great research, admirable arrangement, and (due allowance being made for the personal opinions and prejudices of one who was so long the leader of the Reform party) of great candour and sagacity—Lord Brougham, we say, has shown from the evidence of all antiquity that in the most extravagantly popular of the ancient democracies the governing classes calling themselves the *People* and taking an immediate part in public business, were but a very small numerical proportion of the *population*. The examples of those ancient republics can have no great bearing on the political philosophy of our times; but we may note as a matter of curiosity some of the leading facts that authorize our general statement. In Attica, the most democratic society that, as we suppose, ever existed, the freemen, who alone had any share of political power, were about 40,000;\* the slaves, servants, serfs—in short, the working, and especially the agricultural classes, who had no such share—were not less than 400,000. (*Pol. Phil.*, ii. 190.) In Sparta the disproportion between the governing and subject classes seems to have been still greater, and the oppression of the latter was such as could not be paralleled in the most cruel despotisms of after ages; and this degradation of what was in truth the great body of the people in all those ancient republics is the more remarkable, because, though excluded from political rights, they were in full proportion of their numbers subjected to military duties. At the battle of Platæa, for instance, the free Lace-

\* These freemen voted individually in what were called the assemblies of the people; and from them were selected *by lot* magistrates, judges, and generals—but in what way the judicial, legislative, and administrative powers were distributed is enveloped in deep obscurity. All that is certain is that, notwithstanding the check which the election of the chief executive officers *by lot* must have exercised over the general assembly, the Athenian Government was a most cruel and oppressive domination, worse than any oligarchy that we have read of; and, with due deference to Mr. Grote, it seems clear enough that it was only when this irregular power became concentrated into one hand, as in the usurpation of the Pisistratidæ and under Pericles, that Athens was really worthy of the reputation which a few brilliant intervals of her history have given her. Some authorities carry the population higher than as above stated, but not so as to alter the fact of the great disproportion between the political and numerical populations.

demonians and Spartans were 10,000 men, while the Helots were no less than 35,000.

The Roman Republic was a downright aristocracy both in theory and practice; and indeed we may state it as the result of Lord Brougham's elaborate analysis of all recorded governments,\* that pretty certainly in the proportion in which the popular element was introduced it was found necessary to balance it by antagonist forms and checks, evidently calculated to reduce as low as possible the influence of mere numbers in the actual administration of affairs. It may almost, indeed, be said that every form of government hitherto known in the world has practically been aristocratical. The most despotic monarchy is forced to take its councillors and ministers—the depositaries and instruments of its power—from classes designated or accepted by public opinion for such duties; and the most democratic republics have by various processes and forms invariably arrived at a practical aristocracy. Even the English constitution, with its large and well-regulated infusion of democracy, has been often, nay even recently, reproached with what we believe to be—or perhaps we should rather say, to have been—its greatest security and merit, the being an aristocracy. That it has been losing of late years much of its conservative and aristocratical character it seems impossible to deny; but is not our political system becoming in the same proportion more precarious?—and we may also ask, are the people—the democratic portion of society—more at their ease, more happy, more content, better subjects, or even better citizens, for the changes effected in their name, and alleged to be for their benefit? Has the Reform Bill, for example, quieted agitation and removed political strife and discontent? Is there not, on the contrary, a constant and growing uneasiness and dissatisfaction? If we become but even a little more democratic we shall become ungovernable; and if we should attain universal suffrage, as France has done, we shall fall, as she indubitably will if she persists in that insane scheme, into a complete disorganization and anarchy.

It may seem that to our assertion of the impossibility of founding and preserving a stable government on universal suffrage, the United States of America offer at least an exception, if not a contradiction. We do not think so. There are many important, nay, vital circumstances, which defeat the analogy. First, the

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\* It is right to apprise such of our readers as may not have seen Lord Brougham's work, that it condenses into a comparatively small space the fullest and most accurate account of all the forms of government, ancient and modern, and is, in fact, a text-book—long wanted—of the elements of political philosophy. It is needless to add that the composition and style throughout are masculine and most attractive.

United States are a *federation*—in itself a most powerful check on individual ambition and popular impulses. If France consisted of a federation of independent provinces—Normandy, Brittany, Languedoc, &c.—there might possibly have been such a mutual check and counterpoise as to render a democratic republic practicable; and though we have no faith in Lord Beaumont's Italian scheme, we will not absolutely say that some such system might not succeed, wherever a federation had the two essential though antagonist conditions of general affinity with individual repulsion. Again; the United States were, we may almost say providentially, prepared for their present federative condition. They are individually of a size manageable by local authorities, which most writers consider as the *sine quâ non* of a republic; and having been, from their first existence, independent provinces, they were by tradition and habit, as well as by reason and interest, qualified, not only for self-government, but to act as checks on each other. And again; the supreme power of the United States is not lodged in one uncontrollable body. They have a President and a Senate, chosen by different modes of election, that have hitherto been in practice a more efficient check on popular impetuosity than our own Monarch and House of Lords; but, finally and chiefly, the progressive state of that young country, and the boundless field which it opens to individual enterprise, relieve society from the pressure of poverty and turbulence which constitute the prime and awful danger of democracy in the overcrowded Old World. The passions that in France make *émeutiers* and Socialists, and in England Radicals and Chartists, find in the United States an innocuous vent in the *Far West*. It is obvious, therefore, that no arguments drawn from American democracy can be fairly applied in favour of the new French system. Neither shall we look to it for any the other way; though we see abundant reason to suspect that its inconveniences and even its perils are already beginning to make themselves felt in the more populous and wealthy localities of the Union; and, we may add, though a similar impression is hardly concealed in the last, and best, and certainly very *liberal* book of travels which forms the subject of a preceding article.

Having cleared our way by these preliminary explanations, we proceed to consider the principle of democracy as it now menaces European societies.

The principle of representation was, as we have intimated, at the root of most, if not all, European governments; but there is no trace to be found of any right of suffrage in the population at large. The most ancient and in every way the most remarkable vestige of the elective rights of the people is what still survives in  
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our coronation ceremony, where we so lately saw the *lineal descendant* of William the Conqueror and the *thirty-sixth inheritor* of his crown, offered by the Archbishop to the *universal suffrage* of the people, without any other visible security against a negative response than the toy-lance of champion Dymocke. But in the earliest instances of anything resembling election for parliamentary representation that our history affords, it is wholly irrespective of numbers. Indeed, it has only been in comparatively recent times that the theory of representation's having any direct relation to numbers has prevailed. It is true that the very abstract principle of representation includes—nay, arose out of a consideration of numbers; but it was rather in the sense of exclusion than admission. When the monarch summoned his lords, knights, and burgesses to advise with him *de arduis regni*, he no doubt sought the authority of public opinion represented by influential persons; but on the other hand these advisers were thus limited in numbers, and selected as to quality, for the precise purpose of avoiding the inconvenience and danger of numerical influence:—the two knights of Rutland were as weighty in council as the two knights for Yorkshire, and the two burgesses of Old Sarum not less influential than the two citizens of Bristol. It has been therefore a great misstatement of fact, and, as we think, an unfortunate mistake in policy, to confound representation of *interests* with representation of *numbers*.

Up to a very recent period of these discussions the doctrine of numbers was not advanced even by the most zealous democratic reformers. 'Representation and Taxation should,' said they, 'be co-extensive: those who are to pay taxes should have a voice in their imposition and distribution.' This theory was derived from the fact that undoubtedly the Commons were summoned to our earlier parliaments only for money grants, and there were parliaments to which they were not summoned apparently because no money was then to be raised (*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 44)—but there never was of old any direct relation between the elective franchise and taxation except in some non-corporate towns, where the elector was bound to have 'paid *scot* and borne *lot*'—that is to have satisfied the dues and duties chargeable upon him; and although in modern times it is required that the elector shall have paid all rates and taxes to which he is liable, this is only a condition, not a qualification. Indeed, it is certain that no such principle existed, or could exist, in our representative system—for it would in fact have amounted to universal suffrage; since it is evident that in a country where any duties either of customs or inland revenue are levied, every creature who eats or drinks, or wears clothes, is in some degree subjected to indirect taxation. When therefore the framers of the first French Constitution,

stitution, and indeed of all others down to the last, were to create a franchise, they adopted the general theory of taxation—but even they had no idea of permitting it to run into the abuse of universal suffrage;—they therefore limited the franchise by a certain amount of *direct* taxation—a very low one in the earlier democratic constitutions, but, in that overthrown in 1848, 8*l.* for a higher class, and 4*l.* for another (see *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxxii. p. 552). In a word, down to very late times the universal experience and opinions of mankind seem to have adopted *property* in some shape or other as the basis of government, and as the least imperfect security for the intelligence, probity, and stability of a governing body.

The danger of the inordinate and uncontrollable power of mere numbers is so obvious, that (with the exception already noticed as inapplicable to the state of modern Europe) it has never that we know of been applied to the composition of a great political body. We have therefore no direct precedents of its failure to cite, for we have no precedent at all; but all the analogies afforded by minor experiments show that mere numbers are mere anarchy. If however we are asked to specify the danger that we apprehend from the attempt to apply universal suffrage to the government of a state, we have a short, clear, and precise answer—namely, one or other of two alternative dangers—danger to property or danger to liberty—to property when it has no intermediate protection against numbers—to liberty when some antagonist power is established strong enough to protect property. The Long Parliament and Oliver Cromwell—the Convention and Buonaparte, if not exact cases in point (for the disturbing power was much short of universal suffrage, and there were also some minor diversities), are pregnant exemplifications of the principle and safe prognostics of what must be the result. Lord Brougham, with all his natural, or perhaps we should say acquired, partiality for the extension of popular rights, cannot but admit this danger (*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 81), and finds no answer to it but two suggestions, which we think he himself would not much rely on in face of the new lesson in ‘Political Philosophy’ which France has just given us.\*

‘First,’ he says, ‘it assumes a grosser degree of ignorance and thoughtlessness than can well be supposed in the people of any civilised community, who must know that the only security for society, and

\* In justice to Lord Brougham, we must observe that his observations on the subject were made before any such thing as *one sovereign assembly*, chosen by universal suffrage, was ever imagined as a form of government. Lord Brougham has fully explained the great evil of a single chamber in his ‘Letter to Lord Lansdowne’ last autumn on French affairs. His views there strongly confirm the opinion stated in our text.

the best security for labourers themselves, arises from the security of proprietary rights.'—(*ib.*)

We condense our reply on this point by appealing, not merely to history and human nature, but to the condition of Paris during the months of March and April 1848, and to the whole Socialist system, appeased at first by enormous pecuniary sops to the revolutionary Cerberus, and, when the purse could no longer hold out, repressed by the shedding in one day of more blood, as it was calculated, than had been spilled in all the massacres of the earlier revolution.

His second position is—

'It assumes also that there is to be a union of the working classes all over the country, in order to return a majority that would interfere with the rights of property, throw all the public burdens on its owners—perhaps decree its confiscation and division.'—(*ib.*)

Nothing can be more fairly or more forcibly stated. It is exactly our view of the danger. We wish we could be equally satisfied with his Lordship's answer—

'But if they are likely to combine for the purpose of indirectly effecting the confiscation of property, why do they not now combine for the purpose of seizing it directly? For assuredly they possess this power in every country.'—(*ib.*)

Now to this we have two replies—first, that since Lord Brougham's work was published, powerful and, in some instances, successful combinations of numbers against authority, and specially against property, have been tried both in France and England, even before such projects had received the sanction of the proclamation of universal suffrage—and that for the last fourteen months a struggle has been going on in France and, we might add, throughout Europe, which still augurs very doubtfully for the safety of 'proprietary rights.'

But there is another wider and more conclusive reply. Is there no difference between a man's readiness to exert a legal right or to commit a capital crime?—none between people's conspiring with a halter round their necks to rob and murder, and their legally voting under the Queen's writ for a representative who shall pledge himself to secularize the domains of the Church, to vote for a graduated property-tax, or to advocate an agrarian distribution of property? Disarm the law, dismiss your magistrates, dissolve your police, disband your army, leave the masses of men to the free exercise of their own impulses and appetites, and then we admit that they would hardly go through the form of electing a representative to do what they might directly and safely do for themselves; but surely their not choosing, as things now stand, to face the cannon or the gallows for an agrarian theory can be

be no argument that they would not endeavour to obtain it by a safe and legal proceeding. We need not rest on theory and argumentation when we have already the evidence of facts flagrant over the whole face of France. The democratic party—the patrons and professors of the doctrine of universal suffrage—have had the candour to adopt almost universally the name and doctrines of Socialism, that is, equalization of property. A few rational democrats do probably not really entertain any such wild hope, but there is no doubt that it actuates a large proportion of the lower classes of the constituency. We select one short example—the department of the *Haute Loire* has elected six members pledged to their constituents that each of them shall be provided with an income of at least 12*l.* per annum, and towards accomplishing this object one of those representatives has submitted to the National Assembly a proposition for resuming the *milliard* of francs granted early in the Restoration by way of indemnity for the confiscations of the first revolution; and it seems that, on the faith of this promise, the six members of this enlightened department received amongst them no less than 200,000 votes. But of more importance than any individual extravagance is the great fact that Universal Suffrage was proclaimed at Paris the other day at the dictation of, and to appease for the moment, the hungry hordes of the Communists and Socialists who with audacious and fearful sincerity inscribe on their banners two watchwords, destructive alike of domestic and political society, ‘*A bas la famille*’—Down with family! and ‘*La propriété est un vol*’—Property is robbery!

And let it never be lost sight of that these people made the Revolution. We have shown in former numbers that they were called into action by the personal jealousies and ambitious folly of MM. Barrot and Thiers—alternately used and abused, cried up and put down, by the morbid vanity and volatile energy of Lamartine—accepted, applauded, but at last abandoned by the few moderate Republicans—but *they* were the physical force that, directed by the Socialist newspapers, overturned the monarchy;—and we cannot expect that they will desist—and in that they have a kind of fatal justice on their side—from endeavouring to force the Revolution to bear the fruits for which they risked their lives, and which were solemnly promised and guaranteed to them as the fundamental *duty and debt* of the Republic. Hitherto they have had, after the first twenty-four hours of intoxication, nothing but want—disappointment—prison—exile—death! but, if there be force in political logic, they will take their revenge—an early one perhaps, by the pike and sword—but if not, a slower and a more certain one, by Universal Suffrage.

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Not that we for a moment suppose that their success can have any permanence; not that their Social Republic, if they should even be able to reduce a momentary success to anything like form, could exist three months.

‘The Social Republic,’ says M. Guizot, ‘is at once odious and impossible. It is the most absurd, and at the same time the most mischievous, of all chimeras. But we must not presume on that. Nothing is more dangerous than that which has strength to reach what it is impossible to hold.’—p. 33.

Those who are not fully aware of the extent of this Socialist delusion in France have, we dare say, thought that M. Guizot has done it too much honour by the pains he has taken to expose it; but *he* who has seen and felt the effects of it even in its embryo state—who knows that, wild and impracticable as it must eventually be found, it overturned the Monarchy, and is still the greatest danger of the Republic—he, we say, appears to have felt he could not better dedicate some hours of his exile to the service of his country than in endeavouring to check the contagion; and we hardly recollect a passage since the days of Burke more opportune, more powerful in its style and its truth, than the following explanation and vindication of property, especially hereditary property, and all similar rights and distinctions of man in society, against the insanity of the Socialist. For instance, the Socialists say that certain individual classes—namely, the rich or comparatively rich—have possessed themselves of the means of comfort and happiness beyond their fellow-men, and that natural justice requires the equalization of such advantages.—Here is M. Guizot’s answer—

‘They forget that mankind is not merely a series of individuals called men; it is a race, which has a common life, and a general and progressive destiny. This is the distinctive character of man, which he alone of created beings possesses.

‘And why is this? It is because human individuals are not isolated, nor confined to themselves, and to the small point they each occupy in space or time. They are connected with each other; they act upon each other, by ties and by means which do not require their actual presence, and which outlive them. Hence the successive generations of men are linked together in unbroken succession.

‘The permanent union and progressive development which are the consequences of this unbroken succession of man to man, and generation to generation, characterize the human race. They constitute its peculiarity and its greatness, and mark man for sovereignty in this world, and for immortality beyond it.

‘From this are derived, and by this are founded, the family and the state, property and inheritance, country, history, glory, all the facts and all the sentiments which constitute the extended and perpetual life

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of mankind, amidst the bounded appearance and rapid disappearance of individual men.

‘In the Social Republic all this ceases to exist. Men are mere isolated and ephemeral beings, who appear in this life, and on this earth the scene of life, only to take their subsistence and their pleasure, each for himself alone, each by the same right, and without any end or purpose beyond.

‘This is precisely the condition of the lower animals. Among them there exists no tie, no influence, which survives the individual, and extends to the race. There is no permanent appropriation, no hereditary transmission, no unity nor progress in the life of the species;—nothing but individuals who appear and then vanish, seizing on their passage their portion of the good things of the earth and the pleasures of life, according to the combined measure of their wants and their strength, which, as to them, constitute their right.

‘Thus, in order to secure to every individual of the human species the equal and incessantly fluctuating share of the goods and pleasures of sense, the doctrines of the Social Republic bring men down to the level of the lower animals. They obliterate the human race.’—pp. 29, 30.

M. Guizot proceeds to show that ‘they do still worse—that their doctrine is in direct, though hopeless, conflict with that imperishable instinct of rational beings that God presides over their destinies—which are not wholly accomplished in the narrow limits of this lower life. Man, under such a doctrine, would become a grovelling material animal, without a futurity for his children in this world or for himself in another. Instead of Society and a State there would be a chaos of human beings, bound by no ties, capable of no quiet, secure of nothing, not even of mere animal life.’ Nor could that chaos be reduced to anything like order but by the abrogation of those Socialist extravagances, and a return to the natural conditions of civilized and religious society’ (p. 33).

Agreeing as we do with all M. Guizot’s principles, and admiring the calm and dignified ability with which he expounds them, there is one most important matter of fact on which we must express and explain a total difference from him, not merely in defence of our own former statements and opinions—which would be of little moment—but for the sake of higher objects, as to which his anxiety is assuredly not inferior to our own. M. Guizot says—

‘For my own part, I was a spectator, day by day, hour by hour, of the purest, the wisest, the gentlest, and the shortest of these formidable convulsions; in July, 1830, I saw, in the streets and the palaces, at the gate of the national councils and in the midst of popular assemblies, society abandoned to itself, an actor or spectator of the revolution. And at the same time that I admired the generous sentiments, the

proofs of strong intelligence and disinterested virtue and heroic moderation which I witnessed, I shuddered as I saw a mighty torrent of insensate ideas, brutal passions, perverse inclinations, and terrible chimeras, rise and swell, minute by minute, ready to overflow and submerge a land where all the dikes that had contained it were broken down. Society had gloriously repulsed the violation of its laws and its honour, and now it was on the point of falling into ruins in the midst of its glory. Here it was that I learned the vital conditions of social order, and the necessity of resistance to ensure the safety of the social fabric.'—pp. 9, 10.

It would be altogether out of human nature that M. Guizot should not look with some partiality to the origin of a government to and from which he had given and received such distinction and so much authority. We also appreciate the considerations of gratitude and duty which must attach him as well to the rise as to the fall of the Orleans dynasty, and the delicacy of his situation in alluding to such subjects. We strongly sympathise in those respectable and amiable feelings—but we cannot consent to draw a veil over the *main and governing fact* of the whole case, nor accept the distinction made by the panegyric epithets of the foregoing passage between a cause and its immediate and necessary consequences. The July Revolution was produced by just the same principles and passions by which it was subsequently disturbed, and there is no one point of M. Guizot's eulogy upon it that will bear the test of examination and evidence.

It was not the '*purest*;' it was the most corrupt—prepared by fraud and worked for hire—for particulars inquire of *Lafitte & Co.*

It was not the '*wisest*,' but the most silly and shortsighted—for every man of common sagacity must have foreseen \* that it could only restore order and maintain authority by a departure from its principles and a renunciation of its origin. See the '*Laws of September*,' the *state of siege*, &c. &c.

It was not the '*gentlest*,' for it cost in the first instance more blood ten times over than its February imitation, and was marked during its whole existence by a succession of conspiracies, assassinations, insurrections, murders, massacres, and punishments, more crowded, more various, and more terrible than any other portion, we believe, of the history of the world can exhibit—compare the respective lists of killed and wounded in July and February—witness the insurrections and sieges of Lyons—witness *Fieschi*

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\* Our readers may see the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy, and the difficulties of whatever government should succeed it, *predicted* in our number for May, 1830, three months before the Revolution, and from the first we saw and repeatedly said that Louis-Philippe's throne could not stand on the democratic and revolutionary quicksand on which it was by, we admit, an unfortunate necessity placed. We also beg leave to refer to those articles for many important facts which have a direct bearing on the subject we are now especially treating of, but which we have not space or time to repeat.

and *Alibaud*, the *Rues des Trouvaires* and *Transnouain*, and the *Cloître St. Méry*.

It was not the 'shortest,' but the very longest series of *convulsion* fits that ever afflicted a people; for it lasted, with hardly an interval in its paroxysms, from July, 1830, to February, 1848, when it was arrested exactly as it began, by the same barricades, and, as far as they survived, by the self-same voices and hands—and, to quote again the highest authority, *tout comme Charles Dix*. In short, we cannot, either as witnesses or reasoners, separate the *principle* of the July Revolution from the subsequent events which M. Guizot so eloquently and justly deplures: they are all linked together—rings of the same fated chain of error and punishment—injustice and retribution.

We insist on this our only point of difference with M. Guizot, because we think it essential to the reconstruction of European society, and to the maintenance of what is yet unimpaired of our own constitution, to bear in mind that any species of insurrectionary reform—however plausible its original pretexts, or whatever ability and integrity may endeavour to regulate its excesses—contains within itself a germ of mischief always indefinite, and—in the cases of which we have had such recent experience—ininitely worse than those that it professed to remedy. It is a train *with the engine behind*, that, at any accidental check, crushes guides, guards, passengers, and all.

It must at first sight have struck M. Guizot's readers as very remarkable, that amongst the practical dangers of democracy he does not mention that which is the most conspicuous, and which we have designated as the greatest—'Universal Suffrage'—he does not even allude to that all-important point. We think we understand this reserve. Universal Suffrage is now the law of France, and the only legal foundation of whatever of authority and order still survives there. It would not have become a person in M. Guizot's position, the advocate of order and authority, to attack them in their only present basis, and to disparage a power whose favour his friends and his party were about to solicit at the approaching elections. He may also have not unnaturally anticipated that, under existing circumstances, universal suffrage might be likely to produce a strong, even though tacit, protest against the revolution—and that, by a kind of political homœopathy, it might serve as a corrective, for a time at least, of the disorder to which it was most nearly allied. We shall endeavour to explain this phenomenon by and by; but the considerations just stated suffice, we think, to account for M. Guizot's silence, though we must add that his silence seems also to imply a most serious doubt of the ultimate result.

The conclusion at which M. Guizot's eloquent essay finally arrives—if not precise and practical—who could expect a precise and practical conclusion in such a state of things?—may afford his country and us much ground for meditation, though not much perhaps for hope.

‘Let not France deceive herself. Not all the experiments she may try, not all the revolutions she may make, or suffer to be made, will ever emancipate her from the necessary and inevitable conditions of social tranquillity and good government. We have tried everything:—Republic—Empire—Constitutional Monarchy. We are beginning our experiments anew. To what must we ascribe their ill success? Are we alone to find Government an impossibility?’

‘Yes! So long as we remain in the chaos in which we are plunged, in the name, and by the slavish idolatry, of Democracy; so long as we can see nothing in society but Democracy, as if that were its sole ingredient; so long as we seek in government nothing but the domination of Democracy, as if that alone had the right and the power to govern:—On these terms the Republic is equally impossible as the Constitutional Monarchy, and the Empire as the Republic; for all regular and stable government is impossible. And liberty—legal and energetic liberty—is no less impossible than stable and regular government.

‘But such will not be the closing scene of France's long and glorious career of civilisation,—of all her exertions, conquests, hopes, and sufferings. France is full of life and vigour. She has not mounted so high, to descend in the name of equality to so low a level. She possesses the elements of a good political organization. She has numerous classes of citizens, enlightened and respected, already accustomed to manage the business of their country, or prepared to undertake it. Her soil is covered with an industrious and intelligent population, who detest anarchy, and ask only to live and to labour in peace. There is an abundance of virtue in the bosoms of her families, and of good feeling in the hearts of her sons. We have wherewithal to struggle against the evil that devours us. But the evil is immense. There are no words wherein to describe, no measure wherewith to measure it. The suffering and the shame it inflicts upon us are slight, compared to those it prepares for us if it endures. And who will say that it cannot endure, when all the passions of the wicked, all the extravagances of the mad, all the weaknesses of the good, concur to foment it? Let all the sane forces of France then unite to combat it. They will not be too many, and they must not wait till it is too late. Their united strength will more than once bend under the weight of their work, and France, ere she can be saved, will still need to pray that God would protect her.’—pp. 84–6.

This, however, is only stating, with the moderation and caution becoming M. Guizot's position, that France is in a transition state, and that, to use a phrase very appropriate to a crisis so pregnant with events, she must be worse before she can be better. It is true that, since M. Guizot wrote, an anticipation for which

we have given his sagacity credit appears to have been confirmed by the late general elections: it is true that these, transacted in most districts with less violence than might have been expected, and producing a majority of what are called '*Moderates*' and friends of order, may be supposed to afford a better prospect of stability to the new constitution. There is now, it is true, hardly a public man in France, and hardly a private one, who has not voluntarily and officially accepted the Republic. Between eight and nine millions of electors—the almost universal mass of the nation—have adhered to it by their electoral votes, and, what is of still more importance, all the most eminent and respectable statesmen have as it were wedded it for better for worse by soliciting and obtaining seats in the republican Assembly. '*Je le jure,*' in the mouth of the President of the Republic, and '*Vive la République*' in those of the President and members of the Legislative body, sound like pledges of sincerity in the men and stability in the system. We, however, still confess our incredulity. We do not believe that the new Laputa will succeed in manufacturing cables out of cobwebs. We remember too well M. de Talleyrand's unabashed pleasantry on his own *thirteen* perjuries, and the facility with which the nation at large has transferred its allegiance to so many successive usurpations. It must be admitted, in extenuation of this political immorality, that it has had the apology of being a submission to physical force, for who could venture to question the dispensing power of the guillotine, the dungeon, and the bayonet—of Robespierre, Barras, and Buonaparte? In all those cases stern necessity gave a tacit absolution to the political conscience. It was reserved for the Provisional Government openly to assume a more than papal authority of dispensation. The formula is worth recording:—

' RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

' Le Gouvernement Provisoire décrète:—*Les Fonctionnaires de l'ordre civil, militaire, judiciaire, et administratif, sont déliés de leur serment.*

' Hôtel de Ville de Paris, le 25 Fév. 1848.'

The eleven self-installed journalists take upon themselves to absolve the consciences of a whole nation from all the sanctities of religion and all the obligations of honour. Can it be for a moment supposed that these cries of '*Vive la République,*' so evidently imposed by the minority on the reluctant majority as an insult and humiliation, are stronger pledges of stability than the oaths taken, with such religious and civil solemnities, to the Constitution of 1791—to the Republic—to the Consulate—to the Empire—to the Hundred Days—to the two Restorations—to

to the Citizen-Royalty? On the contrary, they only, we are convinced, tend to provoke an earlier reaction. It is, we believe, notorious that there is not in France a man of any party who takes the present state of things *au sérieux*; and the only doubt and diversity of their secret speculations are as to the occasion or the quarter from which is to come the *coup de vent*—or the *coup de main*—or, as they will call it, the *coup d'état*—that is to overthrow it.

It might have been naturally and *à priori* expected that, whatever dangers may belong to universal suffrage, the introduction of so broad and solid a basis would have at least protected the stability of the constitution against all disturbing powers—except its own. Experience, as far as it has gone, has negated that theory; the government created by universal suffrage is deplorably far from obtaining universal confidence or even decent respect. The last Assembly, the firstborn of Universal Suffrage, was, from its birth to its death, under the terrors of the Parisian mob—once it was stormed and actually expelled, and only reinstated, and during the remainder of its precarious existence protected, not by the force of opinion, not by any deference to universal suffrage, but by the bayonets and bullets of the army. The new Assembly meets in the same peril and with no other protection. The President of the Republic was elected on the 10th of December, 1848, by six millions of suffrages—a concurrence of popular favour and confidence of which the world had no example. But has it given him any root in the country? Is not the presage that so extraordinary a triumph at first excited fast wearing out—and this though his personal deportment and public measures have been in every respect better than had been commonly anticipated—nay, it is admitted, well becoming his present high position? Within five months from his elevation he was treated in the Constituent Assembly—and especially by ex-members of the Provisional Government—with gross disrespect and loud censure, and if that Assembly could have spun out (as it had a strong disposition to do) a few hours more of life, he would probably have been impeached—or worse. Certain it is that at the very crisis of the elections the Socialists thought it serviceable to the candidates of their party to circulate through every part of France a report, with all the character of authenticity they could give it, not only that the President was impeached, but that he and his ministers were all arrested and imprisoned in Vincennes; and, absurd as such a device may seem, we are assured that there were constituencies credulous and ignorant enough to be influenced by it.

And yet there is perhaps no country in Europe in which universal

versal suffrage could have had so favourable a trial as in France. The ordinary administration, conducted by *Préfectures*, *Sous-préfectures*, *Arrondissemens*, *Cantons*, and *Communes*, and by electoral councils corresponding to most of those divisions, had familiarised all classes with electoral proceedings, and prepared them in some degree for the *political franchise*. The innumerable public functionaries that dictate the will of the Government for the time being to the remote populations, and the influence of the clergy, coincided on this occasion in producing better choices than were expected. But what is much more important, and the real advantage which France possesses for trying this great experiment, is the almost infinite division of property throughout society. There are no less than 11,000,000 of distinct landed properties in France; and, though several of these properties are of course accumulated in the same hands, there can be little doubt that there are some eight or nine millions of landed proprietors, and that in the country towns and districts almost every man whom universal suffrage can bring to the poll has *something to lose*. It is but too probable that this consideration will not in the long run prevent the comparatively poor from exerting their electoral power to bring the comparatively rich to their own level. It may indeed have that effect during the novelty of the experiment, and it must at all times have a considerable influence in preventing agrarian spoliation—but may it not on the other hand lead to a scarcely less fatal result—fiscal oppression? This latter risk received a striking exemplification in the very last acts of the Constituent Assembly. Immediately previous to the elections two ultra-democratic members (candidates for the coming legislature) proposed, and the Assembly adopted suddenly and almost without discussion, the abolition, from the 1st of January next, of the whole excise on liquors—one of the largest heads of revenue, producing about 4,000,000*l.* sterling a year, and this for the pretended relief of the poorer classes—the deficit being to be made up by new taxes *proportionable* to the means of those who would have to pay them. We need not point out the folly and knavery of this proceeding of the expiring Assembly, nor the obvious meaning of thus substituting direct proportional taxation for indirect duties. The Message of the President invites the new Assembly to a reconsideration of this important question; and as the history of our own Reform Revolution affords a singularly accurate example of the same folly, so it may perhaps of a remedy. In April, 1833, in the first burst of its democratic triumph, the Reformed House of Commons sacrificed, in the same sudden way, on the same popular grounds, about the same extent and class of revenue—by  
a vote



a vote for the repeal of the malt-duties. The Whig Ministry were alarmed at this development of their own principles, and, by the help of the rational men of all parties, this mad vote, carried on Friday, the 26th of April, was rescinded on the very next sitting day, Monday, the 29th.\* Will the new French Assembly be equally tractable? Sudden impulses of this kind are not very dangerous in assemblies over which there is any kind of control; and, when only an impulse, will be generally within reach of reconsideration. So it was in the Malt-Tax case—and so it may be in the French Excise; but for the wider dangers arising from the ignorance, the inconstancy, the liability to be deceived, disturbed, and disorganized, of the numerical majority of a people, we see no effectual security.

It would be on our part too precipitate to adopt implicitly the result of the late French elections as a safe criterion of the future working of so novel a system, but there are some results so striking that we cannot refuse them a place in our survey. With a great parade of arithmetical exactness the statistics of these elections are very confused and imperfect. From one very detailed and voluminous account we find that 735 successful candidates (15 for Corsica, Algiers, and the colonies not included) obtained 37,000,000 of suffrages—of whom 505 'moderate candidates' had 26½ millions of votes, and 229 'ultra democrats' about 10½ millions: but we do not find how many electors produced this number of suffrages, nor the numbers voting for the unsuccessful candidates. We have, however, such a return for Paris, which may serve as a guide to the rest. Paris has 378,000 registered electors, of whom 281,000 came to the poll; so that close upon 100,000 abstained altogether; and, a couple of thousand more being lost by irregularities, the actual votes were 275,000. The first candidate returned was the President's cousin, *Lucien Murat*—a person little known, and individually of no other significance; but having, by way of conciliation, been placed on rival lists, he has come in by 6000 votes a-head of all. Next—to the great surprise and alarm of all moderate men—came M. *Ledru-Rollin*, who, however, had but 129,000—so that if what is called the *Moderate* party could have concentrated their votes, they might have produced 146,000 against M. *Ledru-Rollin's* 129,000. But it is one of the evils of all popular elections, and especially in ballots, that moderate and intelligent men will exer-

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\* It is worthy of notice that the first motion in that Parliament had been one by *Cobbett*, for equal—he called it,—that is, *proportional* taxation,—and this was specially and avowedly directed against the rich!—and this the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp, met with,—not the views and firmness of a statesman, but a pitiful apology and a kind of promise (which fortunately he never kept) of adopting *Cobbett's* principle.

cise their own judgments and scatter their sometimes wayward votes, while the unscrupulous and violent are sure to act in concert and to carry away the ignorant or wavering.

We could not be surprised that M. Ledru-Rollin, who divides with M. Lamartine the honour of having made the Revolution; created the Republic, and established universal suffrage, should stand high on such a poll; but where then is M. Lamartine himself? M. Lamartine—elected in May, 1848, for Paris by 260,000 votes, and for *nine* others of the principal Departments of France by an aggregate of 1,300,000—where, in May, 1849, is he?—NOWHERE. Not only nowhere elected, but even in his own native department, where he had been so often almost unanimously chosen, he was 40,000 below the lowest successful candidate—and the last we have heard of him was a newspaper report that he meditated, by another and probably longer ‘*Voyage en Orient*,’ a retreat from the ingratitude of mankind. So entire a change of public opinion does, we confess, altogether surprise us, though we seem to have prophesied it. We knew very well that such enormous popularity could not be durable, and that

‘An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart;’

and, even before he had attained his zenith, we ventured (Quart. Rev., April, 1848, p. 578) to say of M. Lamartine—

‘He can be, we think, but a *passing gleam* on that troubled sky—like the hero of one of his own odes—

*Pareil à l’éclair, il sortit d’un orage;—*

and the best we can wish for him is, that he may, when the daylight of common sense shall again shine in France, be allowed to return, safe in honour and in person, to the humbler

————— *sphère*  
*Où ce jour va le rappeler.’—*

But we did not expect that he was to be so contemptuously dismissed, even before ‘the daylight of common sense had begun to shine;’ for he was ousted by a gang of *Rollinistes*. Our prophecy, too, was written previously to his enormous electoral triumph, and before he had exhibited in the Assembly a degree of practical ability and a high share of parliamentary eloquence which we at least had not reckoned upon. There were, therefore, a few months during which we thought that our vaticination might prove delusive; and even now we cannot account for its so early and complete accomplishment. The inconstancy of popular favour seems not a sufficient solution, and all we can say is, that it is a terrible lesson to the chief author of the decree establishing Universal Suffrage.

But

But not to him alone. Of the *eleven* who signed that decree, *three* only—Ledru-Rollin, Arago, and Crémieux—have been re-elected—but Ledru-Rollin alone seems to have retained anything like his former popularity. Arago and Crémieux had at the former elections double returns. In Paris they had each above 200,000, and in their respective departments each about 76,000 almost unanimous votes. Now they have not been heard of in Paris, and in the same departments they have had—Arago 25,500, and Crémieux 25,000—hardly one-third of their former triumph. But what has become of the rest of the Provisional Government and their satellite ministers—the Aristocracy of the Democracy—the Garnier-Pagès, Marrasts, Bastides, Carnots, Flocons, and about twenty others of the same stamp, who had figured so pompously in the highest offices of the Republic?—all ‘down amongst the dead men,’ and reburied, for a season at least, in that obscurity from which we admit they had no original claim to be called: but having been so called by such a multitudinous demonstration of national confidence as no body of men ever before received—what can be said for the stability and political justice of a system that has so soon and so entirely forgotten both their claims and its obligations?

We do not pretend to understand all the mysteries of the French ballot; but we shall be very much surprised if in the 35 vacant seats—28 by resignations and double returns (chiefly of democrats) and 7 by deaths—‘here shall not be found means of reproducing some of the missing patriots. With all our experience of popular inconstancy, we can hardly believe that Lamartine and Marrast, for instance, the prime of their respective parties, who had filled certainly with distinction the two highest offices of the State—and were paraded in the great national fêtes of Fraternity on the 20th of April, and of the Constitution on the 10th of November, as the representatives of the triumphant democracy—we can hardly, we say, believe that they are to be permanently ostracised and *mis au néant*.

But the exclusion, or even the annihilation, of such men is scarcely more instructive than the choice of their successors. There happened to be towards the end of April last some irregularities in a regiment quartered in Paris—in these a serjeant of the name of Boichot had participated, and was in consequence placed under arrest. This was on the eve of the elections; it occurred to the Democrats that it might help to debauch the army, and at all events to impair discipline and insult authority, if the military prisoner should be elected. Serjeant Boichot accordingly appears *fourth* on the list of the representatives of the metropolis, by the votes of 128,000 persons

—no

—no ten of whom had ever heard or seen his name till they found it in the electoral list distributed by the Socialist Clubs. He and Lagrange, the fellow who fired the shot that caused what was called the Massacre of the *Boulevard des Capucines*, stand next to Ledru-Rollin in the return. Another of the new comers is a second serjeant, one Rattier, elected with the same intention of debauching the army. He is vulgar and illiterate as might be expected—impudent and violent beyond what might be expected. His claim to this selection was, that he had, in defiance of orders, attended some seditious meeting. Similar circumstances have produced the election, by 70,000 votes, of a third serjeant, with the ominous name of *Commissaire*, who has been similarly returned for the two great departments of which Lyons and Strasbourg are the capitals. These three serjeants have been thus chosen by the largest populations of France, and—which seems almost incredible—there is no mention in the returns of the election of any actual commissioned officer of the army lower than a general. It is further remarkable, that it was by the side of these serjeants that M. Ledru-Rollin chose to take his habitual seat in the New Assembly.

To these instances might be added several of workmen, mechanics, and innkeepers introduced into the Socialist lists to attract the lower classes. One of these is a working mason of the name of Nadaud, whose wife kept an eating-house of the humblest order in Paris, which was much frequented by stonemasons, a trade almost wholly manned from the mountains of *La Creuze*. He, it seems, had been at least ten years a resident in Paris, and of course knew as little of his distant department as the department did of him; but he was president of a club chiefly composed of men of his own calling, and the Socialist Committee thought his name and trade would be popular in the quarries of *La Creuze*, and Citizen Nadaud has been accordingly elected representative of the people for that department. Nadaud may be an honest and intelligent man, and superior perhaps to many of his more lettered colleagues; but *ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*—there must be for any trade, and *à fortiori* for the higher duties of society, some kind of preparation and experience. Who would employ Nadaud as a cook, a coachman, or even a clerk? Would he himself not laugh if M. Dupin or M. Thiers were to offer to take the chisel and mallet out of his hands? \*

We should have attached little importance to the accidental choice of an inferior person popular in his own locality; there

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\* We read in the journals that the *projet* of a new Provisional Government was found in the papers of the insurgents of the 13th of June, in which Boichot, Rattier, and Nadaud figure as members of M. Ledru-Rollin's cabinet. This seems incredible.

are many such in this Assembly, as there were in the last, no better than *Madame Paturot's* miller; but it becomes significant of a deeper evil when, as in the cases we have mentioned, it proves the power of clubs and cliques to impose, under the colour of universal suffrage, their choice upon the nation. We have no great admiration for the political conduct of M. Thiers; but we have still less approbation for a mode of election which has rejected him to install Boichot and Rattier—Boichot being the *fourth*, and M. Thiers the *forty-fifth* on the poll of the metropolis of France! It may be said that, on the whole, the majority of the Assembly is respectable, and comprises men who would have been returned even by the most select suffrage; and that the predominance of the Moderates over the *Red* Republicans by above two to one is satisfactory. Yes, for the present—but not so, perhaps, for the future. In the first place, there are many of the majority who, though not absolutely *Red*, are little likely to preserve the character of Moderates when pressed by popular impulse. We have abundant evidence of the tendencies of such assemblies to degenerate into violence. In the first Legislative Assembly, 1791, the Moderates were in about the same proportion as in the present. In the great trial of strength on the accusation of La Fayette, 8th August, 1792, they were 446 to 224. This Conservative vote produced the Tenth of August; and on the 11th of August the same Assembly proclaimed unanimously the suspension of the Constitution and the deposition of the King. Even in the Convention itself there was a Moderate party, and pretty much in the same proportions; on the 24th of April the Moderates, then called Girondins, carried a decree of accusation against Marat, 220 to 92; and on the 16th of May, 1793, the Girondins carried their President against the Montagnard candidate, 202 to 132; these Moderate, very moderate, successes, exasperated the Mountain—the tumults of the 31st of May terrified even the Convention; and on the 2nd of June the thirty-two leaders of the Girondins were, without a division, committed to prison—the first step to the scaffold! Even in the late Assembly we saw the same gradual progress to the triumph of disorder. The vote of accusation against Louis Blanc for his share in the revolt of June was carried by 504 to 252; yet that same Assembly before its close passed several votes obviously calculated to unnerve and disarm the Government.

To these short notes of the *internal* and inevitable deterioration of these democratic assemblies, let us add a memorandum of some of their *external* trials. The Constitution of 1791 and its Legislative Assembly vanished in the revolt and massacre of the Tenth of August, 1792. The terrible Convention itself was stormed and expelled

expelled by the revolt and massacre of the 2 *Prairial*, 1795 ; and it closed with the revolt and massacre of the 14 *Vendémiaire*. The two Legislative Councils that succeeded it were invaded, expelled, and decimated by the 18 *Fructidor*, 1797, and at last dissolved with the democratic Constitution by the bayonets of the 18 *Brumaire*. A long interval of order, produced and preserved by military force, ensued ; but in July, 1830, the Democracy, resuming its power, dissolved the Representative Assembly ; and the Revolution of February, in which the Democracy has had its own full and free action, has been a repetition within a few months of the most violent of the '*Journées*' we have just enumerated. We before showed (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxxii., p. 565) the miraculous resemblance of the Twenty-fourth of February to the Tenth of August. The 2 *Prairial* was re-enacted on the 18th of May, 1848. The days of *Vendémiaire*, which accidentally raised Buonaparte into notice and command, were very similar in their object and their results to the days of June, 1848, in which Cavaignac was called by a like accident to play, and did play, the exact counterpart of Napoleon on the former occasion ; and as Buonaparte eventually effaced and deposed Barras, who had brought him forward, so Cavaignac at once effaced and deposed his patron Lamartine. Here, *en attendant*, our parallel pauses ; but we think that historical experience justifies us in putting no faith in the stability of the present democratic Republic, even if it were not additionally weakened by the moral infection of Socialism.

Let us now consider the influence of these examples, and above all of these principles of Democracy amongst ourselves.

The example, as far as it has gone, has been salutary. If the mob triumph of February gave a new stimulus and bolder hopes to our Chartists, all the subsequent events must have tended to discourage any amongst them who are endowed with common sense or foresight, while they have certainly awakened the country at large to the danger of such tumultuary demonstrations as were—almost simultaneously in April, 1848—exhibited in the Champ de Mars and attempted on Kennington Common. But we do not think that this country is sufficiently aware of, or alive to, the real cause or depth of the evil that menaces our constitution, nor of the means by which it is to be effectually resisted. It is not from aggressive tumult that we apprehend any direct peril to our institutions. Such attempts might renew the scenes of London in 1780, or of Bristol, Nottingham, Manchester, and a few other places, which in our own times have suffered deplorable, though partial and momentary, inflictions of fire and sword—but these are mere superficial symptoms of, and sometimes in fact preservatives from, the real danger—namely, the theories of democracy introduced into our

our practical system by the pressure of what is miscalled by faithless, or mistaken by timid, ministers for, public opinion. We have shown in the former part of this paper that our old constitution carefully guarded against anything like the predominance of numerical, that is physical, force; but for sixty or seventy years past, and particularly within the last five-and-twenty, the new theory that numbers was the original and is the only legitimate basis of representation has been gaining ground, sometimes slowly and silently, sometimes loudly and rapidly, and has exercised, as all must allow, a very *alterative* influence on our institutions. 'Abstract principles,' says Mr. Burke, in arguing against a repeal of the Test Act, 2nd March, 1790, 'I never liked—I detested them when a boy, and like them no better in my silver hairs. Abstract principles of natural right, which the Dissenters rest on as their stronghold, are idle, useless. and dangerous—they supersede society and break asunder all those bonds which for ages had formed the happiness of mankind.' That is the true philosophy of the case—an appeal to what are called abstract principles is an attempt to force mankind back again to a state of disorder and barbarism from which experience and the restraints and obligations of political and domestic society had gradually redeemed us.

This abstract principle of numerical representation was first, we believe, seriously advanced towards the close of the American war, by the very able but very factious Opposition of that day, in the shape of more frequent parliaments and a broader representation of the people. Then began the organization of certain popular associations, who, assuming that the old parliament did not, as some said *sufficiently*, and as others insisted *at all*, represent the people—because it did not represent them numerically,—arrogated to themselves the mission of redressing the injured balance of the constitution and of bringing the power of numbers to weigh on the decision of public questions. But strange to say, and *unfortunately*, as we do not hesitate to add, this scheme of Parliamentary Reform never met much attention nor any favour with the public at large. It slumbered till the French Revolution, when it was again revived, factiously but feebly, and almost exclusively amongst the Dissenters. But it was extinguished almost as soon as revived, and the sound good sense of the country, resting on the experience of our whole historical and political existence, showed a strong disinclination to change its ancient and well-working (even if anomalous) system of representation.

We have called this indifference *unfortunate*, which may seem a strange epithet from our pen; our explanation is this. The distaste of the sound portion of the country to any parliamentary reform—their just appreciation of the advantages of the existing system,

system, and their aversion to make experiments in so vital a matter, encouraged the Opposition of the day to take it up and press it as a topic plausible and popular for electioneering purposes with the middle and lower classes, but which never could grow into a real embarrassment. 'These popular bills,' says Horace Walpole to Conway, speaking of a place bill when they were both in factious opposition—'these popular bills *are never really proposed but as an engine of party*, and not as a pledge for the realization of any such extravagant ideas.' So thought and acted all subsequent Oppositions. They took up Parliamentary Reform as a safe stalking-horse on which they might vapour away without the risk of being, if they should get into power, called upon to fulfil their pledges. Sheridan, who supported it in public, laughed, we know, in private at what he, and we suppose the other heads of his party, considered an impracticable vision—a tub to the whale—and accordingly, when Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey, who had been the early leaders of the question, came into office in 1806, parliamentary reform was utterly unthought of by them, or even—which is perhaps more noticeable—by their opponents; they neither in the slightest degree remembered their reform pledges, nor were they so much as taunted with forgetting them; and for five-and-twenty years, till the return of the Whigs to office in 1830, there was no serious feeling in the country about parliamentary reform. It was shown in the debates on the Reform Bill, that the public mind, as indicated by petitions, never had been more indifferent on the subject than at that very time.

But the system of extra-legal—if not, as we think, illegal—combinations had been exercising itself in other directions. The Irish associations had alarmed the Government in 1793 into the democratic extension of the electoral franchise to the lowest class of Roman Catholics, while the same Government persisted in denying to the higher orders the privilege of being elected; and, after a long series of sedition and rebellion, those same associations, acting under a variety of shapes and names—we cannot call them disguises—succeeded in inflicting upon us another great democratic influence by the Roman Catholic emancipation, of 1829. This, though so nominally restricted as not to look like a direct introduction of the mere numerical principle, was so in fact. The Roman Catholic members may be almost considered as being the representatives of mere numbers—with very little regard to station or property. And this grand step of concession, which we were told was to quiet, only provoked and spread a hotter and wider agitation—until at length the direct and undisguised power of numbers, as at Lismore, Tara, Mullaghmast, &c., was displayed



played to bully the Legislature into still more decisive submissions to the democracy.

While this was going on in Ireland, the English Democrats were not altogether idle. We had the great Manchester disturbances and a strong seditious and insurrectionary movement throughout the manufacturing districts. But there was still enough of the ancient constitutional spirit alive in the country and in Parliament to resist these demonstrations, till the triumph of French democracy in the July Revolution—following so close on the inroad on our own constitution by the emancipation of 1829—once more brought Lord Grey and the Whigs into power. But although those who had hitherto supported reform were predominant in that administration, we believed, and we do still believe, there would have been no serious wish to awaken the dormant question of reform, at least not to any *very* mischievous extent, if the failure of their budget, and the general suspicion and unpopularity with which they were received, had not driven them to strike a bold stroke that should at once rally and inspirit their friends, defeat, and as they hoped annihilate, their adversaries, and give them a tenure of place more permanent than they could ever have had under the existing distribution of political power. They then threw themselves at once into the arms of the democracy, and introduced a reform, in which, for the first time in the annals of Europe, numbers were introduced as the ruling principle of representation. Not, we admit, as the sole principle—for there were still some measures, both public and private, to be kept. The country, mad as the ministers had endeavoured to make it, was still not prepared for a total revolution. It was also indispensable that my Lord Fitzwilliam's influence at Malton, and Lord Carlisle's at Morpeth, and the Duke of Bedford's at Tavistock, and a dozen other Whig boroughs—as rotten—so it was the fashion to call them—as any of their kind, should be preserved; and this could not be accomplished without sparing some Tory boroughs of undeniably superior consequence. The most extraordinary frauds and juggles were, moreover, perpetrated to maintain, and in many cases to create, Whig interests in carving out the new or amended franchises and the new divisions and boundaries of counties and boroughs; and by these fortunate frauds and lucky knaveries the country was saved from the full, or at least the immediate development of the democratic principle. Enough, however, was done to alter, not indeed the outward forms, but the real springs and internal movements of the political machine. We had in truth, the moment that Bill passed, made a very near approach to being, what the Royalty of the Barricades professed to be, 'a Republic under monarchical forms.'

Let

Let us here pause a moment to confess that the Whigs are not to be exclusively blamed for this result. The Tories had, in their fear of change, neglected to open a great safety-valve twice over ready to their hands—when they refused to transfer the franchise of the delinquent boroughs of Grampond in 1820, and of East Retford and Penryn in 1828, to Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. It is well, though not generally known, that this transfer was—in all those successive cases—pressed on the Tory Ministers by friends of their own, who afterwards took the most decided part against the Reform Bill of 1832, and that its rejection was chiefly determined by influences that afterwards lent themselves to accomplish the wholesale reform which they had refused to avert by so small and safe a concession. This was as irrational as it was unfortunate. It must be admitted, without reference to the claims of mere population, that it was an anomaly that those great towns, swelling with large interests peculiarly their own, should not be directly represented;—and when the opportunities occurred—not of introducing any new principle—not of arbitrarily extending the number of the House of Commons—not of disfranchising an innocent borough to make way for them—but of transferring the franchise from a borough extinguished for its own delinquencies—and whose place in the representation *must* be filled up—to a borough which had grown into commanding consequence—when, we say, such an opportunity occurred, it was the height of obstinacy and folly to persist in what was really a disturbance of the representative balance, namely, the transferring a *borough* representation—not to another borough where it was required, but to a *county* where it was not wanted.

The same injustice, absurdity, and unconstitutionality was repeated in the case of East Retford in 1830, which again divided the Conservative party, and gave the Whigs the opportunity and an excuse, for that extravagant measure, by the principles of which they perverted Reform into Revolution, and by the details of which they most elaborately contrived to increase the influence of their own individual followers, and to secure (as they hoped) the permanent predominance of their party. Never before, we believe, was there attempted so unblushing a system of favouritism, not to say fraud, as the schedules of the Reform Bill presented; and yet it is, as we have said, to its jobs and inconsistencies that a ministry of any party is chiefly indebted for the power, inadequate and cramped as it is, of carrying on the Queen's Government.

The power of the Crown in the choice of its ministers, always subjected to the approbation of Parliament, becomes of course

more precarious as the House of Commons becomes more democratic;—but now to the difficulty of obtaining the confidence of the House collectively is added the embarrassment of being subjected to the caprice of individual constituencies. The Reform Bill has limited to a most inconvenient extent the kind of appeal which, under the old system, successively protected Fox and Burke, Wyndham and Sheridan, Castlereagh and Canning, Tierney and Grey, Petty and Peel, from the *ostracism* of a temporary or local unpopularity—against a popular squall, they found the safe harbour of some close borough under their lee. That resource has been so restricted that we have lately seen men of acknowledged fitness and capacity, nay, of distinguished talents, forced out of office by the caprice of electors whom they themselves had contributed to invest with powers so ill exercised; nay, we have seen the still greater anomaly of Ministers of high rank and character unable to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, and reduced to the humiliating, and we will say unconstitutional position of being excluded from the great council of the nation by the very fact of being called to the official council of the sovereign. It follows that a Minister, thus depending not on the Crown for place or favour, but for his political existence on a popular constituency, is not his own master, and is forced, under penalty of banishment from public life, to make or keep ‘friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness,’ whatever varying shape the tempter may assume. Can any one doubt that Lord John Russell’s return for the City of London produced the Jew Bill?—not in itself a popular measure, though tending to the general progress of innovation and general growth of democracy, but adopted because, in a close balance of party, it secured a third interest just sufficient to turn the scale: for that petty object the Prime Minister of the Crown endeavoured to unchristianise the Constitution!

But it is not on Ministers alone that this absolute and irremediable dependence on the favour of the democracy operates so mischievously. Ministers are the most prominent personages of a party—and there are still many seats which the heads of a party can influence; gentlemen therefore of sufficient importance to become ministers have several chances and many ways of finding seats, which ordinary members cannot hope for, who of course become more and more the mere *clients* of their constituents. In a debate on Parliamentary Reform (some years before the Reform Bill), Sir Francis Burdett in one part of his argument confessed that, although he had been returned for great popular constituencies—Westminster and Middlesex—he had never felt himself so independent as when, in his early days, he

sat

sat for Boroughbridge. We doubt whether any one of the populous boroughs created by the Reform Bill would tolerate in its members a real independence of thought and action. The recent retreat of Mr. Ward from the borough of Sheffield, and the candid and curious address in which he accounted for that step, is a remarkable exemplification and corroboration of our statement. Every one who observes closely the proceedings of individual members is well aware of the unconstitutional thralldom in which many of them are held by their constituencies. We are not here renewing the general argument as to the use and abuse of close boroughs—we only note how much the reduction of their number has added to the subserviency of public men to democratic influence.

One of the advantages promised by the advocates of the Reform Bill was, that it would put an end to the illegal associations and other popular demonstrations which, as was alleged, only arose out of, and were irregular compensations for, the injustice of the old system of representation; and that, when Manchester and Birmingham had legitimate organs in the legislature, the voice of seditious agitation would be no longer heard. Has such been the result? I have not, on the contrary, the excitement on public questions, the demonstrations in populous districts, the riots, the disturbance, the whole system of agitation—that is *intimidation*—become much more constant and audacious, and especially in the very districts to which the pretended panacea of representation had been applied—Birmingham, Manchester, Stockport, &c.? Has not agitation become a kind of chronic fever among us of the same kind as that which assumes an acute character in France under the form of *émeutes*? They are both the heavings of the democratic deep. Our better found ship and more experienced crew still manage to keep the sea in comparative safety, while our neighbours, less practised in the exercise of popular rights, are on the breakers. Let us endeavour to profit by their experience, and let us hope that we in return may hold out to them the signal of a safer course.

After the great stride, or rather leap, of the Reform Bill, every year's legislation has added something to the democratical influence—witness the Municipal Corporations Acts, the various measures relating to the Church, and a general current of legislation relaxing and sometimes abolishing several of the minor restrictions by which the action of the Democracy had been checked. But the most remarkable was the success of the Anti-Corn-Law League:—a triumph—not of reason, nor of real popular opinion, nor even of numbers (for the vast majority of the country were against it), and, least of all, of '*the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden*,' to

which it was ostentatiously attributed—but of the agitation of a few demagogues acting on that over-sensitive and morbidly prudent temper which renders the great experience, the unrivalled capacity, and the spotless personal integrity of Sir Robert Peel worse than useless to his country in seasons of difficulty and trial. He thought, no doubt, that he was justified in yielding to a strong public feeling; but he mistook essentially both the strength and direction of that feeling. Sir Robert Peel was reproached with having *cheered* Mr. Cobden's celebrated declaration that the *towns would govern the country*. Sir Robert, we believe (or some of his friends), denied the cheer; but it cannot be denied that his measures were in accordance with Mr. Cobden's doctrine—that the landed interest was sacrificed, not even to the manufacturing interest, but to the clamour of a few revolutionary agitators whose immediate object may have been the lowering of their workmen's wages, but whose ultimate design was—as for all practical purposes it has turned out to be—another triumph of the democracy. It added, indeed, for the moment no direct political weight to democracy; it did not extend the franchise; it created no immediate accession of popular power; but it was a great victory over the aristocracy, and became a presage and a pledge of still greater triumphs.

We have already stated, but we cannot too often nor too earnestly inculcate, that the great question which agitates society in this country—disguise itself how it may—is the struggle—not between Democracy and Monarchy, nor between Democracy and Aristocracy, but between Democracy and PROPERTY. There is nothing else really and *bonâ fide* in debate or contest. This is avowed with a kind of involuntary candour in the introduction to the *People's Charter*, as it is called. The proposed objects of this association are: 1. Universal suffrage; 2. No property qualification; 3. Annual parliaments; 4. Equal representation of electoral districts; 5. Payment of members; 6. Vote by ballot;—but the one real object of all these provisos is thus summed up in the Preface to the Charter:—

‘In conclusion, we think that no unprejudiced man can reflect on the present unjust and exclusive state of the franchise,—where *property, however unjustly acquired*, is possessed of rights, that knowledge the most extensive, and conduct the most exemplary, fail to attain—can witness the *demoralizing influence of wealth* in the legislature—the bribery, perjury, tumults, and disorders attendant on the present mode of elections—but must admit that the object contemplated is worthy of the task we have imposed upon ourselves, however we may have fallen short in providing an efficient remedy.’

The ‘worthy object,’ therefore—and the only object of this association—

association—and of the whole mass of Chartists, Socialists, Radical Reformers, or whatever else they may call themselves—is to abrogate ‘the demoralizing *influence of wealth*,’ and ‘*the rights of property* ;’ in other and hardly plainer words, to establish a general principle of communism, spoliation, plunder, and anarchy.

Now, without wasting our time in commonplaces, we may assume the assent of our readers to the broad fact that Property is the foundation of all government, and Landed Property the foundation of all property; and therefore it is that with a natural instinct, as the wolf attacks the fold, all revolutionists attack landed property. It was the landed interest that the League attacked; it was the landed interest that was sacrificed to the League. The advocates of that sacrifice would persuade us that it was a safety-valve—a concession that enabled us to resist the example of the February revolution—such a safety-valve, they perhaps may tell us, as we ourselves would have opened in the cases of Grampound and East Retford. But the cases are different in all their essentials. The necessity for a decision one way or the other in the case of the boroughs was imperative; and the transfer to Leeds and Manchester would have been the most limited, as well as the most constitutional solution of the unavoidable difficulty that the circumstances allowed, and would have stopped, instead of opening, an indefinite principle of change. While, on the other hand, we believe that the humiliating surrender to seditious dictation and menace of the most matured opinions and the most solemn pledges by which any statesmen had ever bound themselves must, as far as it was felt abroad, have been a strong encouragement to the spirit of democracy—to say nothing of its consequential effect on France and in Europe, by having recalled the firebrand policy of Lord Palmerston into action over the whole Continent, from Jutland to Sicily.

Within our own country it assuredly produced mischief greater than any that could have been feared from the example of the French Revolutions by so deeply wounding the character of public men—by lowering in public opinion the House of Lords, which complaisantly adopted what it notoriously abhorred—by dissatisfying and disgusting all the old hereditary friends of the monarchy—and by thus giving new life, authority, and triumph to the principles of democratic agitation and Socialism. It will not be pretended that the English Chartists and Socialists have been conciliated and converted by the repeal of the Corn-Laws; it is avowed that they look upon it as a mere instalment—a step—towards their own revolutionary objects; and a long series of public prosecutions too clearly prove that the fever heat of sedition, conspiracy,

spiracy, and treason has not *gone down with the price of wheat*. On the contrary, it is with great regret that we find ourselves obliged to confess that Sir Robert Peel's unfortunate measures have spread a serious extent of disaffection, not to say disloyalty, through the agricultural classes, who—hitherto so firm to their duty—now believe that they have been betrayed, and who feel that they are ruined—a ruin which they rapidly communicate to the small tradesmen, and through them to the greater bodies of manufacturers, already themselves distressed by foreign competition. So that of the numerous fallacies by which 'Free Trade' has been bolstered up, that of its tendency to remove popular discontent is, as we prophesied it would be, one of the first detected.

We were exceedingly surprised to find that, at the great agricultural county meeting held at Gloucester on the 9th of June, the Earl of Ducie is reported to have said:—

'You are aware of the state of the Continent—there is anarchy, rebellion, republicanism, and everything that unhinges society. I was talking the other day to one of the greatest men of the times; but he has fallen through these revolutions—to M. Guizot, the Prime Minister of Louis-Philippe—I was talking to him of the tranquillity we enjoy, compared with other countries. M. Guizot replied, "You may say as you like that you have a good constitution, and that you are governed by equal laws—but let me tell you, if you had not removed that monster grievance, the corn-laws, you would have been in as great a state of anarchy as any other state of Europe." You have here the opinion of as wise a man as any one behind here.'

Now we think we can venture to say, that this is either a total misreport, or else Lord Ducie must have entirely misunderstood M. Guizot. M. Guizot may have said, as a great many of our own Conservative friends have done, that it was fortunate that at the moment of the general explosion throughout Europe there happened to be no irritating question afloat—no pretext for insurrectionary movement then existing amongst us; and so we ourselves may have thought; but not with any reference to the Corn Laws. There would, we believe, have been just the same or perhaps a more real tranquillity if the Corn Laws had not been repealed. The accidental good fortune of our position was quite of another character. The true cause of the absence of any irritating question was simply that the *Whigs were in office* and the *Conservatives in opposition*. Agitation is a Whig trade, for which they have long possessed an organized machinery that they can work or stop at pleasure; and, of course when they reach their *terminus* in Downing-street, they let off the steam. And this is the secret of the difference which has been observed between the apparent satisfaction of the country under Whig and  
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Tory administrations. In the great demonstration of 200,000 special constables on the 10th of April, 1848, one phrase, uttered as a pleasantry but of serious import, ran like wildfire through the crowd from Hyde Park to Whitechapel:—‘*How fortunate that Lord John Russell is in Downing Street; he would else have been on Kennington Common!*’ In this sense only of bringing the Whigs into office did the repeal of the Corn Laws conduce even to the appearance of public tranquillity.

But it is quite impossible that M. Guizot could have spoken abstractedly of the Corn Laws even as impolitic, much less as a grievance—a ‘*monster grievance*’—for we have his own full and unmistakable declarations in the very opposite direction; and it would require very clear evidence indeed to make us class him among those Statesmen whose firmness of opinion is in the inverse ratio to the strength of their language, and even to the deliberate tenor of their acts. He had not only approved, maintained, and left behind him in France a system of agricultural protection borrowed from and exactly similar to ours—a sliding scale of corn-duties nearly equivalent in amount and identical in operation—but he had, at the very time when our contest with the League was at the highest, defended the protective system both in France and England in the most unequivocal manner:—

‘It is my conviction that the Conservative principle should be applied to internal industry and commerce as to all other great social interests. Those branches of industry and commerce which have hitherto enjoyed protection should not be exposed to the precarious and injurious effects of foreign competition. On the contrary, I repeat that the Conservative principle should particularly protect internal industry. I entirely adopt that principle—every wise Government practises it. You have before your eyes at this moment a grand example of the application of this principle. *You see a great neighbouring State applying this Conservative principle to the maintenance of its Corn-Laws by a protectionist tariff much higher than our own.*’—*Speech in the Chamber of Deputies, 25 March, 1845.*

And a few days after he repeated the same doctrine on the subject of live stock—

‘I maintain the existing system of protecting duties in favour of home-bred cattle. I have always supported it both in principle and practice, and I maintain it not merely for the interest of the breeder, but for that also of the consumer, and for the still more important interests of agriculture in general.’—*Speech, 31 March.*

Having been induced by this occasion to look into a collection of M. Guizot’s speeches while Minister, it would be unjust not to express our high and indeed unmixed approbation of the sound principles on all subjects foreign and domestic which pervade them, and our admiration of the lucidity, dignity, and spirit  
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and eloquence of his style. His defence of his policy on various occasions on which he was attacked is, in our judgment, always victorious, and his speeches in general have this peculiarity,—that though he strenuously maintains, of course, what he considers the special interests of France, he never seems to forget what is due to the interests and feelings of the great European family. But what we have quoted is not all that we can produce in opposition to Lord Ducie's misunderstanding of M. Guizot's opinions. In the very work before us M. Guizot has specifically and emphatically designated and defended the *landed interest* as the first element of order and good government in a state, and as being *therefore* the chief object of the attacks, direct and indirect, of the Democracy:—

‘It may be confidently predicted that if, as I hope, social order triumphs over its insane or depraved enemies, the attacks of which landed property is now the object, and the dangers with which it is threatened, will, in the end, enhance its preponderance in society.’—pp. 41, 42.

This sufficiently points out who are the friends and who are the enemies of the Landed Interest in France, and they are just the corresponding parties in England. M. Guizot adds an eloquent and sagacious development of the political and moral causes of this predominance of the landed interest in society, which are as well worth consideration here as in France:—

‘Whence arises this preponderance? Is it merely because, of all sorts of property, land is the most secure, the least variable;—that which best resists the perturbations, and survives the calamities of society?

‘This motive, though real, powerful, and obvious, is far from being the only one. There are other motives, or rather we may call them deep-seated instincts, whose empire over man is great, even when he is unconscious of it. These secure the social preponderance of landed property, or restore it when transiently shaken or enfeebled. Among these instincts two appear to me the most powerful; it will be sufficient to indicate them, for an attempt to fathom their depths would carry me too far.

‘Moveable property, or capital, may procure a man all the advantages of wealth; but property in land gives him much more than this. It gives him a place in the domain of the world—it unites his life to the life which animates all creation. Money is an instrument by which man can procure the satisfaction of his wants and his wishes. Landed property is the establishment of man as sovereign in the midst of nature. It satisfies not only his wants and his desires, but tastes deeply implanted in his nature. For his family, it creates that domestic country called *home*, with all the living sympathies and all the future hopes and projects which people it. And whilst property in land is more consonant than any other to the nature of man, it also affords a field of activity the most favourable to his moral development, the

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most suited to inspire a just sentiment of his nature and his powers. In almost all the other trades or professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely on himself—on his talents, address, prudence, and vigilance. In agricultural life, man is constantly in the presence of God, and of his power. Activity, talents, prudence and vigilance are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labours, but they are evidently no less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or the failure of the labours of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. Nor is it only a sentiment of humility as to his power over his own destiny which is thus inculcated upon man; he learns also tranquillity and patience. He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious inventions or the most restless activity will ensure his success; when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and the fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation. The more profoundly we examine the situation in which man is placed by the possession and cultivation of the soil, the more do we discover how rich it is in salutary lessons to his reason, and benign influences on his character. Men do not analyze these facts, but they have an instinctive sentiment of them, which powerfully contributes to that peculiar respect in which they hold property in land, and to the preponderance which that kind of property enjoys over every other. This preponderance is a natural, legitimate, and salutary fact, which, especially in a great country, society at large has a strong interest in recognising and respecting.'—pp. 42-44.

Yes, no doubt; to make or to keep a country happy and great—to give its government strength and stability—to insure to its people comfort and independence—the first requisite is the security and prosperity of the landed interests. We admit, therefore, the consistency and logic of the Chartists and Socialists in their special hostility to that kind of property, and, above all, to its hereditary character; but we confess we should have been utterly at a loss to account for the zeal with which the higher class of Whigs—formerly peculiar champions of the landed interest—and such men as Sir Robert Peel and his friends, men of large estates as well as superior understanding, have joined in this crusade against property, and especially the species of property in which they have the most stake, if we did not recollect, as to the former, Mr. Burke's sagacious anatomy of the motives of a Jacobin Duke, and as to the latter, Tacitus's deep probing of the human heart—'*Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris*;' and if the political history of our country did not afford but too many instances of the almost incredible degree in which party zeal or personal pique will blind men not merely to their duties, but their interests. It would be irksome  
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and idle to attempt to recapitulate all the obloquy and injury, direct and indirect, which those two parties have united in heaping on the landed interest ever since the day on which they began the ignoble rivalry of jockeying each other, by trying who should first and fastest abjure their principles and forfeit their pledges. The facts are before the world—they are read in every day's debate—they are seen in every country market—they are felt in every agricultural family in the kingdom—they are extending themselves into the manufactories—and will rapidly and inevitably spread their baneful influence over all the interests of the empire. Nothing can be in health if the land is sick.

Do we believe that the gentlemen who pursue these courses can desire an agrarian or Socialist revolution? Certainly not—none of them at least that are sane and solvent; but having unhappily made the double error of sacrificing their better judgments to the democratic agitation of the League, and of trying to excuse that weakness by a pretence manifestly false, they fancy their error will look more respectable in the guise of a principle—and so have taken up the dogma of *free trade*, of which we do not recollect to have heard a syllable in the first stages of the corn-law discussions. Such, at least, is the only intelligible (though not very excusable) motive that we can assign for their conduct, taken as a whole. How else can we account for their proceedings on the sugar and all other colonial questions, and, above all, on the repeal of the navigation laws?—a measure which seems to us at once the most wanton and the most fatal of all the extravagances of our modern philosophy. Five years ago there was not a statesman—no, not any man in England—who doubted that there were two main pillars on which the internal prosperity and external safety of our country rested—the Landed and the Shipping Interests. They are both sacrificed to the Moloch of Free Trade. Few men had a more sagacious genius, and no man ever examined with a more practical and searching eye our national strength or weakness, than Buonaparte, and he, in a candid burst of vexation, confessed that the '*Ships, Colonies, and Commerce*' of England were too strong for him—even when he was *Europe*! They had been from the dawn of our modern policy nursed and protected by a fostering, nay, a jealous legislation—in which every considerable statesman that England has produced, from Cromwell even to Huskisson, was anxious, as a good patriot, to claim a successive share. It has been swept away; and even the British seas, like the British soil, have been abandoned to foreign competition, as it is called, but in truth to foreign monopoly. How can any man in his senses suppose that England—with her dense population and proportionate establishments—her enormous  
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*debt—her taxes and rates—the habits of living and scale of wages of her working classes—can successfully contend with countries where such burdens hardly exist—the markets of Guildford or Uxbridge with Elbing and Odessa, or the building-slips of Hull and Sunderland with Drontheim and Gottenburg? We have seen within these few days a letter from an intelligent and respectable Norwegian gentleman, which says, ‘As a good patriot, I am rejoiced at the repeal of your navigation laws, so much to our advantage; but I own I do not understand what has induced you to be so liberal.’ And we know of more than one letter of advice from the United States to British correspondents, expressing the same pleasure and surprise—but adding, ‘You must not think that we shall be so mad as to follow your example.’*

All these measures are linked together, and are all corollaries of that most revolutionary proposition which escaped from Sir Robert Peel's lips in, we willingly believe, a moment of personal irritation, but which he since seems to have adopted as the principle of his policy—that the food of the labourer should be exempted from taxation. Louis Blanc never advanced a more mischievous, or, let us add, a more absurd proposition. See how it is to work. Let us begin with the case of corn. The import duty is first removed. It was in vain pleaded that by the sliding scale the duty vanished just as corn grew dear; no matter—the principle is that the labourer's food is not, in any case or under any condition, to be taxed—and the whole duty was repealed. But the duty was but one item of charge—the difference of freight between a British and a foreign ship was another—that must be repealed also—so down with the Navigation Laws! But the inexorable principle is still unsatisfied—there are other taxes which affect homegrown corn much more heavily than freight does the imported article—tithes—rates of all kinds—turnpikes—tolls—land-tax—(the Socialist would add *rent*)—are not these just as much taxation on the quarter of wheat brought to market as freight is?—what is to be done with them? But we must go still further. Malt is food—sugar is food—tea is food; are all these duties to be repealed? Yes, say the Democrats—all! and under the principle stated, such a result cannot be resisted. The labourer will have thus attained the Utopia of *cheap food*. But as food must be bought by labour, and as *converso* labour is, and ever must, be estimated by the price of food—*cheap food* is but another phrase for *cheap labour*—and therefore the labourer, after the first fluctuation had subsided, would be, at best, just where he was; if his day's labour had bought him, let us say, four loaves of bread at the old rates—at the new rates it would still bring him four loaves, and could do  
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no more. But it would be soon found to do much less. - Unless we are to adopt the sponge of Cobbett, the public revenue derived from those repealed sources must be all (or—even with the greatest imaginable economy—in a great part) still raised, and that could only be by throwing the whole burthen on the other classes of society—the Elbing Letter explains the process—and then, if the farmer, ruined by the competition of that same Elbing, is unable, on the one hand, to pay the gentry their rent—and, on the other hand, to buy the goods of the tradesman, and if all these suffering classes are to be still further crushed with the whole weight of taxation, how are they to employ the labourer? The English labourer, like the Irish peasant at this moment, will be starving in the neighbourhood of plenty—the *untaxed food* may be cheap enough as long as the foreigner shall be indulgent, but whence, under such circumstances, are to come the wages to buy it? Who can contemplate without dismay the practical consequences of such a promise and of such a disappointment? In short, this, like all the other theories of Socialist democracy, is obviously an ‘odious and mischievous chimera;’ and yet it seems impossible to deny that it has been at the bottom of all our recent legislation; and that the only, or almost the only man in the House of Commons of real weight or capacity, is pledged as deeply as Louis Blanc to those impracticable, but not on that account less dangerous doctrines.

Nor do we know where to look for any *drag* upon this downward course. The old constitutional checks of the Crown and the House of Lords have, we say with deep regret, lost or abandoned much of their legitimate authority. It is impossible to speak too highly of the personal qualities of the Queen. Her virtues, her amiability, her good sense, her conscientious and, we believe, able and intelligent discharge of such of her duties as are personally exercised, can be known to their full extent only by those who have the honour to approach her, but they are generally acknowledged and appreciated by the affection and respect of her people. - Of the Prince Consort, too, nothing can be justly said that is not in the highest degree favourable; his accomplishments and talents, his sound judgment, his patronage of the arts, his good taste and good temper, the excellent discretion of his deportment in a position so difficult and delicate, and the happy tact with which he avoids the appearance of having less influence than would be believed or more than would be approved, are altogether admirable. But notwithstanding all these fortunate and gratifying circumstances, of which the country is justly proud, it is undeniable that, from the very nature of things, the Crown does not and cannot exercise that guiding and controlling power which the constitution supposes, and which has become even  
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more necessary than in former reigns, since parliamentary reform has deprived the Crown of that unavowed but well understood influence which it had the means of exercising in the House of Commons. Her Majesty has infinitely less share in the choice of her ministers than the Presidents of either the American or the French republic:—in fact—and it is an important truth which cannot be concealed—she has next to none at all. She takes a ministry from the House of Commons more implicitly than she takes a lord in waiting from her ministers. We may be told that this has been, *in some degree*, the case ever since the Revolution of 1688; and we admit it: but, in a question of balance, the *degree* is everything. In former times we used to hear, under circumstances which proved the very reverse, that the influence of the Crown was too great. When the House of Commons voted Mr. Dunning's celebrated resolution that 'the power of the Crown had increased and ought to be diminished,' it practically negatived its own assertion. So, as Mr. Bright reminded Lord John Russell the other day, it might be argued that the very fact of the old House of Commons having passed the Reform Bill proved that it was unnecessary. But, though Mr. Dunning's resolution that the power of the Crown had increased, was as untrue in fact, as his conclusion that it ought to be diminished was unsound in policy; it is certain that the Crown had still a degree of influence in the House of Commons which mitigated very essentially, and we think most usefully, the growing preponderance of the democracy, and helped to preserve the balance of the Constitution. That, we say, is nearly if not altogether gone, and the so-called servants of the Crown are become, in a more direct and undisguised way than they ever were before, the servants of the House of Commons.

Nor is the House of Lords more really independent than the Crown. We do not presume to arraign their proceedings; we only record them. On several most important, most vital, occasions, it is notorious—avowed—that the vast majority of their Lordships had decided and unequivocal opinions at variance with those of the ministry—the Reform Bill—the Corporation Act—the Corn Laws—the Navigation Laws—the recent Canadian Rebellion-Reward Bill—on these and in every other case, with, we believe, the single exception of the Jew Bill, in which the Ministry has taken any strong interest, the Lords have submitted to what looks very like dictation. It is always prudent to avoid an extreme breach with the House of Commons when backed by some temporary enthusiasm of the people, but in several measures they seem to have abandoned their opinions and, as we humbly think, their duties, when the inconvenience of resistance could have been

been but very slight. We are well aware that their Lordships have been influenced in some late votes by a reluctance to overturn the present ministry when they have no clear view of finding a safer. This would be, we admit, a sufficient motive—but it is not, we think, a full and correct view of the case. If the Opposition were to *originate* any aggressive proposition—a vote of want of confidence, for instance—there would be a constitutional obligation on them, if successful, to form an administration; and against such a result at the present moment we ourselves, if we had the honour of a voice, would be inclined to exert it: but when the Government were the aggressors, as in the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and that the Opposition only took up a defensive position behind our ancient system, we do not think that there would have been any more obligation on the latter to undertake the Government after defeating the anti-navigation scheme than there has been after the defeat of the Jew Bill; they might equally have left to the ministers who stirred such questions the whole responsibility of the results. This is an important distinction which seems to us not to have been sufficiently considered. But however that may be, it does not affect our general position that the House of Lords, in its present temper and practice, is no effectual barrier to the encroachments of democracy.

The result of all this is that the only monarchical and aristocratical power practically remaining in the constitution is in that which, without reference to the present *ins* or *outs*, we may comprehensively call the *Conservative party* in the House of Commons—that is, members, Whig as well as Tory, representing or connected with the *Landed Interest*—and which, if it could be united under a vigorous and honest ministry, would form so considerable a majority as to be capable perhaps of arresting, and certainly of retarding, the progress of democracy. Of such a union, or of any such effectual resistance, we confess our internal prospects are not promising. Mr. Hume proposed on the 5th of June a motion (similar to one made by him last year) for a *further* reform in parliament—a kind of sham fight, we think, on the part of Mr. Hume and most of the other principal performers, who get up the annual farce with no real intention of embarrassing their Whig friends in office—who, they know, will easily, with the aid of the Tories, negative the motion—but to keep themselves alive in the minds of the democracy, and to keep the question alive—to be made a more serious use of if the Tories should come into power, or if any other accident should afford an opportunity for a real reform agitation. Lord John Russell on the former and on the late occasion opposed the motion—but in a tone and by arguments which, generally speaking, gave us but little satisfaction.

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His most prominent objection seemed to be that Mr. Hume's motion was in some degree a slur on his own Reform Bill, which he had the courage to praise as merely 'a restoration of our ancient free and glorious constitution.' Mr. Bright very frankly, and, we must add, very logically, laughed at the *constitutionality* of Lord John's reform: he told him that his boasted bill had been passed by violence and was itself a cheat:—

'The noble lord passed the Reform Bill in a *hurricane of popular feeling, and without that could not have carried it*; the Constitution was helped on by brickbats (a laugh), and the carriages of noble lords and hon. gentlemen who opposed the bill were smashed as they passed through the towns and villages; *it was not a Constitution to boast of* which required such things to give it a fillip. But, perhaps, the noble lord would say, the system worked well out of doors. From 1836, when the people began to feel that they had *been cheated* of the influence they expected to acquire by the Reform Bill, *there had been an incessant movement in favour of an extension of the suffrage.*'—6th June. Mr. Bright added, that the present House of Commons was aristocratic, and represented classes, and the higher classes, only; and he concluded by urging that the principle of the Reform Bill itself, as well as policy and justice, required the further extension of the franchise to every adult man of the United Kingdom. To this Lord John Russell replied by a series of arguments, identically the same as had been used against his own Reform Bill—that the existing system, though somewhat anomalous, worked well, and the better for the anomalies;—he showed by some details of the gradual reduction of taxation that the present House was sufficiently economical—he enumerated the various useful measures of legislation that had been successively passed—and, in short, made—with very slight variations of form, but none at all of substance—the same defence for the House of Commons of 1849 that had been made for the House of Commons of 1829. This was not very consistent—nor obviously any answer either to Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright—quite the reverse: for the same arguments of the Anti-Reformers of 1830, rational as they were, had been overborne by Lord John and his party; and if he now pronounced that the experiment had been so satisfactory, it was *only* an additional reason for following so good an example; particularly as Lord John himself, in the midst of his defence of the present system, made an admission—nay, a proposition—that, considering the person who makes it, alarms us more than the proposal of either Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright:—

'There is another *very* difficult question with which we are not called upon to deal to-night, but to which I may in passing allude. I mean the question whether, in conformity with the general principle of the Reform Act, which I believe to be a just principle, *there might not*



*not be a greater number of persons possessing the suffrage than at present; whether, in fact, the working-classes should not be admitted more generally to hold the suffrage; and whether, in the great towns, in the counties, and in the boroughs, there should not be another kind of franchise introduced, to enable them to vote for the representatives of such places.* (Hear.) I stated last year my opinion in favour of such an extension. I stated various modes in which it might be done; but the honourable gentleman who makes the present proposition and his friends have always protested against any extension of that kind.—6th June.

Now here—we say at once and without reference to what the details might be—is a concession of the whole principle in debate—and Lord John has upset his own argument, as he before did the ministerial coach; for when, in spite of all the praise he bestows on the existing system, he himself proposes an extension of the suffrage, he gives Messrs. Hume and Bright their *που στω*, and the question becomes one merely of degree—or rather, we may say, of time; for it is evident that all such concessions must at last end in universal suffrage; and Lord John's expedient would only delay for a time, and at best but for a short time, its ultimate success. But when we look to the details by which Lord John proposes to satisfy the cravings of democracy, and for which he would re-open the whole reform question, we are utterly astonished—his propositions, as stated on the 20th of June, 1848, were—

‘I think we might create some new varieties of Suffrage, perhaps, by giving the right of voting to persons *who had placed money in the savings-banks*, and thus shown themselves to be of provident and frugal habits, and to men *elected by guilds*, that being a proof of their possessing the confidence of their fellow-citizens.’—*Hansard*, 20th June, 1848.

‘These propositions showed,’ he added, ‘how unjustly he had been reproached by his Radical friends with standing on the finality of the Reform Bill.’ Now we confess that two more absurd propositions, or less worth the risk of remodelling the constitution, we cannot conceive. We do not see how the latter of the two would differ from the old class of freemen so ostentatiously abolished by the Reform Bill; but the former—the deriving votes from *deposits in the savings-banks*—is too ludicrous to be seriously debated. What sum would suffice, and would it be the same sum for all classes—for the workman whose weekly wages are thirty shillings and him who receives but thirteen? Is the sum to be impounded there to secure the vote, or, if taken out, what is to become of the franchise? and how are you to prevent loans and bribes to create fictitious votes? In short, it is simple nonsense. And was it for such a scheme as this that Lord John Russell would  
abjure

abjure the finality of his Reform Bill, and open the whole agitating and dangerous question of the franchise, which, whenever opened, will, we predict, run on rapidly to Universal Suffrage? and this, too, just after Mr. Bright had avowed the existence and boasted the success of an extensive conspiracy for the creation of fraudulent votes by small contributions from the working classes:—\*

\* But at present a different method [of making fictitious votes] was being pursued. The hon. member (Mr. Newdegate) had referred to it, and this allusion would be an *excellent advertisement*; he (Mr. Bright) had in his hand a report respecting it, stating that in Wolverhampton there were, 700 members, Coventry 500, Derby 700, Newcastle-on-Tyne 450, Cheltenham 200, Stafford 100, and it went on with Dudley, Worcester, Sheffield, Bradford, and so forth. The hon. member spoke of this movement as a conspiracy; but Chief Justice Tindal laid it down that to increase the number of persons possessed of the franchise was not against law or morality, or sound policy. (Hear, hear.) The man that saved his money and got a vote was socially and morally improving himself. (Hear.) But there were circumstances connected with this which one could wish avoided. These men did not come forward to purchase votes until they had a strong conviction that they were unjustly shut out: when they came within the pale of the constitution in sufficient numbers to speak in that house they might come in as victors.—*Times*, 6th June.

It is utterly impossible to reconcile these ridiculous projects of concession on the part of Lord John with the reasoning of his speeches: but it may, perhaps, be accounted for by his personal position—as a minister he could not adopt the projects of Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright, but for many obvious motives he is reluctant to break altogether with the Movement party, and he therefore makes a personal *hedge*, as the phrase is, against the public part which as a minister he is forced to take. From all the earlier parts of his speech we might have expected a bold and uncompromising declaration against further change, and a resolution to defend strenuously the system which he had himself so lately raised, and now so largely applauded: but no! while he seemed to stand boldly over the great gate of his fortress—his own castle—resolute to repel all assailants, we see that he has prepared a little postern for his own escape whenever the serious assault should be tried. The Constitution, then, has little to hope from the Father of the Reform Bill; like another Brutus, he will, we fear, be found

\* We regret to see that some silly people, pretending to be Conservatives, have proposed what they call 'A Conservative Emfranchisement and Philanthropic Association,' for the purpose of counteracting, by imitating, the democratic conspiracy. It does not become Conservatives to enter into such a lawless contest; and we hope the law may be found or *made strong enough* to defeat such frauds.

ready to immolate his offspring, and we only trust that it may not be with the same result—the establishment of the *Republic*.

Mr. Hume, indeed, accused the Ministers, and Lord John in particular, of a very contrary feeling—of having promised several minor measures of representative reform, which they had scandalously evaded :—

‘ Their desire for reform, then, was a makebelieve and a mockery. He called it so because, if they were honest and intent on reform, they would make any small reforms as an advance ; but he believed all their promises of reform were delusive, and he had made up his mind that the noble lord and his colleagues—those ardent and useful Reformers—had come to the conclusion to stand fast and do nothing.’

We heartily wish it were so : but, little reliance as we place on Mr. Hume’s opinion on any subject whatever, we have particular reasons for distrusting him on this, when we recollect that he who now proposed the resolution which would have overturned every provision, we believe without exception, of the Reform Bill, had thus hailed its first proposal :—

‘ Mr. Hume frankly declared that, Radical Reformer as he was, the plan proposed much exceeded what he had expected—that with all his disposition to put confidence in Ministers, he was not prepared to find them come forward with so manly a measure—they had fully redeemed their pledge. Even many whom he knew to be the strongest Reformers in England were perfectly satisfied, and allowed that they had the utmost reason to be *delighted*.’—*Annual Register*, 1831, p. 21.

Very true—every Radical Reformer in England was delighted with so large a stride towards revolution ; and we do not cite this in disparagement of Mr. Hume’s consistency : on the contrary, we from the first foresaw and foretold that it must come to this ; and when we read, eighteen years ago, Mr. Hume’s eulogy on the Reform Bill, we knew just as well as we now know that the time must come when it would be as distasteful to him and the Radical Reformers whose ‘delight’ he echoed, as the old system had been ; but what surprises and alarms us is, that, with this warning before him, Lord John Russell should have the weakness and blindness to throw out his vague suggestions of an extension of the suffrage, which does not even ‘delight’ Mr. Hume for the moment, and is a direct encouragement to Mr. Bright’s sham-vote conspiracy, and an important step towards his Universal Suffrage. Such a proceeding is more like a demagogue canvassing a popular constituency than a Minister intrusted with the interests of the Monarchy.

We are decidedly, and now more than ever, of the opinion expressed many years since by Sir Robert Peel—that, bad as the Reform Bill was and in principle is, it is the duty, and indeed the only

only hope, of the Conservative interest to endeavour to support and maintain it—even against its authors,—though we cannot venture to promise a successful resistance to a principle of progressive force that *vires acquirit eundo*, and, instead of affording a basis on which society may rest, is, in fact, an antagonist power which keeps it in a permanent state of siege, and a constant *qui vive* of defensive anxiety.

Always very apprehensive that we might have to pass through some revolutionary crisis, we had yet so much confidence in the ancient traditions of our constitution, and in the influence and power of property, that we sometimes indulged a hope that the union of all the conservative elements of the country might prevent any further, or at least any rapid mischief:—but the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws has well nigh destroyed that hope. Here were the two greatest interests of the country subdued, almost we may say without a struggle; and here is Property of all kinds not obscurely menaced, by the Chartists and Socialists with direct spoliation, and by the partisans of the Elbing Letter with the slower and less resistible process of direct and graduated taxation. It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark that the chief movers in the destruction of the Navigation Laws should be persons who happen to be by name and race but *hybrid* Englishmen at best.

From these dangers, arising apparently from opposite quarters, but converging into one focus, what is ultimately to save Property, and, with Property, Monarchy, we confess we do not clearly see. As long as the present generation of Whigs remain in power, their influence over their Radical friends may, with the aid of the Conservatives, preserve us from any rude shock and sudden change; but that will prove, we fear, but a respite. The State, that is the frame of Government—the Monarchy—has shown in the two great instances just mentioned that it has not within itself any power of resistance to the Democratic inroad: it is true that where there can be no resistance there is a better chance of escaping violence; there will probably be no insurrection, for there will be no need of one; and as the Duke of Wellington once said, with his prophetic sagacity, *the Revolution will be accomplished by due course of law.*

There is, however, still a chance—the result of the French experiment will have a great influence here. Hitherto certainly their Republic has exhibited little to tempt imitation—But hitherto, on the other hand, within that inexplicable struggle of men and motives, the effect of universal suffrage has been, on the whole, favourable to order and protective of property. We have before endeavoured to account for that—as we believe—very temporary result, and we have shown that even a more decided and perma-

neut success would be no safe guide for us—but if, as we confidently expect,\* the experiment of the democratic republic should ultimately fail in France, that failure will have a great effect in England; and if it happens before democracy has been permitted to make any further encroachments amongst us, the restoration of sound principles of government, and, above all, of protection and security to all species of property, may give quiet to those two great countries—France may recover from the convulsions, and we may escape from the infliction, of an unbridled Democracy.

We must, before we conclude, advert to a circumstance of the greatest importance, as we think, in these discussions, which has been not at all noticed by M. Guizot, and but slightly and erroneously in the House of Commons—we mean the power of the Press, and especially the Newspaper Press. When the authors of the Reform Bill and the new generation of Reformers attempt to justify their innovations as being no more than a *restoration* of the ‘ancient’ balance, they equally misrepresent the former and the present state of the Constitution—for no honest reasoner will deny that the power of the Press which brings the Houses of Parliament to a daily account before the tribunal of the public, and arraigns them both collectively and individually with a freedom and severity which would not be endured between man and man in private life, is a modern addition of enormous moment to the influence of the democracy on the action of the legislature—so much so, that, even before the suppression of the close boroughs or any extension of the franchise, the balance of the ‘ancient’ constitution had been already seriously disturbed, by the introduction of this great and hourly increasing power.

‘In these modern times,’ says Lord Brougham, ‘when the Press has become so prominent a portion of the people that Mr. Windham called it a *power in Europe*, and others have decorated it with the name of a *fourth estate* of the realm, it is impossible to pass over the fact of periodical writing possessing a far greater influence on democracy than under any other form of government’—*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 122—

and of course tending to change every other form of government into a democracy; and Lord Brougham proceeds to show that its licence would be too democratic even for a democracy. In truth, instead of being called the *fourth* estate of the realm, it might be rather called the *first*. It may be said in behalf of this new authority, that it is open to both sides, and may defend as well as attack the governing power. This answer

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\* The recent defeat of the Socialist Republicans has given a reprieve to the existing government, but it confirms rather than diminishes our confidence that the system is altogether delusive, and cannot last. We shall soon see the President's Government forced to adopt a system of arbitrary measures, which in producing temporary quiet will prepare a future and more violent explosion.

involves a double fallacy—first it confounds the influence with the use that may happen to be made of it. The direction that the force takes does not alter its character—it is still a popular influence, acting on public affairs through a channel and with a power unknown to the period of the constitution which the Reformers affect to restore. But secondly—we know from universal experience that defence can never in the long run countervail attack: even when the forces are equal the assailant has innumerable advantages; and we need hardly add, that in popular questions, such as we are now discussing, the forces never can be equal; the press is, as Lord Brougham has shown, popular in its very essence, and never can be otherwise than a great preponderating influence on the popular side.

‘It is common,’ says M. Weill, ‘to liken the Press to the lance of Achilles, which can heal the wound it makes. This is nonsense; at best it might be compared to Penelope and her web, doing one day what is to be undone the next.’—p. 43.

And he concludes that in truth the Press is a great engine of progress, which he knows not how to regulate, nor how to resist.

The two last revolutions in France were made by the Press, we might almost say by the Press alone—that of February, as already stated, by two newspapers, who themselves usurped the government. Nor was it by any superiority of ability or argument in the Revolutionary Press that this result was obtained: quite the contrary—the Conservative Press of France was much more respectable in talent and character than its Radical rivals—it had an infinitely larger circulation, and it had of course a very great influence;—but its influence was in the closet and *salon*—the other was influence in the pothouse and the street; and we have seen the result.

English readers of the upper classes, who see only the more respectable daily and weekly newspapers, can have no conception of the number of inferior publications which inundate our great towns, and of which, for the most part, the tendency is grossly immoral and seditious. We have reason to fear that at this hour they are increasing rapidly both in numbers and malignity. We have no doubt that they constitute to the whole frame of society a far more considerable danger than is generally supposed; but putting these formidable irregulars out of the question, and confining our view to that more respectable part of the public press which may be said to act directly on the administration of affairs, it cannot, we think, be denied that it exercises a power in the state which those who undertake to adjust the constitution to its ancient balance seem never to have taken into consideration, or, when noticed at all, to have

have placed to the wrong side of the account. Mr. Hume, for instance, tells us that the diffusion of literary knowledge amongst the working classes entitles them to a larger share of the elective franchise; but he does not inquire whether the knowledge so diffused is always wholesome—such as would make an honest politician or even good man; nor does he choose to recollect that the Press which thus acts downwards amongst the masses acts still more powerfully upwards on the Government, and that, in fact, its influence on public affairs is incalculably more extensive, and therefore more democratic, than it has been in any former period of our history—so extensive, indeed, and so weighty, that even a democratic ministry staggers under the burden.

Lord John Russell, we see, agrees with Mr. Hume and Mr. Bright that the *working man* has some peculiar claim to be admitted to the elective franchise. We cannot see it. The working man has a right—and it is a right which we are glad to see so extensively exercised all around us—of raising himself by his industry, integrity, and intelligence into a position to which the elective franchise may be safely attached—but what right, on any principle of human society, can a *workman*, as such, have to a distinct share in the legislation of the empire? We have already asked what Nadaud would think if M. Thiers was to attempt to teach him stone-cutting. The strongest case that can be made for calling a workman to council would be on matters with which he happens to be personally conversant. Why then should the workmen of Mr. Bright's factory not elect their own foreman and superintendent, and have a voice in the direction of the business of which they are the *sine quâ non*? Mr. Bright's answer would be, that it would be an invasion of Mr. Bright's earlier rights, his property, his capital, his profits; and that the result could be no other than the ruin of all parties—of the workmen as well as the master. But what difference is there in principle between the cases of the State and the Factory? And, in truth, we should soon find the democratic element predominant in both. We find from the official returns that the working classes are near four-fifths of the whole population—say two-thirds—does Mr. Bright suppose that these 'energetic and intelligent workmen' whom he talks of, with a majority of two to one, would not take good care to elect men who would regulate the whole code of the laws in any way affecting labour after their own feelings? And does he suppose that either Ministers of State or the masters of farms or manufactories could conduct their public or private business under the legislation of such delegates?

No; there can be, as far as human ingenuity and experience have as yet gone, no better combination of a representative system with

with the stability of government and the security of property, than the 'ancient, free, and glorious' Constitution of England. It has been seriously impaired by the extinction of so many of the close boroughs and by the introduction of a dangerous proportion of numerical influence, and whether in its lowered condition it will have strength to resist the pressure which is accumulating about it, is a problem of no satisfactory aspect. Lord John Russell seems, by his palliative propositions for a further extension of the suffrage, to think not. We have been all along inclined to that opinion; but there is still so much vitality in the old interests of the country—property is such a 'sure and firm-set' power—that if the Whig ministry would boldly and honestly decide upon resisting all encroachment on their own Reform Act, we should not doubt their success in delaying at least any further organic change. In such a course they would have the support of the Conservatives, enough, we think, to compensate three times over for the loss of the Radicals who would break with them; and thus, with the forms and traditions, and much of the effective strength, of the old Constitution still existing, and aided by the general respect for the Queen's person and office, we might wait in comparative security the result of the great experiment inflicted upon France by a dozen madmen or ruffians, all now suffering, from the hands of the republic they created, the penalty of their folly and their crimes.

This hope, however—not at best a very confident one—applies only to our *political* condition; but if internal distress, already very general, should increase or even continue at its present amount, our prospects would become more immediately alarming. That rash repeal of the Corn Laws, of which Irish distress was the pretext, is aggravating to a fearful extent all the other calamities of Ireland. Our recent legislation, as Mr. James Grattan truly says in a letter lately published, has imposed terrible responsibilities and burthens on the soil of Ireland, while it has taken away the markets for its produce. In England it is, as we have before said, ruining the farmer and the small shop-keeper with the low prices of wheat, and, we must now add, without the compensation to the people at large of cheaper bread. Changes of this nature affect at once the original seller of the article concerned, but, if they ever reach the actual private consumer in the shape of reduced prices, it is only after a long lapse of time. Accordingly, though, as we all know, the breeder of bullocks and sheep is already half ruined, the private family are paying at least as much as they did three years ago for every pound of beef and mutton. Foreign competition is, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the continent, pressing very severely on many large



large classes of our artisans; and we have seen a letter from an eminent Whig who supported all the so-called Free Trade measures, confessing that Free Trade is quite as unpopular in the manufacturing as it is in the agricultural districts. We receive, as this sheet is passing through the press, a strong protest against this precipitate sacrifice of our home industry from a public meeting at Glasgow, which, both in the persons who took the lead in it and the principles advanced, shows that there is a great reaction of opinion even amongst those who were at first inveigled by the fallacious terms 'Free Trade.' We cannot as yet have had any information as to the practical effect on trade of the repeal of the Navigation Laws; but if it were to be (which we are confident it will not) advantageous to some particular class of business, that would not reconcile us to the vast national danger to which it assuredly exposes us, and as little to the unconstitutional pretences and practices by which it was carried through the two Houses of Parliament, both, we are satisfied, really hostile to it—one undoubtedly and notoriously so. On the whole we regret to say that we have never concluded a review of the state of our own country or of Europe with less of comfort for the present, less of confidence in the future, or with a greater perplexity as to the probable solution of the complicated difficulties that are gathering round the British Monarchy.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Wales*. By Sir Thomas Phillips. London, 1849.  
 2. *Drych yr Amseroedd* (*The Mirror of the Times*). Gan Robert Jones. Llanrwst. Without date in the title-page, but written about 1820.  
 3. *Hanes Bywyd Daniel Rowlands*. Gan y Parchedig John Owen (*Life of D. R.* By the Rev. J. O.). Caerlleon. 1839.  
 4. *Y Traethodydd* (*The Tractarian*). Rholaau I.—II. Dinbych. 1845—1846.

**G**OD and his works abide, but man and his customs change. It requires no ordinary degree of sagacity to foretell at any given period the changes which a new generation may be destined to witness, and scarcely less to appreciate some silent revolution of manners which may have been wrought almost in the memory of man. If we were asked to point out a part of the United Kingdom where the influence of innovation might least be expected, our first instinct would direct us to the Principality. For some years we used to observe, on opening our 'Bradshaw,' the involuntary respect with which even the stern genius of railways seemed to regard the territory of the ancient Britons. His fire-breathing, iron-footed messengers (for so steam-engines would probably have been described by an ancient bard) might approach the Marches where Talbot wooed the fair Guendolen;\* but the 'wild Wales' of Taliessin's song seemed to be safe from intrusion. Whatever may have happened elsewhere, here at least we might imagine the mountain fastnesses would retain their primitive character, and the children of the Cymry, cradled in the home of the torrent and the storm, would bear something of the unyielding impress which Nature has stamped upon their land.

Yet even in Wales, as elsewhere, Time, the great innovator, has wrought his appointed work. Though Snowdon stands as of old, its base is caverned by the miner, and Penmaenmawr is at length not only stricken as it were through the heart, and traversed by daily trains, but is in course of being carried away

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\* Such marriages, though recorded only of the Baron, must have been frequent among his followers. Hence it has been supposed—we believe the alumni of the London University are now taught—that terms of *sewing* in English are derived from the British language:—a theory at least so ingenious, that we hope it may be true.

bodily to pave the streets of Liverpool. All along the coast, as well as in the quarries of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, a hard-handed race of men has sprung up, whose large-boned frames attest (when compared to the upland shepherd) the severe labour they undergo, and the higher wages which they receive. A Welshman, who had spent many years in London, was asked on his return if he thought the Principality changed; 'I find signs of improvement everywhere,' was his answer, 'except at Dinas-mawddwy;—yet even here,' he continued, 'the houses have grown within my recollection from one story to two, and the whole costume and manners of the people have assumed a comparatively modern aspect.' The truth is, that within a hundred and ten years two enormous changes, of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance as regards the manners and character of the people, have come over the face of the Principality. It is to these changes, hitherto we believe little noticed, or at least imperfectly appreciated by the mass of Englishmen, that we propose to direct the attention of our readers. We shall draw largely for our details, and in some measure for our language, from the books of which the titles are prefixed to this article, without neglecting some other sources of information which circumstances have placed at our disposal.

If we imagine some real Rip Van Winkle just roused from his fairy slumber, his surprise would not be greater than that of the traveller who, fresh from the metropolis, penetrated the Principality a century ago. Even on the borders and in the county towns he heard a strange language, and saw a strange people, whose habits savoured strangely of a bygone age. Still more did the impression of strangeness increase at every step, as he advanced into some upland valley of the more mountainous districts. Round the humble church of some indigenous saint, such as Wales and Britany boast in numbers,\* and generally on the banks of some stream just widening in a confluence of valleys, were grouped a cluster of cottages. For the fabric of the church in some cases an antiquity was claimed as early as the fifth century. To the inhabitants, consisting chiefly of shepherds and fishermen, with occasionally a small freeholder or shopkeeper, a combination

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\* An account of them, full of interest to the ecclesiastical historian, may be found in Mr. Rees' 'Welsh Saints,' as well as in Mr. John Williams's 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,' a book of research, which deserves perhaps more attention than it has met with. We have also to thank the learned Archdeacon of Cardigan for introducing us, in his 'Claudia and Pudens,' to a lady saint of uncommon interest. His work not only sheds an entirely new light upon the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain, but is full of ingenious historical reasoning in the steps by which he identifies his princess very probably with the Claudia of St. Paul. Many traditions, with less proof, are universally received.

of their church and the village inn represented the march of intellect, and their valley the world. On each shoulder and sloping side of the hills, the blue smoke of peat mingling with the mist gave token of a primitive homestead, and, as you ascended the streamlet's course, every nook, which offered shelter for sheep or promise of a scanty harvest, was dotted with a pastoral farm. The houses of one story, with enormous chimneys in which scythes were placed to exclude intruders, were more roomy and substantial than a highland bothie, yet simple enough of their kind. The farmers who inhabited them, though not without their pride of family and their own code of gentility, which reacted upon the dependents with whom they associated, shared the oatmeal and bacon which were the fare of the labourer. Shoes and stockings, in the modern sense of the latter word, were only partially in fashion; and the wool, which was the principal produce of the farm, was manufactured at home. Flannel has from the earliest historical period been a staple of the country; and though the goods of the West of England might penetrate to the county town, the commercial bagman, or his smarter successor, found little temptation to face the driving shower which awaited him on a mountain road. The rural economy was concentrated in one great maxim—to disburse as little money as possible. Any stranger was welcome to his meal, but the money must be reserved for the rent. If you asked the shepherd-boy the meaning of a sinuous labyrinth he had amused himself by cutting on the turf, he told you it was *Caer Droiau*, or *Castra Troja*, a term which seems to indicate some tradition from the Romans. A man's name was generally inherited, not by his son, but by his grandson, so that the generations alternated, as seems to have been the case at Athens.\* The wife, however, retained throughout life the name of her own family, a circumstance which leads to some confusion in pedigrees.

Doubtless such a people might be called backward. On the other hand, that little freehold had been inherited, it was said, for six hundred years—certainly from a period beyond written record—in lineal descent from father to son. The adjoining farm had also descended by tenure under the same family, of whose heiress it had been the portion in the reign of King John; and the simple tenant, in most benighted defiance of Macculloch and Mill, would have eaten his barley-bread somewhat blacker, and have worked daily an hour longer, sooner than change his landlord

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\* In some cases, but more rarely, the name was renewed only in the third generation; and thus the posterity of Evan Robert Edward (for in the absence of surnames three names were convenient for distinction) became known as Edward Evan Robert, Robert Edward Evan, and so in succession.

for a stranger.... The existence of such a state of things involved no contemptible amount of homely virtue and thrift ; and whoever observes how often rapid progress is followed by rapid downfall, may trace a law of compensation, as he compares the circumstances which political economists admire or condemn.

Perhaps a tendency to drink, though on comparatively rare occasions, was the principal vice of the people. The village wakes were full of revelry, which was not yet considered heathenish ; nor had the vain tinkling of the harp given way to the deeper excitement of the preacher. Sunday often, and the greater festivals always, brought their trials of speed or strength. Parish rivalries found vent in matches at football ; and the saturnalia of fairs were occasionally diversified by an organised fight. The mode of raising supplies might have been suggested by some genius who should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. If a young farmer wanted to marry, or had lost a cow, or was behindhand with his rent, he gave notice, after church, that a barrel of *cicrw* (*cervisia*) would be ready at his house on a certain afternoon. The numerous kin and well-wishers of the family made a point of obeying the summons. Among the amusements expected was the singing of *Penillion*, a species of song or epigram not unlike the *Skolia* of the Greeks, but with an improvisatorial character, which must have tried the readiness of the rural wit. The exciseman in those days was not so inquisitive as he has since become ; but if he appeared as an unbidden shadow of royalty, the jester of the party would detain him about the door, until some feminine Falstaff had converted the obnoxious barrel into a chair, which her ample person might protect. Of course, if any guest at such a party came empty-handed, he would be greeted with classical indignation in some such terms as ‘ *Tene asymbolum venire* ’—or, in other words, the entertainment involved a contribution. A still more singular diversion, which yielded only after a struggle to the religious activity of a later date, consisted in a rude drama, resembling in its genius the Mysteries of the middle ages. On some green sward, which presented a natural theatre, some biblical story was displayed in action by a bard, who unconsciously parodied the proceedings of Thespis. Nor did the sacredness of his subject preclude him from licentiousness, and still less from a liberal use of satire. The innkeeper, whose malt was stinted, or the exciseman who raised its price, or any offender against received laws, especially of hospitality, was gibbeted by some stray allusion, or by premature consignment to eternal doom. We do not know how far this uncouth drama may have been of indigenous origin ;

but

but the term *interlude*, however disfigured by a Welsh pronunciation, seems to suggest the contrary.\*

The traveller Pennant must be considered a highly favorable specimen of the Welsh gentry at a date somewhat later than the one of which we are speaking. The same remark would hold good of Sir John Philipps. Those of that rank seem in general only to have differed from the corresponding class in England in being somewhat more homely, and perhaps more profuse in their hospitality. We must give, however, one example, without coming down as low as Mrs. Thrale, of the fairer sex. A fellow of a college at Cambridge (Moderator in 1750), who held decidedly Protestant ideas as to the celibacy of the clergy, persuaded the heiress of a tolerable property in Flintshire to put on man's attire, and to accompany him, after a private marriage, on a visit to his friends, as a young acquaintance from college. Unfortunately their wedding tour took them within reach of that then terrible scourge, the small-pox, and before the honeymoon was over the husband died. The lady survived to marry a second husband, and, having already tried a fellow, she selected on the second occasion an undergraduate.

It is seldom found that the inhabitants of a mountainous country are indifferent to religion. Nature herself imprints in them a certain sense of awe. At the period of which we are speaking, though such laxity prevailed in the observance of Sunday, that all sorts of amusement, even occasionally cockfighting, were allowed in the afternoon, yet in the morning no mountain family ever failed to send its male representative to church. Any absence of a householder was a signal for inquiry, and for preparation to condole on some anticipated disaster. All adult members of the congregation were also generally partakers of the Eucharist. The habitual tone of reverence, which such a custom may seem to imply, was not unmingled with fragments of an older superstition, deepened by legend or poetical influences. Many were the forewarnings of death; and in the diocese of St. David in particular, a power of 'second sight' was claimed down to a very recent period. As St. Keynan, in Cornwall, gave matrimonial supremacy to wife or husband, as either drank first at his spring, so in Wales you might procure health for yourself from the healing wave of St. Winifred, and pining sickness for your enemy from the ill-omened fount of St. Elian. Nor was the

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\* On the Welsh *Anterlud* the reader will find something in Mr. Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry* (pp. 90-91). To this work the prize given by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was assigned at the late Abergavenny Eistedvodd. We hope to direct attention specially to it in a future article.

Virgin Mary without her consecrated wells and other honours, which were only a century too soon to find favour with the professors of orthodoxy. Mr. Allies might have collected a fresh volume of cures wrought at St. Mary's many founts, and would have been delighted to find that the efficacy of baptism was enhanced by carefully carrying water from such sources to the font of the parish church. Not that we would ourselves sneer at the feeling which speaks in the following version (borrowed from Mr. Goronva Camlan) of what is termed an old Welsh prayer:—

'Mother, oh mother ! tell me, art thou weeping ?'  
 The Infant Saviour asked, on Mary's breast :  
 'Child of th' Eternal, nay ; I am but sleeping,  
 Though vexed by many a thought of dark unrest.'  
 'Say, at what vision is thy courage failing ?'—  
 'I see a crown of thorns, and bitter pain ;  
 And thee, dread Child, upon the Cross of wailing,  
 All Heaven aghast, and rude mankind's disdain.'

The original is, we are assured, a genuine tradition, and formed with the Creed and Ten Commandments part of the peasant's daily devotion. One of our authors, who mentions the fact, seems to consider all the three formularies equally misapplied.\*

The 'passing-bell' was then no unmeaning sound. No person of ordinary piety neglected, as he heard it, to offer a brief petition for the soul of his neighbour passing to its account. Good need there seemed for such assistance ; when the spirit was believed not only to be helped on its way by angels, but watched and liable to be intercepted by the hounds of darkness (*cwn Annwn*), to whom the space between earth and heaven was allotted as a hunting-ground. Happy were the parents whose children had died in infancy, for the angelic spirits of their lost innocents might be expected to light them with torches on their way, beset by perils, to the kingdom of heaven.† On the first Sunday after a funeral we find it stated that the whole family of the deceased used to kneel down on the grave to say the Lord's Prayer.‡ We scarcely venture to affirm whether so late as the period of which we are speaking the institution or caste of 'sin-eaters' remained. If our readers do not happen to be acquainted with Brande's *Popular Antiquities*, they will probably ask the meaning of the term. It may surprise them to learn that in the west of England in the sixteenth century, and in Wales probably at a later date, a class of persons existed who, in consideration of a certain dole of food or money, made themselves responsible for the sins of the dead, and undertook to console the survivors, by guaranteeing

\* *Drych yr Amseroedd*, p. 48-9.

† *Ibid.*, p. 56.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 50.  
 them

them at least security against being haunted by the spirits of the departed. We cannot assent to those who find the original of so strange a custom in the Mosaic law, but should rather look for a parallel amid the wilder superstitions of India; nor, with deference to Aubrey, who affirms the fact, do we believe the system at any time since the Reformation to have prevailed generally in Wales. The theory, which lay at the bottom of the practice, had doubtless vanished from men's minds long before the customary *dole* (*Diodlas*) ceased to be given at funerals. But it is not easy to ascribe a precise date to those changes of sentiment, which are not only gradual but uneven in their operation. If this is anywhere true, it emphatically holds good of a country where mountain and river tend to isolate particular districts. Our account of Wales a century ago would not bear to be uniformly applied in any single year. Yet each portion of the country in its turn had probably a period at which the impression we wish to convey would be true. We necessarily strike a rough average.

It may be said generally that among the stories of the fireside were unfailing legends, not turning so much as might be expected upon Arthur or Glendower, but oftener upon the agencies of the invisible world, and, most of all, upon some instance of Divine retribution. Vengeance, such as overtook Ahab for diverting the inheritance of Naboth, was not only devoutly believed by the mountain farmer, but illustrated by modern instances, of which his hearers never doubted the truth. Here hereditary insanity, and here a property swept away, attested the immediate waiting of judgment upon wrong. The curious book, called *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, or 'Mirror of Old Ages,' which mixes true history with prodigies from Geoffry and Gualdus, was published in 1740, and seems to have become rapidly popular.\* Here, as elsewhere, the march of intellect seems first to have meddled with fairies. The 'fair family,' for so the Welsh styled them, are said occasionally to have revealed themselves to the solitary shepherd or the drunken minstrel; and a highly intelligent peasant once assured us that *his father* had undoubtedly seen them. We suspect, however, that for some centuries they have by no means kept the same hold upon the popular imagination as ghosts or other spiritual beings, who, if not actually countenanced by Scripture, might at least be imagined to exercise a certain moral agency. In all things of this latter kind the Cambrian peasant

\* This book, and the *Bard's Dream*, an imitation of Quevedo's *Visions*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, seem to have been the three greatest favourites after the Bible. A *History of Christianity*, by Charles Edwards, which was first published in 1671, also went early through several editions, and is still a Welsh classic, though its legendary portions have been expurgated; for which we ought to be more thankful than we are.



believed firmly and universally; and to a certain extent, though faintly, he may be said to believe in them still. Supposing, however, ghosts or fairies to stalk in twilight, avenging crime or tempting innocence, it would naturally be the business of the clergyman to grapple with such foes. Accordingly, any clerical student who preferred black letter in his parsonage to good company at the inn, rarely escaped the imputation of conjuring—an art which was supposed to constitute one of the principal studies of the university of Oxford. What less accomplishment could have tempted the future pastor to undertake a journey of so many miles, which he performed often on foot? Might not he have read his Bible at home? Only then he would not have been able to send the mountain Ariel upon errands, or to bind the evil spirit with the name of the Trinity, as if with a triple ring.\*

The smile, with which our enlightenment listens to such fancies, should not be one of contempt. As Poetry teaches wider truth than History, so devout error may approach the meaning of the true doctrine. When we consider the moral significance of many of the older legends, and are told of the eager thirst for knowledge which took the students to read in the village church at five in the morning, we cannot help imagining that any good might have been effected with such a people. The feelings of reverence and docility presented something capable of being moulded. But all history is full of the melancholy list of opportunities thrown away: it is but too clear the vigilance was wanting which might have cherished this hereditary reverence into an intelligent religion. Not that we place implicit confidence in allegations respecting ‘scandalous ministers’ by men inheriting the spirit of Hugh Peters and his fellows, whom Sergeant Maynard well called ‘scandalous judges;’ undoubtedly many accounts of the older Welsh clergy come filtered through hostile channels. Of the best we probably hear little; the record of meek piety is written not on earth; yet many families have traditions of clerical ancestors, which do not accord with insinuations sometimes thrown out of general irreligion. Probably sermons were too much in the cold style of the British essayists; but one sin imputed to the clergy would appear from the following attack upon their memory to have been their *general* adherence to the doctrines of the Prayer Book.

‘Dark and unfruitful were their doctrines, and there was not a sign that the breath of power and the holy flame wrought through them. The sum and substance of their teaching was this:—that man received his new birth at baptism; that every one must repent and amend his

\* We find a legend of this kind versified in the late ‘*Lays from the Cimbric Lyre.*’

life, and come frequently to Church and Sacrament; that every one must do his best, and that Christ's merits would make up that in which he was defective; and that it was in man's own power to *choose* (qu. accept?) or reject grace and glory. Bodily chastening was accounted a sufficient mean, if not worthiness, to fit men for the kingdom of heaven. . . . Now, this is darkness which may be felt, like that formerly in Egypt. It is as perilous to lay weight on such things as to build upon the sand.'—*Drych yr A.*, pp. 54. 55.

The same author accuses the congregations of valuing religious carols as highly as sermons, and of readiness to believe in visions or portents: both charges which sound curiously from the quarter in which they are alleged. He also thinks the custom of *offerings* instead of fees at funerals had a clear reference to purgatory. Perhaps it might only confirm him in this opinion to observe that the same custom held (and holds) good at weddings. Without, however, subscribing such a bill of indictment, it may be admitted that Wales did not escape that Laodicean tone which pervaded the rest of the kingdom in the last century. It seems to have been as usual for the clergy to appear as regulators of amusements, as for them to be guides in religion. One crying evil of the times was the not unfrequent appointment to purely Welsh parishes of persons ill acquainted with the language. In the case of Dr. Bowles, which was not legally argued until 1770, and, we happen to know, is only an instance out of many, the advocate for the incumbent used the following plea:—

'Though the doctor does not understand the language, he is in possession, and cannot be turned out. Wales is a conquered country; it is proper to introduce the English language, and it is the duty of bishops to endeavour to promote Englishmen, in order to introduce the language. The service was in Latin before the Reformation. How did they fare in Wales from the time of Henry VIII. to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the act passed for translating the Scriptures into the Welsh language? It has always been the policy of the legislature to introduce the English language into Wales. We never heard of an Act of Parliament in Welsh. The English language is to be used in all the courts of judicature in Wales, and an English Bible is to be kept in all the churches, that by comparison of that with the Welsh they may sooner come to the knowledge of English. Dr. Bowles has complied with the Act which requires that service shall be performed, by appointing Mr. Griffiths, the curate, who has regularly performed the duty.'—*Case of Dr. Bowles; published by the Cymrodorion Society*, p. 59.

This argument appears to have weighed more with the Court of Arches than with the people of the Principality; and a certain portion of the dissent now existing may be considered as a permanent

manent protest against the practice thus defended. There is probably no living member of the Church of England who would not regret what was at once a source of just irritation to the people, and of natural discouragement to the native clergy. Men, whose most probable prospect was serving as curates, under the easy relative of some non-resident prelate, would easily sink below the proper tone and qualifications of their office.\* Such was, in some measure, the result; and, after large allowance for a considerable sprinkling of educated talent and liberal piety, we may affirm that the clergy, as a body, were little prepared to meet the moral earthquake which was about to burst under their feet.

It was not, however, in a hostile form that the awakening angel at first appeared. Several Churchmen, of different shades of opinion, such as Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Gouge, who may be termed the Charles Simeon of his day, had exerted themselves even in the preceding century to repair the desolation caused by the Puritans in the civil war.† For whatever may be said of such men as Cradock or Vavasor Powell (who, by the way, excelled as a dreamer of dreams), their teaching did not counter-balance the mischief done by their allies; the congregations which sprang from them were few and feeble; but the elements of healing came from the Church, as the ruin had come from the opposite quarter. The first Welshman who stands out prominently in this good work, is Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror. It appears evident—indeed it is fully acknowledged—that an impulse had been given to his exertions by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, then growing from lusty infancy to its prime. He became a member of the Society in 1713, and in 1730, with the assistance of a Mrs. Bevan, whose name is still justly honoured on that account, he established a kind of itinerant schools. These singular institutions were most ingeniously contrived to spread the elements of education, and taught many thousands of persons to read. In his own parish, on the beautiful banks of the Towy, not far from the ancient towers of Llaugharne, Griffith Jones spent most of a long and useful life. His strength lay in catechising; and he thought it ‘amazing to consider how incredibly ignorant the generality of people had continued, even under very plain and powerful preaching, where

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\* In an early volume of the Quarterly Review, a peculiarly gross case of non-residence is commented on, as almost boasted of in the ‘Autobiography’ of Bishop Watson.

† The great name of Baxter is the only Nonconformist’s which we recognise among them. *Gouge* was far the most actively liberal; and it speaks well for the gratitude of the people, that in their current literature he is still celebrated as ‘a benefactor to the nation of the Cymry.’ See Sir Thomas Phillips, pp. 110–118.

catechising was omitted.' His arguments in favour of the practice are sought from Hegesippus and Ussher, as well as from Jewish and Mahometan custom; but the example of his own earnestness must have been more effective than them all. His Exposition of the Church Catechism in the Welsh language is a standard work, and has been adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was also induced by his zeal—unhappily, as we think, though great allowance must be made for the times—to set the first example in the Church of preaching in other parishes and in the open air. We have not seen any specimens of his sermons: though, from the practice of his followers, they may be suspected of having laid considerable stress upon physical emotion—

*Hoc fonte derivata clades*

*In patriam populumque fluxit;—*

yet, on the whole, his great and persevering exertions fairly entitle him to that reverence in which his memory is still held by his countrymen, and in which, we hope, few members of the English Church will refuse to join. It is not as the precursor of Methodism, but as the patient workman in that great field of education which was then so little appreciated, that he achieved his purest triumphs. To him it is principally owing, not only that 150,000 persons learned to read in his lifetime, but that the Bible has since been so generally found and read in the Welsh cottage. So his work abides.

Howel Harris of Trevecca, the elder of the twin founders of Welsh Methodism, was a man of pure and ardent zeal. He was born in 1714, and, having some property as well as a prospect of preferment, he went to Oxford in 1735, when the influence of Wesley and his friends must have been fresh in the University. The successive stages of terror and consolation, which he thought necessary to true religion, came upon him at intervals while receiving the Eucharist: his devotion became more passionate, and his life stricter than ever. To a mind thus excited, the discipline and the want of discipline of the University would be both distasteful; and, under the influence of feelings not unlike those which in later times have hurried men in a different direction, he sought what he considered the purer atmosphere of his home. Here he at once began to teach: not so much by set sermons, as by exhortation and converse on religion with whoever would listen.

'I was occupied,' he says, 'in going from house to house, until I had visited the greater part of my native parish, together with neighbouring ones: the people now began to assemble in great numbers, so that the houses wherein we met could not contain them. The Word

was attended with such power, that many on the spot cried out for pardon to God, and such as lived in malice confessed their sins, making peace with each other, and appeared in concern about their eternal state. Family worship was set up in many houses; and the churches as far as I had gone were crowded, and likewise the Lord's table.'

He soon became laudably desirous of taking holy orders; but we cannot join those who censure Bishop Clagett for not ordaining him before the canonical age. The following passage, which is said to occur in Whitfield's Journal, appears to us an extraordinary one to have been reproduced in Welsh by a person calling himself a clergyman, and therefore not a stranger to the practice of the Church:—

'He (Harris) endeavoured twice to obtain orders; he was fit in every sense: but he was refused, on the *untrue* pretext that he was not of age, *though* he was at the time *twenty-two* years and six months.'—*Life of Rowlands*, App. D.

Surely, a delay of six months, in order to attain the proper age, was not a very unreasonable requirement. The impatience, however, of Harris at first, and his subsequent perseverance in a course of zeal, which sat in judgment upon regular authority, seem to have prevented his becoming a clergyman. Yet, if his attachment to the Church was not consistent, it was genuine in its kind. His societies were formed on the model of those of Dr. Woodward; his school at Trevecca (which has been succeeded by a different institution) was held for a time in the parish church, and the whole tone of his life and mind is enthusiastic rather than sectarian.

'I was carried,' he says, 'on the wings of an eagle triumphantly above all persecution. I took no particular texts, but discoursed freely, as the Lord gave me utterance. The gift I had received was, as yet, to convince the conscience of sin. There appeared now a general reformation in several counties.'

We find him subsequently encouraged by a letter from Whitfield, and by the concurrence of many fellow-labourers, who sprang up suddenly under the impulse of a common spirit. For seventeen years his life was one of journeying and preaching throughout a land of storms, and a people, as he believed, of heathens. There are touches of fancy, which denote perhaps unconscious exaggeration in the annals of his labours. When interrupted in his sermon by a turbulent mob, his custom was to kneel down and pray; while in this attitude, if a stone missed him, or the deadlier blow of a reaping-hook were diverted, it became a manifest, miraculous, answer to his prayer. Yet neither the smile to which we are tempted by the enthusiast,

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nor the polemics into which we might easily be provoked by the preacher, ever destroy our sympathy for the man. His temper seems to have been naturally amiable, and the great anxiety of his later years was to retain in communion with the Church the more eager disciples, who were already hurrying on from schism to schism.

‘Several,’ he tells us, ‘were going to the Dissenters and other parties, and I thought it my duty to declare against them by laying Scripture proofs before them—as the example of the prophets of old and good men, who abode in the Jewish church, notwithstanding its degeneracy in every respect; and our Saviour and his apostles attended service at the hour of prayer in the same church, though they knew it was to be abolished. . . . And as the late revival began in the Established Church, we think it not necessary or prudent to separate ourselves from it, but our duty to abide in it, and to go to our parish church every Sunday, and we find that our Saviour meets us there.’

Harris did not escape that estrangement from his associates, which seems the destiny of those who beget a spirit of change. We find him in the latter part of his life at variance with Rowlands, and founding a sort of monastic establishment, by which the Church service was attended as well on holydays as Sundays, at Tievecca. Even his integrity did not escape unmerited suspicion;\* and he was happy in dying (July, 1773, ætat. 60), before errors, of which his teaching contained the germ, broke out into heresies which he would have been the first to condemn. His funeral was celebrated in characteristic language by Lady Huntingdon and her daughter. Six clergymen in succession blew the Gospel trumpet on that occasion with remarkable power and freedom; and, amid the vast multitude of mourners who assembled, ‘there were some special seasons of Divine influence both upon the converted and the unconverted.’

Soon after, if not simultaneously with Howel Harris, a far more striking personage, whose labours were to produce more permanent effects, had entered upon the scene. Daniel Rowlands, of Llangetho (born in 1713), did for Wales whatever Whitfield did for England, and perhaps something more. He sprang from a family of strong character and keen impulses. With sinewy frame and glowing imagination, he could play alike the athlete or the orator. No one surpassed him as a youth in activity and strength; nor did he hesitate, when first ordained, to join, after his Sunday duty, in the games which were then universally popular. But a day came when Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, preached in the neighbourhood; and Rowlands determined to be one of the audience. Some accounts speak of

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\* Drych yr A., pp. 136-139.

a previous mental struggle ; but his biographer describes him as standing with a look of pride and defiance in front of the pulpit ; while the aged preacher, at whom he scoffed, saw already in spirit an Elisha who, he prayed, might be destined to succeed him. As the sermon proceeded, the face of scorn changed first to an expression of doubt, then of shame ; when it ended, the scoffer went out from church an altered man. His work hitherto had been a patchwork of forms ; it was now to be a ministry of the Spirit. The fervid eloquence, which gave vent to his new-born convictions, became more attractive than that of his teacher ; and we soon hear of an ungodly squire, who came with hounds and huntsman to church, undergoing the same conversion as he had himself experienced, during a single sermon. Still for a time he was pronounced by the enlightened to stand too exclusively upon Mount Sinai, and his warning to a reckless world was uttered in a voice of thunder. By degrees we are told that his views became clearer ; but his power from the first of startling men, by awakening a sense of sin, and convincing them that the Grave and Hell already yawned beneath their feet, is said to have been absolutely unrivalled. A woman, who came twenty miles from Ystradfin to Llangeitho to hear him every Sunday, persuaded him to extend his operations ; at first by preaching in churches where permission was given, and subsequently by less legitimate means. The profane among his parishioners set up a rival congregation of wrestlers and foot-ball players. Rowlands, nothing daunted, went out to expostulate ; and his success in the attempt first made him venture on that system of field-preaching, which became so fruitful in strangely mingled, but certainly wonderful, effects. Still, for about a quarter of a century, he served his two churches, with a stipend of ten pounds a-year, preaching occasionally in a third, famous both for the eloquence of St. David and the pious war of Gorono ab Cadogan, which is thus described :—

‘ *Llandewi-brevi* is very large, capable of containing three thousand people or more ; but it was not too large at that time. There were no seats for the greatest part ; most of them stood, and the church was filled from one end to the other. The appearance of the multitudes that assembled was very remarkable. Many followed Rowlands from one church to the other, and did not return home till late in the evening, and some not until the following morning, without eating anything from Sunday morning until Monday. The spiritual food they had was sufficient for a time to support them without any bodily sustenance.’—*Life*, p. 24.

Attractive as the preacher might be, his reading was equally impressive. It is a singular testimony to the inherent power of  
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our glorious Liturgy, that Rowlands found its language the most effective instrument in touching the hearts, and, we must add, in stirring the fanaticism of his hearers. It was not his overbearing eloquence, nor the passionate appeals to conscience, which no man ever made more forcibly, but the solemn sound of the Church of England's prayers, 'By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy Cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver us,' which first awoke the slumbering poetry of that ancient people whom he addressed, and fired their imagination with the same fervour in religion which their forefathers had shown in battle. It was while these words were read at Llangetho, that tears and convulsive sobs, followed by cries of *Gogoniant* (Glory!) and *Bendigedig* (Blessed!), first broke out, and ran through the multitude like a contagious fever. One of the most difficult problems in the philosophy of religion would be to determine the precise proportion in which genuine force of conscience co-operates on such occasions with hysterical or nervous emotion. Certainly no solution would be satisfactory which entirely omitted either of these two elements in the phenomenon. A similar excitement attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; but the latter, accustomed as he was to kindred scenes, was surprised by the emphatic form which the epidemic assumed in the Principality. Mr. Milman has happily remarked that the climate of Africa worked into the language and creed of its inhabitants: so in South Wales it seemed as if the old *afflatus* of the bards had passed from minstrelsy into religion. The *extreme agony* of the Saviour, as the Welsh litany has it, became present to men's minds, as a spectacle to shudder at, while they exulted frantically in the deliverance which it wrought. A succession of such scenes constitute, we are told, a *revival* (though by an unfortunate ambiguity the same Welsh word means also *reformation*), and seven of such revivals are alleged to have taken place, at intervals of seven years, in the ministry of Rowlands. Some circumstances which attended them gave offence to the weaker brethren; but, as Mr. Charles of Bala instructs us, 'we are not permitted the slightest degree of doubt that it was the work of God.' The subsequent change of life, in many persons concerned, is adduced to prove that their emotion was more than transient; though, if such were the rule, it must be allowed to have admitted of very numerous exceptions.

From about 1740 to 1762 the movement thus generated had continued its course, and in the latter year reached the height of its fervour. It had commenced in the Church, and was chiefly propagated by clergymen; but such stray and insignificant congregations of Dissent as then existed were eager to welcome un-  
expected



expected allies. As generally happens in a time of excitement, the distinctions which previously marked men were merged in the Shibboleth of friend or foe to the new apostles: while to the sturdy squire, no less than to the scholar armed, they were still 'brainsick Methodists,' of whom his detestation was to be recorded even on his tombstone—to the multitude, and especially to the softer sex, they were messengers not of man, but of God. True Christianity was said to have been buried, except for a brief interval at the Reformation, from the days of St. Paul. The very men who had most assailed the superstition of elder days for its proneness to believe in visions and portents, now found no lack of miracles attesting the revival of the true faith. Near Nevin, on the wild arm of Carnarvonshire, in the stormy valley where legend had found fit resting-place for the discredited old-age of Vortigern, a man named John Roberts was in distress about his soul. During his trouble, he saw in vision a head coming up from South Wales and lighting the whole country. He readily inferred that it foreboded a revival of religion; and accordingly this result soon followed in England and America, 'and we poor Cymry,' says our author, 'received an abundant share in the blessing.\*' A woman, who refused shelter to some preachers at Barmouth, had her house wrapt in bright flame before morning by the hand of Providence. A wild bull, let loose upon the congregation of saints at Rhos-y-Tryvan, turned and gored his owner. A dignitary (if we understand aright the phrase *gwr urddasol*, which seems intended to be contemptuous) had threatened to inform a gentlewoman that her tenant harboured preachers, but before he could execute his purpose he became speechless and died, leaving the entertainer of angels unmolested. We must acknowledge that the author of the *Mirror of the Times*, notwithstanding his studious imitation of Scripture, reminds us against our will at one time of the Apocrypha, and at another of the biography of some Romish saint. His scenes of persecution lose nothing for want of colouring, and have generally the advantage of illustration by Scriptural parallels. Any attempt to tame down the supernatural of his narrative would only leave an incorrect impression. But we shall best give our readers an idea of his matter by some extracts taken at random from his table of contents. We there read how the Chancellor of Bangor preached against the Gospel, and the parish clerk of Llanor satirised its professors in an 'Interlude;' how, when Mr. Rowlands had permission to preach in the church at Nevin, the choir went on singing, to their own glory and the great trial of his patience, the

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\* It provokes a smile to find that *Bishop Hoadley* has a place among this writer's army of martyrs.

whole of the 119th Psalm; how the persecution increased terribly; how stones were thrown through the *Capel* windows at Pwllheli; how Mr. Price, a friend of Daniel Rowlands, was both hit with a stone and prevented from preaching by a noisy drum; how the Vicar of Rhyddlan and his wife hated religion; how a thunderstorm frightened the persecutors at St. Asaph; how an orthodox Guy Fawkes attempted a gunpowder plot at Llan-sannan, and was frustrated; how two drovers were assailed by mistake for preachers at Corwen, but, being used to broils, turned upon their persecutors like the evil spirit on the sons of Sceva; how the Divine judgment came upon 'a dignitary' for persecuting a preacher; how the same judgment came upon Edward Hughes and Thomas Jones; how a profane minstrel was hired at Dolydd Byrion to drown the preacher's voice, but, after being fortified with drink, was seized with a shaking in his limbs, which made it impossible for him to approach; how at Machynlleth, a place of heathenish orthodoxy, a lawyer stood up threatening, but was healed of his disease, like Naaman, by the teaching of a servant-maid; how the preachers found, on entering each town, a vast and gloomy multitude with savage looks boding persecution; how they were beaten, stoned, and driven into duck-ponds; how strange providences often preserved them by land and water; how women sometimes mocked, but generally assisted them; how they arraigned all mankind with faithfulness as naked and miserable sinners, and declared the necessity of a new birth by taking hold of the only appointed refuge. Lower down we find the table become more melancholy, but not less instructive. It is there set forth how the Enemy threw a spark of strange fire into the bosom of Howel Harris, which he mistook for a coal from the altar; how he quarrelled with Rowlands, and how sad were the results; how 'revivals' became scarce; how Antinomianism afflicted 'the churches;' how Mr. Popkin fell off to Sandimanianism, and Mr. Peter Williams to Sabellianism; how some men in Pembrokeshire devised doctrines to which the Romish purgatory is not to be compared—some thinking with Origen the Devil might be saved, others, with Mr. Froude, that sin was impossible; how spiritual interpretations refined Scripture away, and Antinomianism affected even household worship; how many people were persuaded to believe in an invisible family resembling fairies; and how 'Mary of the white mantle,' who perhaps was a coarser edition of St. Catherine of Sienna, came as a missionary from Satan into Merionethshire. Throughout his work the author seems to have been familiarly admitted not only to the counsels of heaven, but to those of the prince of darkness.

It may be asked, what the bishops did, while this strangely-

chequered movement was convulsing the land. Perhaps, however, they might retort with the question, What could we do? Among the many excellencies of the Church of England, that of elasticity cannot be reckoned; and unless she were prepared to sacrifice the characteristics of her system, there would always be some limit where concession must cease, and enthusiasm would fret. She seemed now to have brought forth Titans, whose giant struggles rent her womb, and, in presence of her aspiring children, she became like one in whose mouth are no effectual reproofs. We can just conceive it possible that the rarest combination of delicacy with firmness might have cherished that sense of the abiding power of the Holy Spirit, which was the real merit of the men we have mentioned, and have checked the extravagances to which this true idea was perverted. But such an union of qualifications is not given to every one; and it is scarcely a disparagement of the bishops of the time to say they did not possess it. After a long career of indulgence, it would seem that Daniel Rowlands received certain monitions which he disregarded, and the revocation of his licence was the result. It is impossible not to regret the separation which ensued; but we hardly venture to affirm, with the same confidence as some of our authorities, that it could have been prevented. The vehement old man, whose age had only rendered his convictions stronger and his oratory more commanding, immediately extended the range of his influence. From every part of Wales—from the mouth of the Wye up to the Dovey and the Conway—people flocked, like the Israelites to Jerusalem, in order to hear the eloquence, and receive the sacrament from the hands, of one who had acquired the dignity of a martyr. The appearance of mountain valleys, threaded by vast numbers of simple people from afar, is described as most picturesque and affecting. These multitudes, hungry and thirsty, their souls fainting on the way, were refreshed by the glad tidings which they heard. The usual organization of Methodism followed; and the revival of the Church degenerated into a schism, which has become hereditary—a less hopeful faith than our own would add—irretrievable.

Rowlands died in October, 1790—aged seventy-seven. It is highly creditable to him that he never spoke with bitterness of the great Christian mother, in whose arms he had been originally nurtured. No relish of malice was added to what he believed to be the bread of life. He seems always to have felt, what the honest frankness of the Welsh people allows to appear even in their most sectarian publications, that the Church of England, including its elder British sister, has directly or indirectly been the medium, by which alone the influences of Christianity have been

been kept alive in their country. The following colloquy between Rowlands, shortly before his death, and his son is too remarkable to be omitted:—

“I have been persecuted (said Mr. R.) until I got tired, and you will be persecuted still more, yet stand by the Church by all means. You will not, perhaps, be repaid for doing so, yet still stand by it—yea, even unto death. There will be a great revival in the Church of England; this is an encouragement to you to stand by it.” The son said, “Are you a prophet, father?” To this he answered, “No; I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but God has made this known to me on my knees. I shall not live to see it.” Then the son asked, “Shall I live to see it?” He then put his hand for a time over his eyes, and afterwards said, “Yes, you may live to see it.”—*Life, Appendix M.*

One fatal circumstance which has come to our knowledge, though not written in the chronicles of Methodism, would alone prevent us from styling Rowlands an apostle. His wife proved unworthy of his affection; and he drank deep consolation at a source which undoubtedly contributed to give his preaching its peculiar energy. Yet we would not mention otherwise than with regret a fact which touches the consistency of his conduct rather than the sincerity of his principles.

We have more unmixed pleasure in dwelling on the character of Williams of Pant-y-celyn. He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius. He produced by his hymns and their music an effect more abiding than Rowlands by his sermons. Neither St. Ephrem of Syria, nor our own Milton, conceived more strongly than the Welsh poet of the genuine Muse of religious poetry as the influence of the Holy Spirit. His direction to other composers was, ‘never to attempt to compose a hymn till they feel their souls near Heaven.’ His precept and practice in this respect have been compared to those of Fra Angelico. He was in deacon’s orders; and, though his poetical temperament, encouraged by the advice of Whitfield and the example of Harris, betrayed him into the usual course of itinerancy, which he long continued, he seems to have regretted in his later years that he had diminished his usefulness by a zeal inconsistent with discipline. This regret should have been better considered by writers who represent him as the victim of persecution. It is curious to find that, after fifty years of singing and preaching, he thus describes in one of his last letters \* the result of his own and his companions’ labours.

‘Believe me, dear Charles, the Antitrinitarian, the Socinian, and Arian doctrines gain ground daily. Our unwary new-born Methodist

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\* The letter is given at large by Sir T. Phillips, pp. 136-7.

preachers know nothing of these things; therefore pray much, that no drop of the pernicious liquor may be thrown into the divine fountain of which the honest Methodist drinks. Exhort the young preachers to study, next to the Scriptures, the doctrines of our old celebrated Reformers, as set forth in the Articles of the Church of England and the three Creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian. They will see there the great truths of the Gospel set forth in a most excellent and suitable manner; they are a most sound form of words on the high and spiritual things of God.'

The closing experience of men of this stamp deserves as much consideration as their conduct at three-and-twenty.

Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, is a man sufficiently remarkable, and has happily been his own biographer.\* As St. Augustine heard a voice saying, *Tolle, lege*, so our Peter 'not once, but several times when he was alone, heard a voice superior to any human voice; as different and distinguishable as the voice of thunder from the sound of a trumpet; yet it was not terrible, but comfortable; and it put him in mind of the Scripture, that the angels of God encamp round about them that fear Him.' A person so favoured became easily convinced that the ordinary modes of religion were dead forms, and that the Church, like the world, lay in wickedness. Yet his first inclination was to awaken rather than forsake. He obtained the charge of a parish, which enjoyed an annual visit from its Vicar; and after some warfare against wakes, and other tricks of Popish ignorance, had an unsatisfactory interview with his Bishop, and 'went out from the Palace without the offer of meat or drink.' He next pressed the matter home with the Aldermen of Swansea, who declared their opinion that he would not continue long there; and, thinking him too zealous, 'did not invite him to dinner; so everything seemed to confirm what he often thought, that he was called to be an itinerant preacher.' (*Life*, p. clxxii) In another curacy we find him wrestling bodily for his pulpit with 'a supplanter' (for which, however, he expresses contrition); and although he 'preached powerfully,' the keeper of the purse told him, 'It is reported that you are a Methodist, and I have resolved not to pay you any salary at all.' After this series of misfortunes, an eminent exhorter introduces him to the avowed Methodists, and the same distinctive energy re-appears in his wanderings and persecutions. We find him called a *Cradoc* † and a roundhead, and often bespattered with eggs and dirt; then immured in a public-house, amidst scores of scoffers, like Samson among the

\* See this autobiography in the Appendix to Elizee Williams's English works. London, Cradock, 1840.

† Cradoc was one of the earliest Puritan preachers in Wales, and the name was afterwards applied opprobriously to the first Methodists.

Philistines; suffering indeed here rather an excess of hospitality, from which, when its urgency abated, he 'counted his deliverance as wonderful as Daniels from the lions' den.' The narrative, which we have faithfully abridged, reminds us of a doubt, which once suggested itself in reading the life of Mr. Simeon, how far personal foibles may have provoked a feeling which is often termed hostility to religion. Yet these did not prevent Peter Williams from distinguishing himself by literary labours of a more arduous kind than might have been expected from his position; and his various editions of the Bible, with a concordance and annotations, deserve to be mentioned with respect.

We must refer to the copious and interesting pages of Sir T. Phillips for details of various worthies who succeeded. Mr. Charles, of Bala, seems to have been a man of liberal and cultivated mind. His suggestions led more or less directly to the establishment of that equivocal institution, the Bible Society: and, as late as the year 1811, he was prevailed upon, apparently against his better judgment, to provide for a Donatistic succession, by laying unauthorised hands upon new teachers. Up to this time, the proper Methodists, who must be distinguished from Independents or Dissenters (these two latter words being used in Wales as synonyms), had felt great scruples as to the propriety of receiving the sacraments except from clergymen who had been regularly ordained. Some personal neglect or disappointment seems to have been originally considered by Charles as a providential call to preach the Gospel in his own fashion; and those who judge human nature wisely will not withhold a certain amount of sympathy from such mingled motives. In a coarser character, as we see in the sad histories of Goronwy Owen, and Evan Evans (commonly known as *Evan Brydydd bir, Anglicè* The tall Poet\*), both clergymen, and both ill-fated bards, the same disappointment might have led to sottishness and degradation. 'Being turned out of three churches in this country,' said Charles, 'without the prospect of another, what shall I do?' Yet later in life he could say, 'I might have been preferred in the Church; it has been repeatedly offered me; but I really would rather have spent the last twenty-three years of my life, as I have done, wandering up and down our cold and barren country, than if I had been made an Archbishop. It was no choice of mine; it was Providence that led me to it.'

In the celebrated John Elias, at a somewhat later date, we find

\* It is customary with Welsh Bards to assume a by-name, either from the place of their nativity or from some personal peculiarity. This Evans was of very remarkable stature. He may be known to our English readers as a literary correspondent of Bishop Percy's, and as the editor of some fair specimens of Bardic remains. He also published sermons, with a preface of advice to the bishops of the Welsh sees, telling them that they were 'the abominations, witchcrafts, and sorceries of a whore.'

extraordinary powers of intellect, chastened by profound and child-like humility. We know not if any character in the volumes before us leaves altogether a more pleasing impression on the mind. His teaching was as practical as it was vivid; his advice to his own children is of the most touching simplicity; his errors seem to have been chiefly things of circumstance; and he can only be called a schismatic in the same sense as Chalmers or Robert Hall. Yet this man, who calculated eclipses, who swayed multitudes by his eloquence, and who enjoyed in his country almost the influence of Chalmers in Scotland, was the child of a Welsh peasant, stunted by a churlish congregation (*Life*, pp. 50-97), and goaded by fiercer followers into bigotry at which his heart revolted (*ibid.*, pp. 198-201). Though his biography, which professes to be written by an English clergyman, abounds in editorial twaddle, it betrays the working of his mind towards a purer system. Had he been nurtured in some high hall of ancient wisdom, and saved by position as well as early influence from the temptations of a sect, how different might have been his history! He died in June, 1841—*Utinam noster fuisset!*

We have no ambition to usurp the province of the future Weale. He will assign a prominent place in his gallery to Jones of Llangán, and still more so to the Baptist Christmas Evans,\* who mingled, not unlike a Capuchin friar, broad humour with pathos. He will also tell how the harvest of Methodism was free from Arminian tares until the close of the century; how Wesleyanism was then introduced, and attracted many proselytes, though its congregations have never been so numerous as those of the Calvinists—still called by way of emphasis, and not in any offensive sense, Methodists—whose doctrines were either more home-spun, or at least more congenial to the Welsh mind.

It may be asserted, generally, of the class of men of whom we have presented our readers with some fair samples, that they conceived themselves to be fighting the battle of divine truth. Neither were they so contemptible in intellect or knowledge as they have sometimes been supposed. Perhaps, also, in some questionable matters, they were as much sinned against as sinning. Those who share our own conviction, that any shred of Christianity is precious, will pardon for its sake some accompaniment of evil. How far the human corrupted the divine, and earthly passion assumed the language of Heaven; whether even the pure

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\* We are not sure whether it was Christmas Evans, or John Elias, who, at a Bible meeting to which Lord Anglesey had been seduced as president, painted in choice Welsh, with a proper portion of the '*serus in cælum releas*,' a scene, in which admission was asked for his Lordship into Heaven." To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo, the answer was, 'Not known here;' and so on, in diverse dignities; but when introduced as President of the Bible Society, the reply became, 'That is written here; let him come in.'

ideal of Methodism is not founded on such an exaggeration of some true portions of religion as practically to distort them; and whether its distinctive characteristics are not morbid, while its life, so far as it lives, depends only upon what it enjoys in common with the Church, are questions on which we had rather furnish our readers with the materials for judging than ourselves presume to decide. But whatever may be the nature of its influence upon the Welsh, there can be no doubt of its extent. The two societies, which are termed in Wales Methodists and Wesleyans, and which correspond nearly to the followers of Whitfield and Wesley in England, number about twelve hundred congregations between them. Their declared members, with those of other sects which may now unhappily be grouped with them as Dissenters, constitute an eighth, and their ordinary attendants amount to at least a fourth, of the entire population. When the prosperous farmer or his thrifty servant would secure his savings, he invests his fortune, not in railway shares, but in part ownership of a meeting-house; so that interest as well as conscience directs him to support this new establishment, which has already its traditions. Nor do these figures adequately represent their influence, since the temper of the conventicle often creeps into higher places, and is sedulously represented as the only true Protestantism. Opinions generally of this stamp seem to be stereotyped in the country. Among the machinery by which the popular mind is taken hold of, a prominent place must be assigned to the Sunday-schools, which are worked with a laudable diligence, by which, however, Sunday becomes a day of toil. Hence, at least, the indigenous mind is formed upon a certain interpretation of the Bible. If this peculiar wisdom is not always justified of her children, she still teaches them some wholesome lessons. An extraordinary impulse has been given to a purely native school of thought and literature. Not only numerous editions of the Bible, concordances, hymn-books, and tracts of a missionary nature, but songs, newspapers, magazines, and treatises on popular topics, such as geography and agriculture, stream yearly from the Welsh press. How far sedition contributes a certain garnish we are not now inquiring. Those who imagine the Welsh intellect asleep, or the language inoperative as a medium of instruction, have still to read a chapter in contemporary history. The very book, ‘*Drych yr Amseroedd*,’ from which\* we have quoted, and others of the same kind, such as ‘*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*’ (History of the Baptists), though not free from a certain mythical\* air, are highly calculated to take hold of the popular imagination. Josephus seems to be a favourite author. On opening the ‘*Traethodydd*’

\* We use the word *mythical*, in its proper historical sense, to denote unconscious shaping of the imagination.



(Tractarian), a magazine of some merit, we were surprised to find essays on the 'Horæ Paulinæ,' on the philosophy of Coleridge and of Plato, not to mention interminable discussions of Oxford divinity and other lighter subjects. It would have given us sincere pleasure to have added that the knowledge of the writers had taught them any degree of charity. This influx of fresh thought is even expanding the language; which is evidently growing and enriched daily by the formation of self-evolved words, especially such as denote abstraction and generalisation. This is a circumstance which we would recommend, in passing, to the attention of the parochial clergy.

Nor, again, have such influences been without effect in modifying the character of the people. A certain democratic and litigious tone has been given to the middle and lower classes. Strength of purpose is the usual inheritance of Puritanism. The modern Welshman neither excels in reverence, nor sins by listlessness; but displays rather a marked energy and hardihood of perseverance, with some tendency to be disputatious and pragmatical. The harsher features, however, of the latter element are softened by a warmth of affection which seems natural to the people; and, notwithstanding some allegations now before us, that the habit of dwelling upon privilege rather than duty is unfavourable to a high moral tone, we are inclined to believe that, in transactions between man and man, the conduct of the Welsh is still stamped in general by firmness and fidelity. It requires a long time to break down a national instinct of honesty, and although the principal fault of the lower classes may be a proneness to overvalue devotional excitement and formal scripturalism, yet a certain corrective influence from the Church may prevent these temptations from doing their extreme work.

But the effects of Methodism in Wales were destined to be modified by other agencies, which we need not apologize for saying little of in this place as they have already been discussed at some length in our Journal. (Q. R. vol. lxx. p. 158.) The task of those religious teachers who moulded a primitive race of shepherds and farmers, with many predisposing influences in their favour, had been comparatively easy. But, between 1740 and 1788, the iron-trade of Great Britain quadrupled itself, and within almost the first century of the Methodistic hegira, or by the year 1847, the same trade had increased its Welsh exports alone from nineteen hundred tons to upwards of five hundred thousand; the entire mineral exports of South Wales alone in that year amounting in value to considerably more than seven millions sterling.\*

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\* For the whole of these figures, and part of the subsequent picture, we rely upon Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 44 *et seq.*

It is obvious that the immediate effect of such growth was to open new markets for agricultural produce, and by creating new wants, as well as the means of supplying them, it gave an enormous stimulus to the general progress of those parts of the country which it might seem less immediately to affect. But if these advantages were not purchased at too high a price, they were at least attended by serious drawbacks in a moral point of view. What sort of population grew up in consequence of that trade may be seen vividly described in various Reports of Commissions upon Mines and Collieries, as well as that upon the State of Education in Wales. Sir Thomas Phillips protests against the description given in the last as over-coloured; and Mr. Tremenhoe points out several distinctions in favour of the Welsh mining districts, as compared with some others in the kingdom. The state of their houses and their personal habits, he tells us, show greater cleanliness, and their observance of Sunday is more orderly, while their dissipation lies in the use of beer rather than of ardent spirits. Yet, speaking generally, those fields of iron and soot, which have become workshops of Mammon, differ only in detail or degree. Ill trained by parent, seldom warned by priest, and little cared for by employer, yet enjoying wages which place sensual gratification within reach of an unspiritualised nature, these men are found precisely in that state most calculated to break down the moral being and to throw back humanity into barbarism. If such elements of corruption had been insufficient, the constant migration into the coal and iron districts of shoals of the least settled characters from all parts of the country would supply any lack of evil. Out of 130,000 persons in the mining portions of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, nearly 60,000 are not natives of either county. The native Cymry protest with reason against any estimate of the national character which may be formed upon inference from such an heterogeneous population. Yet there the mass of evil and danger exists. The atmosphere is one of smoke and the district of grime—‘the people are savage in manner, and mimic the repulsive rudeness of those in authority over them.’\* The public opinion which pervades such masses is formed neither by the press nor the pulpit: but by the laugh of the dissolute, mingled with the pining of occasional want, and the ravenousness of criminals scarce escaped from the law. This is the way we cherish the image of God. Yet one book of a higher kind is the subject of lectures amid the colliers in the neighbourhood of Newport, as well as among the students of the University of Cambridge. Sir Thomas Phillips heard, in 1839, the theory of

\* Part II, of ‘Education Report.’

property laid down in Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' inculcated by men of rude eloquence upon their hearers, with applications and inferences little contemplated by the Archdeacon of Carlisle. The keen logic of uneasy toil is somewhat different from that of literary leisure. Thus, as the Roman empire saw hordes of barbarians lowering over its luxurious decay, Great Britain cherishes in her own territory intestine vultures already flocking to the carcase of order and civilisation. Unfortunately it has happened that the districts, where these elements of trouble have most largely developed themselves, are precisely those where the Church is in a great measure crippled, not so much by natural poverty, as by the sacrilege of her nominal friends. A melancholy list of rich impropriations and poor vicarages, with churches ruined and schools neglected, in parishes of formidable extent, belongs to the statistics alike of the sees of Landaff and St. David. The Archdeacon of the former see asserts in his charge, that at Merthyr Tydvil there is church-room for about a tenth, and at Aberdare for not quite a thirtieth of the resident population. Nor is the mere building of a stray church in the moral wilderness an adequate remedy. It is *men*, said the wise Greek, *who make the city*. Where the great mass of the popular zeal has been directed into a different channel, and churches have no tolerable endowment either to repay a learned education or to counterbalance the stirring temptations of life in more favoured scenes, how shall we find the Griffith Jones, or the Joseph Milner, to stand between ignorance and crime and to stay the plague? Even in North Wales, where the Church has been less despoiled of her revenues, the modern cradles of mineral and manufacturing wealth present similar phenomena. Yet the quarrymen of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire are comparatively a respectable set of men; not, indeed, Churchmen, and not highly enlightened, but generally Christian and intelligent, with many of the comforts which depend upon high wages, and not only reading, but in some cases contributing to a literature of their own. The quarries, in which they work, certainly rank among the wonders of the kingdom, and may fairly divide with the Britannia tube the attention of the tourist. The accounts which we have heard given of the men's habits by the teachers, in whom they place most confidence, show room for improvement; but are far from inspiring us with the same uneasiness as the state of corresponding districts in South Wales.

It is here, then, that our Welsh friends experience the difficulties of Dissent. Here was a fair field for the spiritual descendants of Daniel Rowlands to justify their principles by their results. A single street in Bryn Mawr, or Merthyr Tydvil, with a row of happy and orderly homes, would have been a more important trophy.

trophy than records of the most glowing emotion kindled by transient eloquence, or the most confident explanation either of the mysterious being or the unsearchable counsels of the Most High. We should even have considered it a better test of religion than chapels freed from debt or the parade of teetotal processions. It cannot, indeed, be alleged that the persons alluded to have not made some such attempt as we suggest: their square meeting-houses with conventicular-headed windows, and some text of Scripture presumptuously applied, rise by the side of the tall chimney and at the mouth of the mountain coal-pit. Considerable merit should be allowed to their Sunday-schools, which, though imperfect in their teaching and deficient in mental and spiritual exercise, have doubtless in many localities proved to a certain extent useful in communicating religious instruction. They are thronged by large numbers both of children and adults, who are formed into classes, and entrusted to teachers, the most distinguished for zeal and ability. Nor do these form the most attractive part of their exhibition. The preacher, generally wrapt in an ample cloak, and riding on a small pony, may be seen, as he approaches, attended by swart admirers, who nevertheless require the occasional stimulus of a 'gifted man' from a distance. We will not disparage his eloquence; it commences low and affects argument, then rises in a sort of climax or peculiar *gamut* to the highest notes of his voice. We have thus an ingenious blending of the synagogue with the theatre. All are on tiptoe \* to catch a glimpse of some favourite orator. The same multitude, who either would not enter church or were utterly uninterested by the service as they generally find it performed, here sing and groan in vehement chorus. Roused to emotion rather than patient of discipline, and stimulated by assurance of election rather than urged to work out their salvation, as well as enjoying occasional insinuations against whatever is established in Church or State, they hum a sort of grim applause, and go forth, in too many cases, to work some pleasant sin. Thus they tread 'paths to heaven,' which, there is some reason to fear, may possibly lead to a different terminus. We are, indeed, very far from saying that such a worship interposes *no* check to evil, or that the Word returns altogether empty; but we ask in sorrow, Is the check an adequate one? John Elias may have left among his successors many as good subjects as he was himself; but would the favorite Boanerges of any chapel in South Wales have dared to denounce Chartism? Would not his stipend be in danger, if, by an inopportune quotation from St. James, he were to run counter to the tradition of his sect? May not the character of the most

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\* 'Life of Elias,' p. 148.

popular preaching be inferred from a complaint, which we find in page 56 of *Drych yr Amseroedd*, that the old heathens of the church, before the time of Daniel Rowlands, used to say as they plodded homeward, 'That was a good sermon to-day, if we could but practise half of it?' Does the saying imply such utterly legal blindness as the author quoting it imagines—or might it not be profitably repeated by our modern revivers of the *Evangelie*?

However deplorable immorality may be elsewhere, it assumes a more offensive aspect when found in combination with high spiritual pretensions. It can scarcely, therefore, be matter for surprise, that persons who contrast all that they hear professed with all that they find practised in the Principality, should sometimes indulge in denunciations of too sweeping a cast. Descriptions, which would be strongly worded of the worst districts, have been made to comprehend the whole country. Charges have been brought forward of a harsher character than we care to repeat. We do not subscribe to them. It seems to be forgotten that some amount of inconsistency is too universal among mankind to be the one sufficient reason for inferring hypocrisy. The truth is, probably, not that the professors of Methodism in the Principality are much worse than other men: but that they profess to be much better and are not. Some allowance must be made for the inherent defects of their system, and possibly also some for a natural enthusiasm in the Cimbric temperament. To lay much stress upon the last consideration would require a stronger belief than we profess in the very doubtful generalizations of ethnology; yet it was wisely said by Mahomet, 'If it had pleased God to make all men alike, he could have done so; but as it is, he has made them different.'

When the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Education went down into the Principality, they appear to have given too easy credence to representations made in a spirit of mutual antagonism. The Dissenter thought the Church heathenish or popish, and the Churchman thought the Dissenter vicious; the ill-employed barrister imagined that a people who contribute so little to the maintenance of criminal lawyers must have some latent vice to account for such a peculiarity;\* while the lover of English undefiled was unable to conceive of a people speaking a different language, as having any expression of intellect or medium of instruction. The verdict of the Commissioners would certainly have had more weight—perhaps it might have been a different finding—if they had *themselves* been able to converse in their own tongue with the men and children whom they examined. John Styles, at least, would cut a bad

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\* Sir T. Phillips, p. 77.

figure, if examined in French, even after a year's schooling at Stratford-le-Bow.

We are not about to lend any countenance to the ridiculous supposition that gentlemen of the rank and character of these Commissioners would have condescended to anything like intentional misrepresentation. Yet, unfortunately, there does appear a certain colouring in the Report, which has not suited the peculiar vision of any among the parties who are delineated. We are inclined to attribute some features, which savour of exaggeration, to causes above suggested, and some to a preconception that they were to find a certain state of things, which accordingly they found.\* The latter influence perhaps operates generally on compilers of blue-books; and, if it were otherwise, the Whig system of multiplying commissions would come to an untimely end. The result, at least in the present case, is not absolutely satisfactory. The Commissioners seem to have relied too much upon hearsay, a species of evidence which they could themselves only glean from that section of the population which is familiar with English.† In our own opinion, which is formed upon some comparison of various sources of information, their Report is about as correct a picture of the Principality as one of England would be, compiled by a French writer on statistics, from speeches of Mr. Cobden on the aristocracy, and descriptions of our manufacturers by Mr. Ferrand. Both would be founded on facts: but on facts so dressed that their most intimate friends no longer recognize them. One thing is certain: if the Arabian Nights had been bound in blue paper, and transmitted into Wales as a faithful description of the people, they would hardly have excited more general astonishment. A host of scribes and orators rushed forward to the rescue. Of the publications which appeared on the occasion the most amusing was by the Dean of Bangor, the cleverest by a writer calling himself Artegall, and far the most important by Sir Thomas Phillips. This gentleman, who is not more known by his gallant and successful resistance to a dangerous outbreak in 1839 than by his active exertions in the cause of education, has taken the opportunity of publishing a volume, which is a perfect encyclopædia of trustworthy information on all subjects connected with the religious and educational state of his country. His book is more valuable, though his case is less striking, because he evidently conceals nothing, and often rises from the

\* The instruction given them, to look out in Wales for *pagan influences*, seems an instance of foregone conclusions of a curious kind.

† In Cardiganshire, the stronghold probably of the Welsh language, we find that only 3000 persons out of 68,756 speak English. We have no such precise data before us as to the rest of Wales.

zeal of an advocate to the impartiality of a judge. It would, indeed, be easy for the gentlemen, whom in one or two chapters of his work he assails, to justify, by quotations from his pages, a considerable portion of the details, though certainly not the breadth of statement or general spirit which mark their Report.

There are two points on which Sir Thomas appears to us eminently successful, and his success depends upon a simple appeal to authentic figures. He goes largely into the sad statistics of perjury and violent crime, taking care to distinguish the two mining counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. In these two we find more criminal convictions than in the eleven remaining counties of Wales; while in the whole of Wales we still find the ratio of crime to population not quite half that of England, and in the eleven more primitive counties it is less than one-third. On the other hand, the number of persons convicted in Wales is about eight per cent. less in proportion to those committed for trial than is the case in England; and various considerations, of which the most important is the probability of error arising from two languages, are adduced to show that this result is not caused by perjury, or unwillingness to convict:—

‘Jurors may not understand the speeches of the counsel, or the charge of the judge; and therefore it is peculiarly unfair to impute to them corruption and a forgetfulness of their oath, whenever they may give an erroneous verdict. It might, indeed, be expected that, under such circumstances, increasing the proverbial uncertainty of jury-trials, verdicts would often be given against the weight of evidence; but this is not found to occur more frequently in Wales than at assizes in English counties. Again, witnesses who have an imperfect knowledge of English, and who therefore desire to give evidence in their native tongue, are suspected, without reason, of feigning inability to speak English in order to gain time to pervert the truth. Judges have been known to compel such men to give evidence in broken English, without feeling the hardship and possible injustice; of which they would be acutely sensible if, in a foreign land, they were themselves compelled to give evidence on oath in a foreign tongue, which they might understand well, yet speak imperfectly.’—*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 78–79.

Upon the delicate subject of chastity we must refer to the abundant illustration furnished by the book before us.\* We are not compiling a blue-book. It does, however, appear, if any reliance can be placed on figures in such matters, that the Cambrian fair have been unduly aspersed, and deserve a verdict of at least comparative acquittal from the charges which in more places than one have been alleged against their pure fame. The

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\* *Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 67, 68.

Education Commissioners certainly owe them an apology; and to have erred, as they apparently did err, in a matter of such importance may justify stronger censure than we have thought it necessary to repeat. On the other hand, we hesitate to allow, what seems implied by Sir Thomas (p. 68), that the use of the English language in Radnorshire has produced in that county a peculiar aptness to tender frailty: nor perhaps is the ratio of crime to mere population a complete test of morality unless we also know its ratio as regards property. In wealthy and commercial countries there is more temptation to fraud and theft than in those stages of society which are less removed from the pastoral. Still it is by tests of this kind, which are reducible to figures, rather than by hearsay gossip, that the character of a people must after all be practically determined.

Those portions of the work, so creditable on the whole to Sir Thomas Phillips, which suggest various remedies for existing evils, deserve serious consideration from all persons to whom duty or affection make the welfare of the Principality a matter of interest—for, after all deductions from exaggerated statement, and all reasonable concession to sensitive patriotism, it must be allowed that many circumstances in the state of the people call for treatment of a remedial kind. We admire the vigour and character which have enabled a nation of peasantry (for the higher classes may here be set aside) to develop a hierarchy and literature of their own. Yet may not such a display have been purchased by the sacrifice of a sounder system and of blessings more likely to be permanent? The sword, by which the Prince of Peace would sever his Church from the world, was never meant to set asunder high and low: even if the organization of voluntarism were more effective among its adherents than appears to be the case, it would be no slight evil for the sympathies which should unite rich and poor in the house of their Heavenly Father, to be abruptly dissociated, and for the natural framework of a country to be, as it were, bisected into classes of diverse religion. However genuine may be the purely religious element of thought in the humbler frequenter of the meeting-house, he is withdrawn from many humanizing influences, and is tempted easily to acquiesce in misrepresentation of those superiors, whose kind intentions he has so little opportunity of learning by intercourse. Add the hardening effect of self-indulgent luxury upon one class, and the constant danger of passion couching itself in Scriptural language among the other, and we divine how religion may be no longer the cord to bind, or the salt to purify, but the principle of discord to shiver society. There must be some—we do not doubt there are many—among the living teachers of Methodism and Dissent, who are quite



quite capable of feeling the force of such considerations. With such men invective would be misplaced. We would rather remind them of the spirit professed by the masters and predecessors, whose principles they believe themselves to inherit. If their object was to awaken, the Church has been thoroughly awakened; if to reform, she is in great measure at least reformed; if they desired to strengthen, the inadequate though gigantic strength with which she girds herself daily to her superhuman task of regenerating our huge masses of domestic barbarism invites them to come in and help her. Have they any prayers better calculated to cherish their devotion than the Liturgy which first called it into life? They believe that their sect had its origin in a protest against the profaneness of a latitudinarian age. We admit there are some reasons for that belief; but we contend that no impartial person will study the history which we have been sketching, and not conclude that those reasons have been much exaggerated. Were not, after all, the two principal faults of those old heathens of the Church, drinking and sabbath-breaking? Serious faults, it must be confessed; but one the universal fault of the age, and the other an error which admits of an opposite extreme. Has not Wales purchased her deliverance from these evils at a costly and unnecessary price? Has the improvement on these two points been accompanied by such a general tone of moral excellence, as might have been expected from a movement supposed to be especially blest by heaven? We have no disposition to magnify what evil may exist, nor to accept as evidence the loose sayings of recrimination interchanged in a sectarian spirit. But the men to whom we allude shall be themselves our judges. We appeal—not only to the shade of John Elias, whose old age complained of the decay of sound preachers, and the increase of sin, and of God hiding his face—but to the estimate which the most Christian-minded among themselves at this day would form of their own congregations.

Do they find truth and honesty of mind, with all other Christian graces, flourish and abound? or does the strong religious meat which they supply rather fail to nourish their hearers in those qualities which the heathen called virtues, and with which the Christian cannot dispense? Is not even the aggressive temper, which an increasing section of their body has of late years shown against the Church, a sufficient indication that something is wrong in themselves? Wherever the house of prayer is turned into a nursery of sedition, or a theatre of declamation against all government and all old truth, there needs no audible voice, '*Let us go hence*,' we recognise the unmistakeable sign of the good spirit departing. We are here only saying what their own teachers in their best days would have said. Perhaps, indeed, the connection  
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between their beginning and their present state is more intimate than we should have gathered otherwise than from experience. Even the characteristic strength of their best men seems partly to have depended upon blazoning abroad those deep secrets of the religious heart, which many others have experienced without asking for their expression any other ear than that of their Heavenly Father. Such a habit, aided by the eloquence of such preachers as Bacon calls 'vehement and zealous persuaders, and not scholastical,' not only protested vigorously against the faults of the age, but fired vast multitudes with a religious impulse, which is supposed to have been necessarily of heaven. So far as the moral results justify such an inference, we have no objection to it; but if it depends in any degree upon assemblies moved to tears, or strong men shaken by agitation of conscience, we must remark, that in many ages and countries similar exhibitions have taken place without the aid of any form of Christianity. In India and Phrygia, at the old village festivals of Egypt, and amid the Mahometan pilgrimages to Mecca, not to mention the more singular tribes which have recently been described by Mr. Layard, the same passionate out-pouring of human devotion may be traced. Especially it strikes us among the Donatists of Africa. Its results in part from too keen a desire to commune with the Deity otherwise than in his acknowledged attributes. The physical and the spiritual act upon each other, until they are almost inextricably blended. Yet the very sincerity and fervour of such feelings, especially when working upon the facts and doctrines of a true revelation, are capable for a time of producing enormous effects. They work, as it were, with the strength of fever. It is when the first love cools, and only the habit of extravagances which spring from it survives, that we learn how incompetent are such human outbreaks to work the righteousness of heaven. There may be such a thing as congealed fanaticism. Its better spirit fled, its residue may be only injurious in standing aloof from that communion and instrumentality which Divine Providence had given it as aids to work with. Can, after all, a 'gifted' cobbler work a parish? How many hours can he spend daily in his school, or in visiting from house to house? Can a constant succession of men be expected, even among the regular teachers, with such fervour of devotion and constancy of faith as to supersede the use of sound prayers or the necessity of fixed articles? If their strength could rise above the Litanies, would not their weakness fall immeasurably below it? Where are already those old Presbyterian congregations of which we read as formerly existing in Wales? Does even a relic of them remain? Into how many errors have their descendants degenerated? It must therefore be a subject

for grave inquiry whether the masses of our Welsh population, under their present instructors, are practically good Christians, and will they long remain good subjects? May not the present religious aspect of the Principality be received as a proof that the doctrine and organization given by our Lord and his Apostles to his Church are best calculated to imbue men's minds with such well-grounded principles as are emphatically the salt of the earth? To adopt the language of our friends, may not *Tekel* here be written after *Upharsin*? Have not religious division and its fruits been tried in the balance, and been found wanting? It availed to throw a certain fervour into an hereditary reverence which it found existing; but it has not strength to perpetuate that reverence as a principle of moral action from generation to generation. Yet, if all these were absorbed to-morrow in the Church, are her resources in Wales in any degree adequate to the work before her? Can she now either mitigate the evil they have done, or supply the good which they have left undone? We pause for any satisfactory answer to these inquiries.

ART. II.—1. *Recherches Medico-légales sur l'incertitude des signes de la mort, les dangers des inhumations précipitées, les moyens de constater les décès et de rappeler à la vie ceux qui sont en état de mort apparente.* Par M. Julia de Fontenelle. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

2. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Part VIII. Art. 'Death.' By J. A. Symonds, M.D. London. 1836.

3. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par Zav. Bichat. Cinquième édition, revue et augmentée de notes pour la deuxième fois par F. Magendie. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

IT was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behaviour of eminent persons in their dying hour. Montaigne before him had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men. 'If,' he adds, 'I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments, of various Deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live.' The register would not be difficult to supply. The commentary is a loss—rich as it would have been in the reflections of a shrewd and thoughtful mind, fearless in its confessions, holding up its feelings, in their weakness and their strength, as a mirror in which the readers might behold themselves. But Montaigne, who merely gives a formal

formal adhesion to Christianity, and too generally draws both precept and practice from the code of Epicurus, was not the person to teach others to live or die. He had realised beyond most men the terror of death, studied it incessantly in all its aspects, and done his best to steel himself against the stroke; but the resources of religion are scarcely dreamt of in his philosophy of mortality. He treats the question almost like a heathen, raises more misgivings than he removes, and does less to reform the careless and encourage the timid than to offend the pious and disturb the peaceful. He seldom, indeed, touches upon a sacred subject without leaving us in doubt whether he is in earnest or in jest. He seems, in his bantering way, to be striking with one hand while he affects to support with the other; and his attack, though far from formidable, is more powerful than his defence. He would have been an eminent teacher in Greece or Rome, but was no ways fitted to be a master in Christendom. Two or three of Montaigne's countrymen have since attempted to carry out his conception: but not inheriting his genius with his project, their works are said to be meagre and vapid. More worthless they could not be than the similar compilations which have been published in English; a page from a parish-register would be nearly as edifying.

Addison and Montaigne, in their speculations upon Death, had chiefly in view the *mental* feelings. The physical part of the question had only been treated in detached fragments until Bichat endeavoured to give a connected view of those changes in the system which are immediately concerned in the extinction of life. Even this was only a single branch of an extensive subject; and, far from exhausting it, the state of knowledge obliged him to rest content with a general outline—but it was an outline drawn with a master's hand. A more beautiful piece of scientific writing could nowhere be found—none more lucid in arrangement, more clear, simple, and concise in style. He had to deal with a mass of tangled threads, and wove them into a vivid and harmonious pattern. A disposition to fanciful system is the principal defect of the celebrated 'Researches on Life and Death,' which will continue a classic, when, by the progress of discovery, it has ceased to be an authority. Since Bichat led the way, numerous writers have followed in his track—extended his experiments, corrected his errors, and modified his theories. The knowledge is confined at present to professional works which few besides professional men are likely to read, and is too much bound up with general physiology to permit us to enter at large upon the question. What Bichat imperfectly discussed in a volume, we must dismiss in a page. A summary of the newest

and best information will be found in the able and philosophical Principles of Medicine by Dr. Williams, or in the Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine by Dr. Watson—a work upon which his own craft have set the seal of their highest approbation, and which it may interest others to be told is not a dry detail of symptoms and remedies, but a luminous account of disease, which he has had the art to make as entertaining as instructive. It was not consistent with the plan of Dr. Williams or Dr. Watson to write a formal treatise upon death. This was done by Dr. Symonds—whose admirable article in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, though a condensed, is the most comprehensive description with which we are acquainted. The entire physical phenomena of natural death are passed in review; the results of original observation are combined with the researches of others; and some portions of the subject, such as the signs of dying, are more elaborately treated than anywhere else. Addressed to medical men, it presumes a degree of acquaintance with their science; yet two-thirds of the essay could hardly be more attractive to general readers if it had been penned for their use. General readers, however, are less inquisitive on the matter than their deep concern in it might lead us to expect, or it would not be confined to the domain of the physician. Addison assumed that the interest was as universal as the lot; but though

*Death only is the fate which none can miss,*

another poet has said with almost equal truth that

*All men think all men mortal but themselves.*

Most feel about it much the same as did Justice Shallow:—‘The mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!’ *Silence.* We shall all follow, cousin! *Shallow.* Certain, ’tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?’ He moralises mechanically upon death, pays it parenthetically the tribute due to an indisputable truth—but the price of oxen has not the less of his thoughts. We persist in thinking death distant because the date is doubtful, and remain unconcerned spectators until we are summoned to be actors in the scene.

Yet, however little the majority of men may be tempted to originate inquiry, there can hardly be\* many to whom an account of the mental and corporal sensations which attend upon death can be a matter of indifference when brought before their eyes. Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century,  
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who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home,—and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighbouring churchyard. We deeply feel that we are in many respects little qualified for the subject which we venture to take up: there is in it, however, a mysterious awfulness which may probably carry on our readers in spite of our imperfections. But the profit will be to those who remember, as they read, that we describe or attempt to describe the road which they themselves must travel, and, like Bridaine, are conducting them to their home.

John Hunter called the blood the moving material of life. Elaborated from the food we eat, it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body; and while in its progress it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, it receives and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. The moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, the functions languish; the moment it is restored, the functions revive. The brain, in general bleeding, is the first to feel the loss; and a mere change of position, by affecting the amount of blood in the head, will make the difference between unconsciousness and sense. Where the object is to bring down the circulation to the lowest point, the safeguard against carrying the depletion too far is to make the patient sit up; and when faintness ensues, sensibility returns by laying him backwards, which immediately sends a current of blood to the brain. The effect of the circulation on a limb is seen in the operation for an aneurism of the leg—a disease in which the artery, unable to resist the force of the blood, continues to distend, until, if left to itself, it usually bursts, and the patient bleeds to death. To prevent this result, the main artery itself is often tied above the tumour, and thus the blood is stopped short of the place where it was gradually working a fatal outlet. The lower part of the leg, cut off from its supply, at once turns cold, and, unless nature were ready with a new provision, would quickly perish; but if, by the disease, man is shown to be fearfully, the remedial contrivance proves him wonderfully made. The trunk artery sends out numerous tributaries, which again re-join it further on in its course, and those above the aneurism gradually dilate to receive the obstructed circulation, and, carrying it past the break in the channel, restore warmth and vigour to the drooping limb. What is true of the leg and brain is true of every

every portion of the body. Not an organ can subsist deprived of a due and healthy circulation; and when the blood is brought to a stand in its career, or is in a particular degree deficient in quantity or corrupted in quality, then is death inevitable. 'We are born,' says Seneca, 'by a single method—we die by many.' But though mortal diseases are legion in their seat and nature, they may all be resolved into the destruction of the circulation, like the radii of a circle which come from an infinity of directions and meet in a point.

The heart is the agent for propelling the blood. It acts the part of a pump to the system, plays without our aid at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, and sometimes continues in operation a century; but no organ, however marvellous in its construction and performances, can be beyond reach of injury and disease in a body created mortal by design. The heart is the seat of numerous disorders which destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when its action ceases the blood must stop; but extreme cases are the clearest illustration of principles, and the effects of arresting its pulsations are seen best when the event is sudden. This is no uncommon occurrence. The passions of rage, joy, grief, and fear make themselves felt in the centre of circulation; and these all have the power, when intense, to paralyse the heart in a moment, or even to burst it by the agitation they create. A lady, overjoyed to hear that her son had returned from India, died with the news in her ears; another, prostrate with grief at parting with a son who was bound for Turkey, expired in the attempt to bid him farewell. Physical causes, in like manner, put an immediate and lasting stop to the heart. It may be done by a blow on the stomach, by the fall from a height, by too violent an exertion.

The lungs are no less essential to the circulation. The entire blood of the system passes along their innumerable vessels on its return to the heart, and ejecting through the pores the foul matter collected in its circuit, receives in exchange a fresh supply of air. The process is stopped in drowning, when there is no oxygen from without to inhale; in hanging, when the communication is cut off with the lungs; in the morbid effusions which prevent the air from reaching the blood; in the pressure which holds down the chest and abdomen and will not permit them to play; and in injuries of the portion of the spinal cord whence the nerves are derived by which the muscular movements of respiration are sustained. A vast variety of accidents and diseases operate in one or other of these ways, and with the uniform consequence that the unpurified blood becomes stagnant in the lungs and stops the  
road.

road. Breathing is indispensable to life, because the blood will barely move an inch without it; and though it did, would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health.

The brain is the centre of nervous power, and without its agency we are unable to think, move, or feel; but the immediate effect of mortal injuries is to paralyse the action of the heart or the lungs. The apoplexies in which the blood escapes with force into the brain, and breaks up its substance, kill through the first; the congestion which is less violent acts by impeding, and ultimately arresting, the movements of the last. In either case the circulation stops, and with it life. Whatever is the locality of a disease, the heart and lungs are either implicated themselves, or through the nerves and brain; and in the majority of disorders the whole are enfeebled together, till it is difficult to determine which is failing most. In some diseases the blood itself is utterly corrupted, and every organ it touches feels its deadly influence. In others, the stomach is incapable of discharging its office, and the fountain is dried up which replenished the stream. The original stock, depositing its vitality as it goes, gets smaller and smaller every round. Soon the waste in the system exceeds the supply; the decaying parts drop away, and no new matter takes their place; the whole frame dwindles and languishes, and the organs, every instant feebler in their action, become finally motionless.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigour; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions their freedom, and, without local disorder or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days. Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along, 'I am now going



going to the rehearsal of my funeral.' The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but even with men less remarkable it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold—passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten. The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger ears; yet without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed, for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurements in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections themselves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle—not the author on our present list—outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. 'I am about,' he remarked, 'to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before.' When Brydone's family read him his admirable *Travels in Sicily*, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true!

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy—and this is the second childhood of man—an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rottenness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself playfully as coming round to the starting-point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and evening of life. Age and infancy are both toothless, but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage. Decrepitude which has sunk into imbecility must be endeared by past recollections to be loved. But to despise it is an insult to human nature,

nature, and to pity it on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with dozing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life, and if its feelings are less buoyant they are more placid. To die piecemeal carries with it a frightful sound, until we learn by observation that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and, dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept up in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers—life passes into sleep, sleep into death. De Moivre, the master of calculation, spent at eighty twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, until he fell asleep and awoke no more. His was a natural death unaccompanied by disease, and, though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labours, and he expired soon after of an apoplectic stroke. Flechier, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and, believing it to be the merciful warning of heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb. ‘Begin your work forthwith,’ he said at parting; ‘there is no time to lose!’ and unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his own remains. When life was flitting fast, he called for the score, and, musing over it, said, ‘Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?’ Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied, ‘The end of all things.’ ‘In that case,’ rejoined one of the number, ‘there will be an end of the painter.’ What was uttered in jest he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh: ‘There will,’ he said—‘and therefore the sooner my work is done the better.’ He commenced next day, laboured upon it with unintermitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, ‘I have finished.’ The  
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print was published in March under the title of 'Finis,' and in October 'the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face' were closed in dust. Our ancestors, who were prone to look into the air for causes which were to be found upon earth, ascribed these intimations to supernatural agency. It was conjectured that the guardian genius, who was supposed to attend upon man, infused into his mind a friendly though gloomy foreboding, or more distinctly prefigured to him his end by a vision of the night. John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence: 'We sometimes,' he says, 'feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain.' His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he afforded the rational explanation. He intimated on leaving home that if a discussion, which awaited him at the Hospital, took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel of his own experience without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long laboured under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis. A memorable instance of the weakness which accompanies the greatness of man when an abusive appellation could extinguish one of the brightest lights that ever illumined science. No discoverer has left more varied titles to fame, and none has given more abundant evidence that he would have added to the number the longer he lived, for his mind teemed with original ideas, and fast as one crop was cleared away another sprang up.

Circumstances which at another time would excite no attention are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the Requiem with Mozart, the dream with Flechier, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. 'The death of a contemporary, which raises no fears in the young and vigorous, is often regarded by the old and feeble as a summons to themselves. Foote, prior to his departure for the Continent, stood contemplating the portrait of a brother-actor, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, 'Poor Weston!' In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, 'Soon others shall say, Poor Foote!'—and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice  
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of the prognostication. The expectation of the event has a share in producing it, for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies. Many an idle belief in superstitious times lent a stimulus to disease, and pushed into the grave those who happened to be trembling on its brink. Kings and princes took the shows of the skies for their particular share. Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., when sick of a fever saw, or fancied she saw, a comet. 'Ha!' she exclaimed, 'there is an omen which appears not for people of low degree: God sends it for us great. Shut the window; it announces my death; I must prepare.' Her physicians assured her she was not in a dying state. 'Unless,' she replied, 'I had seen the sign of my death I should have said the same, for I do not myself feel that I am sinking.' She sank, however, from that time, and died in three days. Confidence in the physician is proverbially said to be half the cure, because it keeps up hope, and lends to the body the support of the mind; but when despair co-operates with the distemper, they re-act upon one other, and a curable complaint is easily converted into a mortal disease. The case of Wolsey was more singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. 'Eight of the clock,' replied Wolsey, 'that cannot be,—eight of the clock, eight of the clock,—nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master.' The day he miscalculated,—the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death, and, from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied upon some astrological prediction which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear within a stated time before the tribunal of God; and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through the united influence of fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror. The profligate abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guise, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads for a jest to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme they whispered to each other 'She is just departing,' she departed in earnest. Her vigour, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm, and  
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the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. A condemned gentleman was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of imagination, told him that it was intended to despatch him by bleeding—the easiest method known to their art. Covering his face with a cloth, they pinched him to counterfeit the prick of the lancet, placed his feet in a bath, as if to encourage the stream, and conversed together on the tragic symptoms supposed to arise. Without the loss of a drop of blood his spirit died within him from the mental impression, and when the veil was raised he had ceased to live. Montaigne tells of a man who was pardoned upon the scaffold, and was found to have expired while awaiting the stroke. Cardinal Richelieu, in the hope to extract a confession from the Chevalier de Jars, had him brought to the block, and though he comported himself with extraordinary courage and cheerfulness, yet when, an instant or two after he had laid down his head, his pardon was announced to him, he was in a state of stupefaction which lasted several minutes. In spite of his apparent indifference to death, there was an anxiety in the pause when he was momentarily expecting the axe to descend, which had all but proved fatal.

When disease passes into dying, the symptoms usually tell the tale to every eye. The half-closed eyes, turned upwards and inwards, sink in their sockets; the balls have a faded, filmy look; the temples and cheeks are hollow, the nose is sharp; the lips hang, and, together with the face, are sometimes pale from the failure of the circulation, and sometimes livid from the dark blood which creeps sluggishly through the veins. Startling likenesses to relations, and the self of former days, are sometimes revealed when the wasting of the flesh has given prominence to the framework of the face. The cold of Death seizes upon the extremities and continues to spread,—a sign of common notoriety from time immemorial, which Chaucer has described in verse, Shakespeare in still more picturesque prose. The very breath strikes chill; the skin is clammy; the voice falters and loses its own familiar tones—grows sharp and thin, or faint and murmuring—or comes with an unearthly muffled sound. The pulse, sometimes previously deceitful, breaks down; is first feebler and then slower; the beats are fitful and broken by pauses; the intervals increase in frequency and duration, and at length it falls to rise no more. The respiration, whether languid or laboured, becomes slow at the close; the death-rattle is heard at every expulsion of air; the lungs, like the pulse, become intermittent in their action; a minute or two may elapse between the efforts

to breathe, and then one expiration, which has made 'to expire' synonymous with 'to die,' and the conflict with the body is over.

As an abstract description of man would fit everybody, although forming a portrait of no one, deaths have their individual peculiarities, in which the differences of detail do not affect the likeness of the outline. Many traits are frequent which are far from usual. Some when they are sinking toss the clothes from their chests, and though the attendants, indefatigable in enforcing their own notions of comfort, replace them unceasingly, they are as often thrust back. There must be oppression in the covering or it would not be thrown off, but the patient himself is frequently unconscious, and the act is instinctive, like the casting aside the bed-clothes on a sultry night in the obliviousness of sleep. Others pick at the sheets, or work them between their fingers, which may be done in obedience to an impulse of the nerves, or to excite by friction the sense of touch, which is growing benumbed. We have seen persons among the lower orders burst into tears at witnessing an action which conveyed to their minds a sentence of death. The senses are constantly subject to illusions. The eyes of the dying will conjure up particles which they mistake for realities, and attempt to catch them with their hand, or if they are looking at the bed they suppose them specks upon the clothes, and assiduously endeavour to brush them away. The awful shadow cast by death throws a solemnity over every object within its range, and gives importance to actions that would otherwise be thought too trivial for notice. Ears, soon to be insensible to sound, are often assailed by imaginary noises, which sometimes assume the form of words. Cowper, who was afterwards the thrall of fancied voices, which spoke as his morbid spirit inspired, heard three times, when he hung himself in earlier days, the exclamation 'T is over!' The old idea that the monitor of man summoned him when his final minute had arrived, may easily have been founded upon actual occurrences, and the agent was invented to explain an undoubted and mysterious effect. Shakspeare, who possessed the power to press everything into his service, has recorded the superstition in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

*Hark! you are called: some say the Genius so  
Cries COME! to him that instantly must die!*

The workings of the mind, when taken in connection with the physical weakness, are often prominent among the symptoms of dissolution. Many of the ancients held the *novissima verba* in high esteem. They imagined that the departing imbibed a divine power from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like  
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gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men. Though the belief is extinct that the prophet's mantle descends upon the shoulders of the dying, there are some who maintain that as the body wanes the mind often shines with increasing lustre. Baxter called a churchyard the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world, and its vanities, with a wisdom unknown before. But the idea that the capacity of the understanding itself is enlarged—that it acquires new powers and fresh vigour—is due, we conceive, to the emotion of the listeners. The scene impresses the imagination, and the overwrought feelings of the audience colour every word. Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect description in her narrative of Falstaff's end—an unrivalled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humour: 'After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.' Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to a rural impression, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful indeed if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*; Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of the 'Roman Antiquities,' imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: *But it grows dark*, he said; *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether  
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such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness may admit of a doubt. The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognise the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, *one hundred and forty-four*. Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction, expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings, like the picture, are faint and shadowy.

There is a description of dying delirium which resembles drunkenness. Consciousness remains, but not self-control. The individual nature appears in its nakedness, unrelieved by the modifications which interest imposes. A woman, who had combined an insatiable appetite for scandal with the extremest caution in retailing it, fell into this state a few hours before she died. The sluice was opened, and the venom and malice were poured out in a flood. Her tones, which in health were low and mysterious, grew noisy and emphatic—the hints were displaced by the strongest terms the language could afford—and the half-completed sentences, which were formerly left for imagination to fill up, all carried now a tail and a sting. ‘I verily believe,’ said her husband afterwards, ‘that she repeated in that single day every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child.’ The concentration of the mind upon the single topic, the variety and distinctness of the portraits, the virulence and energy of the abuse, the indifference to the tears of her children—heart-broken that their mother should pass from the world uttering anathemas against all her acquaintances, living and dead—made a strange and fearful exhibition, one more impressive than a thousand sermons to show the danger of indulging an evil passion.

A fatal malady sometimes appears to make a stop—the patient lives and breathes; and his friends, who had considered him as belonging to another world, are overjoyed that he is once more one of themselves. But it is death come under a mask. The lifting up from the grave is followed by a relapse which brings down



down to it again without return. A son of Dr. Beattie lay sick of a fever which suddenly left him: the delirium was succeeded by a complete tranquillity, and the father was congratulating himself on the danger being over, when the physicians informed him truly that the end was at hand. Death from hydrophobia is not seldom preceded by similar appearance of recovery. A victim of this disorder, in which every drop of liquid aggravates the convulsions, and the very sound of its trickling is often insupportable, was found by Dr. Latham in the utmost composure, having drunk a large jug of porter at a draught. The nurse greeted the physician with the exclamation, 'What a wonderful cure!' but in half an hour the man was dead. Sir Henry Hallford had seen four or five cases of inflammation of the brain where the raving was succeeded by a lucid interval—the lucid interval by death. One of these was a gentleman who passed three days in lunatic violence, without an instant's cessation or sleep. He then became rational, settled his affairs, sent messages to his relations, and talked of a sister lately dead, whom he said he should follow immediately, as he did in the course of the night. Many such instances are upon record; and Cervantes must have witnessed something of the kind, or he would not have ventured to restore Don Quixote to reason in his final illness, make him abjure knight-errantry, and die a sensible as he had lived a worthy man; for throughout his adventures he displays a loftiness of principle and a rectitude of purpose which give an elevation to his character, and render him estimable when most ridiculous. Sir Henry Hallford cautioned the younger members of his profession against these appearances, which have often deluded physicians themselves. The medical attendant of Charleval, a French versifier, called out exultingly to a brother of the faculty who entered the room, 'Come and see, the fever is going!' After a moment's observation, the other, more experienced, replied, 'No—it is the patient.' The amendment is not real unless the pulse has improved: the energies of life are otherwise worn out; and either the inertness of the disease proceeds from a want of power to sustain it, or, if it has fairly retired, the system has been too much depressed to rebound. The temporary revival is rarely complete; but a partial intermission, from its comparative ease, creates a considerable change of sensation. Hence the pause in the disorder has received the name of a 'lightening before death'—a removal of the load of pain and stupor by which the patient was previously oppressed. Shakspeare confines the term to the merriment of mind which usually accompanies the relief. Paley has said, and he wrote after many visitations of gout, that the subsidence of pain is a positive pleasure which few enjoyments

enjoyments can exceed. The observation is sometimes strikingly illustrated in surgical operations, when neither the smarting of the wound nor the attendant horrors have the power to disturb the sense of satisfaction which directly ensues. Sir Charles Bell opened the windpipe of a man attacked with spasms of the throat, and who was dying through want of air. The incision closed with the convulsive throbs, and it was necessary to slit out a piece of the cartilage; but when the man, whose face was lately a picture of distress, who streamed with the sweat of suffering, and who toiled and gasped for life, breathed freely through the opening, he fell fast asleep while half a dozen candles threw their glare upon his eyes, and the surgeons, with their hands bathed in his blood, were still at work upon the wound, inserting materials to keep it open. A soldier, struck in the temple at Waterloo with a musket-ball, had his skull sawn through with a trephine by Mr. Cooper, the author of the 'Surgical Dictionary,' and a bone pulled out which had been driven half an inch into the substance of the brain. Nearly lifeless before, he instantly sat up, talked with reason and complacency, and rose and dressed the same day. The transition is little less sudden in the 'lightening before death;' and though the debility is usually too great for exuberance of spirits, there is sometimes a gentle quietude which would have a contagious charm if it were not the signal of a coming gloom, made a hundred fold more dark by the contrast with the short-lived mirth, never in this world—unless by the tearful eye of memory—to be beheld again.

The moment which converts a sensitive body to inanimate matter is often indistinguishable; but one would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the 'borrowed likeness of shrunk death,' and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten predecessor, from which it differs about as much as the Almanac of this year from the Almanac of last. In 1834, Julia de Fontenelle, a man of science—if several lines of philosophical titles written after his name are a voucher for the character

racter—published his ‘Medico-legal Researches on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death,’ which volume is at present, we believe, the standard one on the subject. The horror of being buried alive was his least motive for rousing up the public to a sense of their danger. Convinced, he said, that unwholesome diet and evil passions, the abuse of drugs and the ignorance of physicians, are but too successful in swelling the number of the undoubted dead, he conceives it his duty in compensation to preserve to society the many who were only dead in appearance. He seems to have persuaded himself that burial-grounds are a species of human slaughterhouse, and, if he had read the English Martyrology, would have seen something more than a lying legend in the story of St. Frithstane, who, saying one evening masses for the dead in the open air, as he pronounced the words *requiescant in pace*, heard a chorus of voices from the surrounding graves respond loudly *Amen*. M. Fontenelle’s hopes of recruiting the population from churchyards are grounded on a hundred cases of apparent deaths gleaned from the entire history of the world—a rather slender counterpoise to the victims of passion, gluttony, drugs, and physicians, even if the instances were all well founded and all to the purpose. ‘He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.’ But of his examples those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantiated.

The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. Supernatural appearances seemed to be probable when the argument rested on the general belief; nothing more unlikely when the specific facts were collected and weighed. A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation of ghosts. That persons, by every outward sign long dead, have revived, is also among the opinions that have found adherents in all countries, and many are the superstitions to which it has given rise. Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper*, mentions that the Turks, if a noise is heard in a tomb, dig up the corpse, and, as one method of making matters sure, chop it into pieces. He adds, that some English merchants, riding at Constantinople in company with a Janizary, passed an aged and shrivelled Jew, who was sitting on a sepulchre. The Janizary never doubted that of this sepulchre the Jew himself was the rightful tenant, and ordered him back to his grave, after rating him soundly for stinking the world a second time. Nations sunk lower in barbarism give credence to fables still more absurd, though they do not exceed in extravagance what we might expect from the exaggerations of ignorance and terror, if the cries and struggles of buried men had been heard disturbing the stillness of the tomb; but the  
moment

moment an effort is made to substantiate the belief by authentic examples, the edifice is overthrown by the very endeavour to prop it up. Timidity itself would take courage on reading the terrific register of the credulous Fontenelle. An examination of his proof, while it indicates the precautions that are prudent to be taken, will reassure those who are accustomed to shrink from the semblance of death, with its frightful accompaniments, far more than they dread the reality; for it will show that, unless by culpable recklessness and haste, there is no possibility that a single individual should be entombed before his time.

The first page shows how much his criticism has been outstripped by his zeal, for he counts among the victims of *error* the Emperor Zenon, who is said to have been interred when he was drunk by the order of his wife, ambitious of his crown. M. Fontenelle himself relates, that for two nights he continually cried from his capacious sepulchre, 'Have mercy on me! Take me out!' and surely his petition would not have been in vain if they had buried him in good faith through an unhappy mistake. Horrors never come singly: it is added, that in his hunger he ate up his shoes and the flesh of his arms. A case among the accidents, that of an Archbishop Géron—when or where he lived is not told—has a close resemblance to the end of poor Zenon:

*He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said*

*That he would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.*

But the persons who heard him shouting from the sepulchre refused to believe him, and he was left to his fate. There was an Abbé who had better luck. He revived on the way to the grave; and his attendants having thought fit to bury his cat with him, which sat like a night-mare upon his chest, the Abbé employed his returning strength to drive off the incubus. The animal mewed with the pain, and more regard being paid to the remonstrances of a cat than to those of an Archbishop, the procession was stopped and the coffin unscrewed. Out jumped the cat, and immediately after the dead man followed, and took to his heels. The bearers are said to have been 'frozen with fear;' and the cat and the Abbé must have partaken of the chill. Some who came off with life, have yet had reason to rue the misconception. A gentleman of Rouen, returning from a tour just as his wife was being borne to the tomb, he ordered back the coffin, and had a surgeon to make five-and-twenty incisions on the corpse—a strange method of cherishing the remnant of existence, if he suspected any. Nevertheless, at the twenty-sixth incision, which went deeper than the rest, she mildly inquired 'What mischief they were doing her?' and she survived to bear her husband six-and-twenty children—a pledge for every gash. An English soldier

showed more vigour and less endurance than this meekest of women. He was carried to the dissecting-room of a French hospital, where a student, to practise anatomy, cut his jugular vein. Furious with rage and pain, he leapt upon the student and flung him to the ground, where he fainted with alarm. The soldier must have been a disciple of the laughter-loving Roderick Random, who counterfeited death on his recovery from a fever, and snapped at the fingers of the surgeon as he was closing his eyes. But the more valorous son of Mars had nearly carried the jest too far, when he suffered his jugular vein to be opened before 'he played out the play.' Zadig, in Voltaire's story, pretends to be dead, to test the affection of his wife; and his friend, who is in the plot, applies immediately for the vacant post, and feigns a pain in his side, which nothing can cure except the application of a dead man's nose. But when the widow, deeming that a living lover is worth more than a departed husband, advances to the coffin with an open razor to take possession of the specific, Zadig is wise enough to cover his nose with one hand while he thrusts the instrument aside with the other. A man of war, who had the good fortune to recover in a dissecting-room without the aid of the knife, seeing himself surrounded, on opening his eyes, by mutilated bodies, exclaimed, 'I perceive that the action has been hot!' And if M. Fontenelle had opened *his* eyes he might easily have perceived that the anecdote was a jest. Indeed such is his credulity, that the story of a surgeon addicted to cards, whose death had been tested by bawling in his ears, rising up when a friend whispered in the language of piquet, 'a quint, fourteen and the point,' has been mistaken by him for an extraordinary case of resuscitation, instead of a commonplace joke on the passion for play. The jest-book has always contributed abundant materials to the compilers of horrors. Several anecdotes turn on that inexhaustible theme for merriment—the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, 'Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners.' Thus there is not even a step from the mirthful to the terrible. The stories, unaltered, do double duty.

Two Parisian merchants, bound together in close friendship, had one a son and the other a daughter, who were friends and something more. The daughter, compelled by her parents to sacrifice her lover for a wealthy suitor, fell into what M. Fontenelle calls an 'hysterical syncope,' and was buried. Fortune frowns upon lovers that she may enhance the value of her smiles.

A strange

A strange instinct induced her adorer to disinter the body, and he had the double pleasure of delivering the fair one from a horrible death and a hateful husband. Holding that the interment had broken the marriage-tie, they fled to England, but at the end of ten years ventured back to Paris, where the lady was met by the original husband, who, noways surprised that she should have revisited the earth, nor staggered by her denials, laid a formal claim to her in a court of justice. The lover boldly sustained that he who rescued her from death had more right to her than the claimant who interred her alive; but the doctrine being new to a court of law, the prudent pair anticipated the decision by returning to England, where they finally terminated their adventures. The plot and morality of the story are thoroughly characteristic of M. Fontenelle's nation, and the simplicity which believes it is not less so of himself. The countrymen of Shakspeare will recognise a French version of *Romeo and Juliet*. All ladies are not blest with resurrectionist lovers, but covetousness will sometimes do the work of chivalry. A domestic visited his mistress in her tomb, enticed by a diamond ring, which resisting his efforts to draw it off, he proceeded to amputate the finger. Thereupon the mistress revives, and the domestic drops down dead with alarm: 'Thus,' says M. Fontenelle, 'death had his prey; it was only the victim which was changed.' He gives further on a similar story in which the lady with the ring was supposed to have died in childbirth, and some grave-diggers were the thieves. In the hurry of their flight they left a lantern which served to light the lady to her door. 'Who's there?' inquired the girl who answered her knock. 'Your mistress,' was the reply. The servant needed to hear no more; she rushed into the room where her master was sitting, and informed him that the spirit of his wife was at the door. He rebuked the girl for her folly, and assured her that her mistress was in Abraham's bosom, but on looking out of the window the well-known voice exclaimed, 'For pity's sake, open the door. Do you forget that I have just been confined, and that cold in my condition will be fatal?' This was not the doubt which troubled his mind, nor was it the first observation we should have expected a wife to address to her husband, when newly released from her grave by an almost miraculous deliverance, she suddenly appeared before him in the dead of night wearing the habiliments of the tomb. But as the husband was satisfied, it is not for us to be critical. Numerous places are declared to have been the scene of the incident of the ring, which M. Fontenelle considers to be cumulative testimony to its truth. We should have thought, on the contrary, that his faith would have been diminished as the stories

stories increased. Marvels rarely go in flocks. In the present instance few need to be told that M. Fontenelle has been drawing upon the standard literature of the nursery—that the ring-story is one of those with which children from time immemorial have been terrified and amused. ‘The nurse’s legends are for truth received,’ and to the inventions which entertained their infancy many are indebted for their after-apprehensions lest the fate at which they shuddered in another should prove prophetic of their own. M. Fontenelle has himself thought that it would help out his subject to insert the poem of a M. Lesguillon, in which he relates from imagination the burial and resurrection of a lady who was set free, at the crisis of her despair, by the accident of a sexton cleaving her coffin with his spade. What calls forth M. Fontenelle’s special admiration is that the author has ‘wedded reason to rhyme,’ and it is impossible to deny that there is as much reason in M. Lesguillon’s verse as in M. Fontenelle’s prose.

As a set-off to the miserable mortals who lost their lives through a seeming death, this very appearance is affirmed to have been the means of averting the reality. Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants to get her jewels disinterred her by night, and the lady’s maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon the neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone set free by the blows, and up rose the Baroness to the discomfiture of her domestics. The retributive justice was complete, and the only objection to the narrative is that, like the fish-bone, it sticks in the throat. In this particular the stories mostly agree; a single anecdote comes recommended by intrinsic probability, and is no less distinguished from hearsay romances by the external authority; for it is told by the famous Sydenham, a man who was not more an honour to his profession by his skill than to his kind by his virtues. The faculty of his day demonstrated, on principles derived from abstract reasoning, that the small-pox ought to yield to a hot regimen, and, though patients died, physicians thought death under a philosophical treatment better than a capricious and perverse recovery in defiance of rules. Sydenham, who reformed the whole system of medicine by substituting experience for speculation, and who, besides indicating the right road, was himself perhaps the nicest observer of the habits of disease that ever lived, had early discovered that the antidote was to be found at the other end of the thermometer. The science which saved the lives of the public was the torment of his own. He was assailed by the profession to the close of his

his days for being wiser than his generation, and among the facts by which he mildly and modestly defended his practice, he relates with evident satisfaction how a young man at Bristol was stewed by his physician into a seeming death, and afterwards recovered by mere exposure to cold. The moment he appeared to expire, his attendants laid him out, leaving nothing upon his body except a sheet thrown lightly over it. No sooner had he escaped from the domain of art to the dominion of nature than he began to revive, and lived to vindicate Sydenham, to shame his opponents, and to prove that there are occasions in which the remedy against death is to seem to be dead. The ancient who originated the celebrated saying, 'The physician that heals is death,' never anticipated such a verification of his maxim.

The three examples, however, which the resurrectionists consider their stronghold, yet remain to be told, and it must be confessed that many have lent them the weight of their authority who reject the mass of old wives' fables, though with the imposing addition of being sanctioned by a philosopher and printed in a book. There was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX. who used to sign himself 'François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored.' The testimony seems striking; as he himself related his history to Misson the traveller, either Civile was a liar, say our authors, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy during her husband's absence, and nobody, before committing her body to the ground, thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it—and here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen who were digging a trench immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant of Civile tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand, and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest, and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dung-heap, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been  
quoted



quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral, and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.

More of our readers may recollect the story of the Spanish grandee who was opened by the great anatomist Vesalius, and his heart found beating notwithstanding the havoc that had been made by the knife. The family of the nobleman, so runs the tale, complained to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition decided that in a physician with the skill of Vesalius such an error implied a crime. Philip II. employed his authority to procure a pardon, and with difficulty obtained that the sentence of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Hallam, whose epithets have almost a judicial authority, calls the accusation absurd, and absurd it may be proved on physiological grounds. But the whole story is an idle rumour written by somebody from Spain to Hubert Languet, after the death of Vesalius, to account for a journey which puzzled the public. Clusius, who was in Madrid at the time that Vesalius set out, and had his information from Tisenau, the President of the Council of the Low Countries, the land of the anatomist's birth and affections, has related the origin of the pilgrimage in a note on the history of De Thou, whose narrative, so far as it goes, agrees with his own. Hating the manners of the Spaniards, pining for his native country, and refused by Philip permission to return thither, Vesalius sickened with vexation, and vowed on his recovery to travel to Jerusalem, less from any superstition of his own, than to obtain his release by an appeal to the superstition of the king. A news-monger, ignorant of the motives of an action, appeases the cravings of curiosity by invention; that the Inquisition should be at the bottom of the business was in the reign of Philip II. a too probable guess, and a pretext for its interference was devised out of the professional pursuits of the pilgrim. The original report soon acquired strength in its progress. The offence of Vesalius was shortly avouched to be neither accidental nor solitary, and by the time the story reached Burton, the author of the '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' it assumed the form of a general assertion—'that Vesalius was *wont* to cut men up alive.'

The fabled end of the Spanish grandee is also asserted of the Abbé Prevost,—the third vaunted example of simulated death. He had a stroke of apoplexy on a journey, and the mayor of the village ordered an immediate examination of the body. The

anguish

anguish of the incision restored the Abbé to a momentary consciousness, and he expired with a cry. No authority is given for the story, and, judging from the character of the other assertions, it would be natural to infer that there was none to give. But if it be indeed a genuine fact among the fables, it proves nothing except the criminal haste of the village mayor, and the criminal heedlessness of the village practitioner,—vices which, in connection with death, are for the most part opposed to the feelings, the prudence, and therefore to the usage of mankind. No perfect security can be devised against wilful carelessness any more than against wilful murder, but because a friendless traveller fell a victim to the rashness of an ignorant surgeon, there is no occasion to fright the world from their propriety, and endeavour to persuade them that, with the best intentions, the living are liable to be confounded with the dead, to be packed sleeping in a coffin, and stifled waking in a grave.

In the midst of exaggeration and invention there was one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions,—the fact that bodies were often found turned in their coffins, and the grave-clothes disarranged. But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decaying body which mimics by its mechanical force many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses which have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris, and the author of a text-book on legal medicine, says that unless secured to the table they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently strangers, seeing the motions of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate the gas in the grave, and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with the distension, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When the gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been reopened; the position of the body has confirmed the suspicion, and the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will occasionally concur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream. Violent and painful diseases, which kill speedily, are favourable to the rapid formation of the gas; it may then exist two or three hours after death, and agitating the limbs gives rise to the idea that the dormant life is rousing itself up to another effort. Not infrequently the food in the stomach is forced out through the mouth, and blood poured from the nose, or the  
opening

opening in a vein where a victim of apoplexy has been attempted to be bled. Extreme mental distress has resulted from these fallacious symptoms, for where they occur it is commonly supposed that the former appearance of death was deceitful, and that recovery was possible if attendance had been at hand.

The old superstition that a murdered body would send forth a bloody sweat in the murderer's presence, or bleed from the wound at his touch, must have had its origin in the same cause. The sweat, which has been repeatedly observed, is produced by the struggling gas driving out the fluids at the pores of the skin. Through a rare coincidence it may possibly have occurred during the period that the assassin was confronted with the corpse; and the ordeal of the touch, in compressing the veins, would have a direct effect in determining a flow of blood from the wound, where it chanced that the current, by the impulse of the gas, was nearly ready to break forth. A latitude would not fail to be allowed to the experiment. If at any time afterwards the body sweated or bled, it would never have been doubted that it was prompted by the presence of the murderer, though the manifestation was delayed. One success bears out many failures, for failures imply the absence of notable incidents, and having nothing to arrest attention are quickly forgotten, while the wonders of a success take hold of the mind and live in the memory.

The generation of gas in the body, with all its consequences, was thoroughly understood when M. Fontenelle wrote, but whatever could weaken his case is systematically suppressed. Nor is there in the whole of his book one single case bearing out his position that is attested by a name of the slightest reputation, or for which much better authority could be found than the Greek manuscript in the handwriting of Solomon, found by a peasant while digging potatoes at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is no unreasonable scepticism to assume that the majority of the persons revived had never even lived. Yet not only is this book still in vogue, but the French newspapers annually multiply these tales to an extent which would be frightful if they were not refuted by their very number. An English country editor in want of a paragraph proclaims that a bird of passage has been shot out of season, that an apple-tree has blossomed in October, or that a poor woman has added to her family from three to half a dozen children at a birth, and by the latest advices was doing well. But we are tame and prosaic in our insular tastes. Our agreeable neighbours require a stronger stimulus, and therefore endless changes are rung upon the theme of living men buried, and dead men brought to life again.

Shakspeare, who, it is evident from numerous passages in his  
dramas,

dramas, had watched by many a dying bed with the same interest and sagacity that he bestowed upon those who were playing their part in the busy world, has summed up the more obvious characteristics of death in the description the Friar gives to Juliet of the effects of the draught, which is to transform her into the temporary likeness of a corpse :—

*No pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat ;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
The roses on thy lips and cheek shall fade  
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like Death, when he shuts up the day of Life ;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death.*

These are the ordinary signs by which death has always been distinguished ; and it would be as reasonable 'to seek hot water beneath cold ice,' as to look for any remnant of vitality beneath so inanimate an exterior. The cessation of breathing, in the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—and no opinion, from his natural acuteness, his philosophical habits, and his vast experience, can be more entitled to weight—is alone a decisive test of the extinction of life, and a test as palpable to sense in the application as it is sure in the result. 'The movements,' he says, 'of respiration cannot be overlooked by any one who does not choose to overlook them, and the heart never continues to act more than four or five minutes after respiration has ceased.' The ancient distinction of the heart was to be 'primum vivens, ultimum moriens,'—the first to live, the last to die : and a Commission of the French Academy, who lately made a report on the subject, admit that when there is a considerable pause in its pulsations it is impossible for life to be lurking in the body. But as the heart can only beat for a brief space unless the lungs play, and as common observers can detect the latter more readily than the former, the termination of the breathing is the usual and safe criterion of death. To ascertain with precision whether it had completely stopped, it was formerly the custom to apply a feather or a mirror to the lips. When Lear brings in Cordelia dead, he exclaims :—

*Lend me a looking-glass ;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.*

And immediately afterwards, he adds, *This feather stirs : she lives !* The same test which led Lear to the fallacious inference that Cordelia lived, induced Prince Henry to infer falsely that his father was dead :—

*By*

*By these gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.*

Nor were these methods merely popular : they were long likewise the trust of physicans. Sir Thomas Browne terms them ‘the critical tests of death ;’ and presuming that the Romans could not be ignorant of them, he thought their calling in the ears of corpses ‘a vanity of affection’—an ostentation of summoning the departed back to life when it was known by other infallible means that life had fled. But it is now held to be a better method to scrutinize the movements of the chest and belly : one or both of which will rise and fall while any breathing whatsoever continues. It is generally, however, expedient to leave the body undisturbed for two or three hours after all seems over ; for the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Cheyne in his ‘English Malady,’ appears to favour the supposition that though the heart and lungs have both stopped, life may now and then linger a little longer than usual.

Colonel Townshend, described as ‘a gentleman of great honour and integrity,’ was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time ‘he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again.’ He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour : his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far and was dead beyond recall, when life returned, as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o’clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing towards clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending ~~as will~~ the functions of life. Many boldly cut the knot they ~~are~~ not able to untie, and maintain that there was an action of the heart and lungs which the physicians wanted the skill to perceive. The narrative of Cheyne leaves an opening for criticism ; but let it be considered that he was a man of eminence, that all three attendants were professional persons, accustomed to mark and estimate symptoms, that their attention was aroused to the utmost by previous notice, and that they had half an hour to conduct their observations ;  
and

and it must at least be acknowledged that the signs which escaped them were too obscure to be a safe criterion for the world at large. Yet whatever may be its other physiological bearings, it is no exception to the rule that life and breath are, for the purposes of sepulture, convertible terms. Without attaching importance to a principal peculiarity of the case, that it required an effort of the will to bring Colonel Townshend into the state, and that by an effort of the will he could bring himself out of it, he was unable, after all, to prolong the period of suspended, or apparently suspended, animation beyond a single half-hour; and in order to his being buried alive he must have been a party to the act, and prepared his funeral in advance. The assumption, indeed, pervades M. Fontenelle's book, that everybody wrongly supposed to be dead had a narrow escape of premature interment, though it has never been long, in any instance that is known to be authentic, before some outward sign attracted attention, unless death had merely slackened his pace instead of turning aside his footsteps. Funerals, it is true, on the Continent take place sooner than with us. In Spain, if M. Fontenelle's word is a warrant for the fact, whoever oversleeps himself will have to finish out his slumbers in the grave,—which, beyond doubt, is the most powerful incentive to early rising that was ever devised. But in France, the grand theatre for these harrowing tragedies, it is usual to bury on the third day; and if at that interval it was common for seeming corpses to revive, we, in this country, should be habituated to behold persons whose death had been announced, whose knell had tolled, and whose coffins had been made, rise up and doff their grave-clothes, to appear once more among astonished friends. Yet so far is this from being a frequent occurrence, that who ever heard in modern England of a person who had been numbered three days among the dead resuming his vacant place among the living? At sea there may be better ground for apprehension. Nothing more excites the superstitious fears of a sailor than a cat thrown overboard, or a corpse that is not; and very shortly after death occurs it is usual to transfer the body from the ship to the deep. On one occasion a man, with concussion of the brain, who had lost the power of speech and motion, overheard what must have been to him the most interesting conversation that ever fell upon his ears,—a discussion between his brother and the captain of the vessel, as to whether he should be immediately consigned to the waves, or be carried to Rotterdam, to be buried on shore. Luckily their predilections were for a land funeral; and, though a colloquy so alarming might have been expected to complete the injury to the poor man's brain, he recovered from the double shock of fright and disease. Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has treated  
the

the signs of death with the sound sense and science that distinguish all his writings upon legal medicine, relates the anecdote as if he was satisfied of its truth, and the fate which one has narrowly missed it is not impossible may have overtaken others. But even at sea, nothing short of the grossest negligence could occasion the calamity; and for negligence, we repeat, there is no effectual cure.

The ceasing to breathe is not the only criterion of death antecedent to corruption. There is a second token specified by Shakspeare, and familiar to every village nurse, which is quite conclusive,—the gradual transition from suppleness to rigidity. The first effect of death is relaxation of the muscles. The lower jaw usually drops, the limbs hang heavily, the joints are flexible, and the flesh soft. The opposite state of contraction ensues; then the joints are stiff and the flesh firm, and the body, lately yielding and pliant, becomes hard and unbending. The contraction commences in the muscles of the neck and trunk, appears next in the upper extremities, then in the lower, and finally recedes in the same order in which it came on. It begins on an average five or six hours after death, and ordinarily continues from sixteen to twenty-four. But the period both of its appearance and duration are considerably varied by the constitution of the person, the nature of the death, and the state of the atmosphere. With the aged and feeble, with those who die of chronic diseases, and are wasted away by lingering sickness, it comes on quickly—sometimes in half an hour—and remains for a period which is short in proportion to the rapidity of its appearance. With the strong and the muscular, with the greater part of the persons who perish by a sudden or violent death in the fullness of their powers, it is slow in advancing, and slow in going off. In cases like these, it is often a day or two before it commences, and it has been known to last a week. When decay begins its reign, this interregnum of contraction is at an end, and therefore a warm and humid atmosphere which hastens corruption curtails the period of rigidity, while it is protracted in the cold and dry weather that keeps putrefaction at bay. Though a symptom of some disorders, there is this clear line between mortal rigidity and the spasm of disease—that in the latter the attack is never preceded by the appearance of death. In the one case the result comes after a train of inanimate phenomena; in the other, amidst functions peculiar to life. The alarmists, who deal in extravagant fables, will persist in retaining unreasonable fears; but upon no question are medical authorities more thoroughly agreed than that the moment the contraction of the muscles is apparent, there can be no revival unless the breath of life could be breathed afresh into the untenanted clay.

There

There is one effect of the muscular contraction of death which often occasions erroneous and painful ideas. In the stage of relaxation, when the muscles fall, and there is neither physical action nor mental emotion to disturb the calm, the countenance assumes the 'mild, angelic air' described by Byron in *The Giaour*, and which he says in a note lasts for 'a few, and but a few hours' after the spirit has taken flight. It is the accession of muscular contraction which dissipates the charm, which knits the brow, draws down the mouth, pinches the features, and changes a soft and soothing expression to a harsh, uneasy, suffering look. Where the contraction is slight the face is less disturbed; and Dr. Symonds has known it drawn into a seeming smile. Those who may only chance to see the corpse of a relative while it bears the care-worn aspect which is far the most frequent, are distressed at what they suppose to be an indication that the latest impressions of the world were troubled—that death took place amid pain of body and sorrow of mind. It appears from the *Journal* of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently visited the mortal remains of his wife during the crisis of contraction, what a pang the sight communicated to a heart which, if quick to feel, could never be outdone in the resolution to endure. Violent passions, extreme agony, and protracted suffering may give a *set* to the muscles which the rigid state will bring out anew into strong relief. But the expression of the face is chiefly determined by the condition of the body, or, in other words, by the degree of contraction. Persons who have died of exhausting diseases will often, notwithstanding they expire in despair, wear a look of benign repose; while a more muscular subject who fell asleep in peaceful hope, may be distinguished by a mournful, lowering visage. Even when the expression is influenced by the bent which was given to the muscles by previous feelings, it is mostly the memorial of a storm which had spent its fury before life was extinct; for usually in natural death there is a lull at the last, and the setting is peaceful, however tempestuous the decline. In strict reason it can matter nothing, when the weary are once at rest, whether the concluding steps of the journey were toilsome or pleasant; but it is so much our instinct to attach importance to last impressions, and wounded hearts are so sensitive, that to many it will be a relief to know their inferences are mistaken and their grief misplaced.

When the heat-developing faculty is extinct the body obeys the laws of inanimate objects, and coincident for the most part with the stage of rigidity is that chill and clammy condition of the skin which is so familiarly associated with death. To judge by the feelings, the atmosphere is genial compared to the corpse.



corpse. But the skin of the dead is a powerful conductor, and the rapidity with which it appropriates the warmth of the living leaves a chill behind which is a deceitful measure of its actual frost. The length of time which a body takes to cool will depend upon the state of the body itself, and the circumstances in which it may chance to be placed. The process will be slower when it is well wrapped up than when lightly covered; in summer than in winter; in a still atmosphere than in currents of air; with the stout than with the thin; with persons in their prime than with the aged or the young. Usually in proportion as the disease is acute, and the death rapid, the less heat has been expended before the fire is extinguished, and the corpse will be the longer in parting with its warmth. If the disease is slow, the lamp burns dimly before it quite goes out, and the temperature, declining during life, will afterwards arrive the sooner at its lowest point. This will also happen in particular disorders which, though sudden and violent, are hostile to the development of animal warmth. In certain forms of hysteria, in swoons, and in cholera morbus, the body to the touch might sometimes seem a corpse. An icy skin is not of itself an evidence of death, but it is sooner or later an unfailing accompaniment.

To rigidity succeeds corruption, which, both from its own nature and the surrounding circumstances, cannot possibly be confounded with vital gangrene. It commences in the belly, the skin of which turns to a bluish green, that gradually deepens to brown or black, and progressively covers the remainder of the body. But when the hue of putrefaction has spread over the belly there is a risk to health, without an addition to security, in waiting for the further encroachments of decay. In England a body is seldom committed to the ground before there is set upon it this certain mark that it is hurrying to the dust from whence it sprang.\* Nor is the haste which is used at some seasons, and in some diseases, a real deviation from the rule. The rapid onset of corruption creates the necessity, and that which renders the burial speedy ensures its being safe.

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish. Pliny also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life; and Augustus held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself

himself and his friends. Montaigne was altogether of Cæsar's party, and, to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If Sir Thomas Browne had been of Cæsar's religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. He conceived that the Eastern favourite who was killed in his sleep, would hardly have bled at the presence of his destroyer. Sir Thomas Browne was one of those men who habitually apply their hearts unto wisdom, and his latter end, come when it might, would have found him prepared. But Christianity in enlarging our hopes has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to Cæsar's choice, and studied to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket than the flame be blown out. The prospect, nevertheless, of protracted suffering will sometimes drive desperate beings to seek a shorter and easier passage from the world. Many of the Romans during the plague of Syracuse attacked the posts of the enemy, that they might fall by the sword instead of the pestilence. Every day for a considerable period of the French Revolution, numbers drowned themselves in the Seine, to anticipate the tedious anguish of famine. Death, which in one form is fled from as an enemy, in a different shape is welcomed as a friend. A condemned soldier, in Montaigne's time, remarked some preparations from his prison which led him to think he was to perish by torture; he resolved to discharge for himself the executioner's office, though he had no other weapon than a rusty nail, which, having first ineffectually mangled his throat, he thrust into his belly to the very head. The authorities hastened to his cell to read out the sentence, that the law might yet be beforehand with death. The soldier, sufficiently sensible to hear what was passing, found that his punishment was simple beheading. He immediately rallied, expressed his delight, accepted wine to recruit his strength, and by the change in the kind of death seemed, says Montaigne, as though he was delivered from death itself. If his suspicions had proved correct, it is difficult to suppose that his tormentors could have improved on his own performances with the rusty nail.

Gustavus Adolphus, who realized his aspirations on the field of Lutzen, was in the habit of saying that no man was happier than he who died in the exercise of his calling. So Nelson wished the roar

of cannon to sound his parting knell. 'You know that I always desired to die this way,' said Moore to Hardinge at Corunna—and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philipsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered, 'I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself.' His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was to have leisure to prepare for eternity;—but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardour, which instinct kindled, and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless 'every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience,' he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. 'Soldiers,' says an old divine, 'that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts.' Death at the cannon's mouth may be sudden, and answer the first of Cæsar's conditions; with none but the presumptuous can it answer the second, and come unexpected. We once heard a recruit assign as his reason for enlisting, that he should now at least see something of life. 'And,' added his companion, 'something of death.' The poor fellow perhaps, like many others, had forgotten that any such contingency was included in the bond.

The Duke d'Enghien appeared to feel like a man reprieved when on issuing from his prison he found he was to perish by a military execution. Suicides are prone to use the implements of their trade. It was the usage in Ireland in ruder times, when rebels perhaps were more plentiful than rope, to hang them with willows. In the reign of Elizabeth a criminal of this description petitioned the deputy against the breach of the observance, and begged the favour to suffer by the time-honoured 'wyth,' instead of the new-fangled halter. When Elizabeth herself expected Mary to put her to death, she had resolved on the request to be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe,—which seems a distinction without a difference. In the same category we may place Lord Ferrers's prayer for a silken rope at Tyburn. But the fancy of the Duke of Clarence, could it be considered established, is the most singular on record. He must have been strangely infatuated by the 'Pleasures of Memory' when he imagined his favourite Malmsey could give a relish to drowning. Suffocation was not more luxurious to the parasites of Elagabalus than they were stifled with perfumes.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—'None please me.'  
 'But

‘But away,’ the good man adds, ‘with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it.’ The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it—his visage is more terrible than his dart.

The act of dying is technically termed ‘the agony.’ The expression embodies a common and mistaken belief, which has given birth to many cruel and even criminal practices. The Venetian ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary mentions among the regular usages of the lower orders, that a pillow was placed upon the mouths of the dying, on which their nearest relations sat or leaned till they were stifled. The office was held to be pious and privileged; father performed it for son, son for father. They considered they were curtailing the dreaded death-struggle—that a headlong fall from the precipice was as much easier as it was quicker than the winding descent by the path. In France it was the established practice to put to death persons attacked by hydrophobia the moment the disease was plainly incurable. There is a vulgar notion that those who are wounded by a rabid dog become inoculated with the animal’s propensity to bite. But the motive of self-defence—of ridding the world of a fellow-creature who had entered into the class of noxious beings, which might be suspected to have had an influence in hard-hearted times—was not the source of these unnatural homicides. They were designed in pure pity to the wretched sufferers, though the tender mercies which are wicked are always cruel. Lestoile in his *Journal*, which belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, relates the events of the kind which came to his knowledge under the date of their occurrence. A young woman attacked with hydrophobia had in such horror the smothering, which, the *Diarist* quietly observes in a parenthesis, ‘is usual in these maladies,’ that she was rendered more frantic by the prospect of the remedy than by the present disease. Habit with her relations was stronger than nature; they had no idea of remitting the customary violence, even at the entreaties of the interested person, and only so far yielded to her dread of suffocation as to mingle poison with her medicine instead, which Lestoile says was administered by her husband ‘with all the regrets in the world.’ Sometimes, however, the victims invited their doom. A page, on his way to the sea, then esteemed a specific in hydrophobia, was scratched by a thorn which drew blood, as he passed through a wood. For a person in his condition to see his own blood was supposed to be fatal. The lad, apprehending the accession of a

fit, begged the attendants to smother him on the spot, 'and this,' says Lestoile, 'they did weeping—an event piteous to hear, and still more to behold.' A second page is mentioned by the same Diarist, who happily died as they were preparing to shoot him. It is evident how much these domestic immolations must have weakened the awful reverence for life; the weeping executioner of his dearest relatives was separated by a far less impassable gulf from the cold-blooded murderer. A medical trickery, which grew no doubt from the frightful reality, still remains in France among the resources of medicine. Hydrophobia is sometimes feigned, and when the physician suspects imposture he orders the patient to be smothered between a couple of mattresses, which cures him, says Orfila, as if by enchantment.

A mode of suffocation less murderous in appearance than the smothering with the pillow was prevalent for centuries, both on the Continent and in England. The supports were withdrawn by a jerk from beneath the head, which being suddenly thrown back, the respiration that before was laboured and difficult became shortly impossible. Hence it is that Shakspeare's Timon, enumerating the accursed effects of gold, says that it will—

*Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.*

Another practice which tortured the dying under pretence of relief, even in this country lingered among the ignorant till recent days. The expiring ascetic of the Romish faith, prolonging his penance into death, yielded up his breath on a couch of hair. Customs survive when their reasons are forgotten. A physical virtue had come to be ascribed to the hair, and Protestants slowly sinking to their rest were dragged from their feather-beds, and laid on a mattress to quicken their departure. The result of most of these perverted proceedings was to combine the disadvantages of both kinds of death—to add the horror of violence to the protracted pains of gradual decay. When the wearied swimmer touched the shore, a furious billow dashed him on the rock.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called

called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen,' said William Hunter, 'I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.' 'If this be dying,' said the niece of Newton of Olney, 'it is a pleasant thing to die;' 'the very expression,' adds her uncle, 'which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.' The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. 'If this be dying,' said Lady Glenorchy, 'it is the easiest thing imaginable.' 'I thought that dying had been more difficult,' said Louis XIV. 'I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,' said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,

*Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.*

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: 'No, Thomas,' he replied; 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying: and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterwards that he had done it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness, but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had

had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any one were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bed-sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sign. Their faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they barely testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. ‘Methought,’ he says, ‘my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go.’ In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and laboured, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to  
express

express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

As little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, 'a mortal perspiration ran down the body' of La Boétie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, 'Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!' Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment; and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words. Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute of which those who bestow it should bear all the cost. A worse torment is the attempt to arrest forcibly the exit of life by pouring cordials down throats which can no longer swallow, or more madly to goad the motionless body into a manifestation of existence by the appliance of pain. It is like the plunge of the spur into the side of the courser, which rouses him as he is falling, to take another bound before he drops to rise no more.

Queen Margaret.—*Help, lords, the king is dead.*

Somerset.—*Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.*

But the most approved method of what, in the language of the time, was called 'fetching again,' was to send a stream of smoke up the nostrils, which Hooker states to be 'the wonted practising of well-willers upon their friends, although they know it a matter impossible to keep them living;' and well-willing thoughtlessness among our peasantry to this very hour often endeavours to rescue friends from the grasp of death by torturing them into making one writhing struggle. The gentle nature of our great dramatist taught him that to those descending into the grave nothing was more grateful than its own stillness. Salisbury, at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, interposes with the remonstrance,

*Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.*

And when Edgar is calling to Lear,

*Look up, my lord,*

Kent,



Kent, with reverent tenderness, says,

*Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass.*

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

*His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!*

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. 'Good day and adieu,' said he; 'it will be a very long adieu,'—and instantly died.

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In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But upon the whole there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

There is then no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease, for, unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease that supervenes, that—without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death—‘kind nature’s signal for retreat’ is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease. Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, ‘You see he is to live; he will not die.’ ‘But at this moment,’ says the narrative, ‘the last process of vitality had already begun.’ Where the symptoms are those of recovery there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death, for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility the whole of the downward course is easy compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed, we have seen, from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterwards recovered, re-echo the sentiment though they may vary the phrase. This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far

far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. 'My friends,' said *the Fontenelle*, a short time before he died, 'I have no pain,—only a little difficulty in keeping up life;' but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the impatience of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient—forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up with well-ordered minds a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connexions, or are experiencing our own.

Violent often differs little from natural death. Many poisons destroy by setting up disorders resembling those to which flesh is the inevitable heir, and, as in ordinary sickness, though the disorder may be torture, the mere dying is easy. The drugs which kill with the rapidity of lightning, or which act by lulling the whole of the senses to sleep, can first or last create no suffering worthy of the name. Fatal hemorrhage is another result both of violence  
\* and

and disease, and from the example of Seneca—his prolonged torments after his veins were opened, and his recourse to a second method of destruction to curtail the bitterness of the first—was held by Sir Thomas Browne to be a dreadful kind of death. Browne was more influenced by what he read than by what he saw, or he must have observed in the course of his practice that it is not of necessity, nor in general, an agonising process. The pain depends upon the rate at which life is reduced below the point where sensibility ends. The sluggish blood of the aged Seneca refused to flow in an ample stream, and left him just enough vigour to feel and to suffer. A fuller discharge takes rapid effect, and renders the suffering trifling by making it short. An obstruction to respiration is beyond comparison more painful than total suffocation.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the Revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. ‘Yet his voice,’  
says

says the trooper, who himself tells the story, 'gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness.' Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. 'Indeed I feared so,' he responded with impeded utterance—'and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible.' He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, 'as gently,' says Hall, 'as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf.'

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarrelled with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothe-le-Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightninglike rapidity and brightness before his eyes: a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old Oriental framed his story of the Sultan who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation. That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold.

cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Boyle, who was overtaken by the drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help; and unless his companions had observed his condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Tierra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. 'Whoever,' said he, 'sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish.' The Doctor spoke as a sage; but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant, who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied that to die was all he desired. But the Doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first, and go on afterwards. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have slept for ever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. 'The danger of stopping,' says Beaupré, who was on the medical staff, 'was universally observed, and generally disregarded.' Expostulation was answered by a stupid gaze, or by the request to be allowed to sleep unmolested, for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would all have perished if the fear of death had not *sometimes* contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half-frozen people in England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, 'a glass of something to keep out the cold.' The whole of the effects are readily

readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface, deprived of the life-sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of the stupor. The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at in the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.

It was a desire worthy of Caligula that the victims of the state should *taste* their death. The barbarous maxim has never lacked patrons in barbarous times, nor has humanity always kept pace with refinement. Manners continued to soften, and still it was not thought wrong that in heinous cases a forfeited life should be wrung out by any torture, however lengthened and intense. The physicians of Montpellier in the sixteenth century received from the French Government the annual present of a criminal to be dissected alive for the advancement of science. The theory of the medical art could have gained nothing to justify lessons which brutalised its professors. No amount of skill can supply to society the place of respect for life and sympathy for suffering.\* Savage buffoonery was sometimes employed to give an edge to cruelty. Among a hundred and fifty persons executed in France in the reign of Henry II., by every variety of device, for an insurrection against the salt-tax, three were found guilty of killing two collectors, and exclaiming as they threw the bodies into the river, 'Go, wicked salt-tax gatherers, and salt the fish in the Charente.' The grave and reverend seigniors who sat in judgment exerted their ingenuity to devise a scene in mimicry of

\* When the poison-tampering Queen in Cymbeline tells the Doctor—

*'I will try the force  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging (but none human)'*—

her medical confidant replies—

*'Your Highness  
Shall by such practice but make hard your heart;'*

and on this reply, in one of those notes which modern editors usually sneer at, but to which Mr. Knight occasionally (as here) does more justice, we read:—'The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been performed in later times by a race of men who have practised torturing without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.' So wrote Dr. Johnson—and he himself could hardly have anticipated the systematic devilishness of many French and some English surgeons in our own day.

this

this passionate outburst of infuriated men. Their legs and arms having first been broken with an iron bar, the culprits, whilst yet alive, were thrown into a fire, the executioner calling after them in obedience to the sentence, 'Go, mad wretches, to roast the fish of the Charente that you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your sovereign lord and king.' The assassin of Henry IV. was tortured for hours,—his guilty hand burnt off, his flesh torn with pincers, molten lead and boiling oil poured into his wounds—and the tragedy concluded by yoking horses to his arms and legs, and tearing him limb from limb. The frightful spectacle was made a court entertainment, and lords, ladies, and princes of the blood remained to the end, feasting their eyes with his contortions and their ears with his cries. Much nearer our own times, when Damiens, who was half-crazed, struck at Louis XV. with a pen-knife, and slightly wounded him in the ribs, the entire scene was again acted over, and again highborn dames were the eager spectators of the torment. Generations of luxury had given to the manners of court minions the polish of steel, and its hardness to their hearts.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the embowelling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. 'Are you the person,' inquired Sir Thomas, 'appointed to deliver me from this world?' and the executioner having answered 'Yes,' and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence for conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half-strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fulness of life. In the latter cases, at least, much of the rigour of the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him, when they could afford it, to plunge the knife into a vital part, it is to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked, that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting



presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentlemen, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian. In the reign of George III. the letter of the law of treason was brought into harmony with what had long been the practice, and it was enacted that until life was extinct the mutilation of the body should not be commenced. The change was an evidence of the complete revolution in public opinion. Instead of grades of anguish, simple death is the highest punishment known to the law. The horror of violence, the agony of suspense, the opprobrium of mankind, the misery of friends, the pangs of conscience, the dread of eternity, form a compilation of woe which requires no addition from bodily torture. Every year contributes to falsify the old reproach, that fewer hours had been devoted to soften than to exasperate death. Modern investigations have all been directed the other way; and the desire is universal, that even the criminal, whose life is most justly the forfeit of his crime, should find speedy deliverance.

Hanging has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution—nay, more, perhaps, than all other methods combined. Recommended by simplicity, and the absence of bloodshed, it is at the same time a death from which imagination revolts. None would, prior to experience, be conceived more distressing, for *the agony* might be expected to be realized to utmost intensity in the sudden transition from the vigour of health to a forced and yet not immediate death. Many indeed fancy that the fall of the body dislocates the neck, when the consequent injury to the spinal cord would annihilate life at the instant of the shock. But this is among the number of vulgar errors. Though a possible result, it very rarely occurs, unless a special manœuvre is employed to produce it. Before revolutionary genius had discarded the gibbet in France, Louis, the eminent professor, struck with the circumstance that the criminals in Paris were some instants in dying, while those of Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotatory movement which gave a wrench to the neck. The veritable Jack Ketch of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all the inheritors of his office, may be conjectured from a story current at the time to have been in the secret, for it was the boast of his wife that though the assistant could manage to get through the business, her husband alone was possessed of the art to make a culprit ‘die sweetly.’ Where the fall is great, or the person

person corpulent, dislocation might take place without further interference, but, with an occasional exception, those who are hanged perish simply by suffocation. There is nothing in that circumstance to occasion special regret. An immense number of persons recovered from insensibility have recorded their sensations, and agree in the report that an easier end could not be desired. An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colours are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colours of various hue start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator,—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind. Formerly in England the friends of the criminal, in the natural belief that while there was life there was pain, threw themselves upon his legs as the cart drove away, that the addition of their weight might shorten his pangs. A more sad satisfaction for all the parties concerned could not well be conceived.

In the frenzy of innovation which accompanied the French revolution, when everything was to be changed, and (as impostors pretended and dupes believed) to be changed for the better, the reforming mania extended to the execution of criminals, and Dr. Guillotin, a weak, vain coxcomb, who revived with improvements an old machine, had the honour of giving his name to an adopted child whose operations have ensured himself from oblivion. The head, he assured the tender-hearted legislature, would fly off in the twinkling of an

eye, and its owner suffer nothing. It has since been maintained that, far from feeling nothing, he suffers at the time, and for ten minutes afterwards,—that the trunkless head thinks as usual, and is master of its movements,—that the ear hears, the eye sees, and the lips essay to speak. M. Sue, the father of the novelist, whose theories of human physiology have a thorough family resemblance to his son's representations of human nature, went so far as to contend that 'the body felt as a body and the head as a head.' The experience of the living sets the first of these assertions at rest. When a nerve of sensation is severed from its communication with the brain, the part below the lesion ceases to feel. The muscular power often continues, but sensibility there is none. The head is not disposed of so readily, for since it is the centre of feeling, it is impossible in decapitation to infer the torpor of the brain from the callousness of the body. But it would require the strongest evidence to prove that sensation survives the shock; and the evidence, on the contrary, is exceedingly weak. The alleged manifestations of feeling are only what occur in many kinds of death where we know that the pain is already past. No one frequently appears to die harder when the face is uncovered than the man that is hanged, and yet all the time there is horror on his countenance, within he is either calm or unconscious.\* If those who stood by the guillotine had been equally curious about other modes of dying, they would have known that the peculiarity was not in the signs, but in the interpretations they put upon them. The lips move convulsively,—the head, say they, is striving to speak,—the eyes are wide open, and are therefore watching the

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\* The face after hanging is sometimes natural, but more commonly distorted. Shakspeare has given a vivid and exact description of the change in the speech where Warwick points to the indications of violence which prove that the Duke of Gloucester had been murdered:—

*But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair upheaved, his nostrils stretched with struggling;  
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped  
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.*

The great poets beat the philosophers out of the field. They have the two-fold faculty essential to description,—the eye which discriminates the characteristic circumstances, and the words which bring them up like pictures before the mind. By 'his hands abroad displayed' must be understood that they were thrust to a distance from the body, which is an impulse with persons who are stifled by force. That the hands themselves should be wide open is inconsistent with the fact and with the idea of 'grasping.' They are sometimes clenched with such violence that the nails penetrate the flesh of the palms,—another instance among many, after what we know of the sensations in hanging, how little the convulsive movements of dying are connected with pain. The circumstance is not surprising now that the splendid investigations of Sir Charles Bell, which may challenge comparison with anything that has ever been done in physiology, have demonstrated that the nerves of motion are distinct from the nerves of feeling, and that they are capable of acting independently of one another.

scene

scene before them ; as if it was not common in violent death for lips to quiver when the mind was laid to rest, and for eyes to stare when their sense was shut. It is affirmed, however, that the eyes are sometimes fixed upon cherished objects. But were the anguish, as is asserted, ‘ full, fine, perfect,’ the head, instead of employing itself in the contemplation of friends, would be absorbed in its own intolerable torments. The illusion is probably produced by the relatives themselves, who look in the direction of the eyes, which then appear to return the gaze. But it is neither necessary nor safe to find a solution for every marvel. Few have had the opportunity, and fewer still the capacity, for correct observation. The imagination of the spectator is powerfully excited, and a slight perversion suffices to convert a mechanical movement into an emotion of feeling or an effort of the will. There are not many of the ordinary statements which rest upon the testimony of competent observers ; and most of the extraordinary, such as the blushing of Charlotte Corday when her cheek was struck by the villain who held up her head, are not attested by any witness whatsoever. Though everybody repeats them, no one can tell from whence they came. It is a point upon which M. Sue and his school have not been exacting. One of the number mentions a man, or to speak more correctly, the *head* of a man, who turned his eyes whichever way they called him ; and having thus digested the camel without difficulty, he grows scrupulous about the gnat, and cannot be confident whether the name of the person was Tillier or *De Tillier*. It is an epitome of the plan upon which many of the papers on the subject are penned. The authors take care of the pence and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. For our own part, we believe that the crashing of an axe through the neck must completely paralyse the sensation of the brain, and that the worst is over when the head is in the basket.

The section of physiologists who would hardly refuse credit to the unpunctuated averment that King Charles walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off, are left behind by some Polish physicians, who were persuaded that by bringing into contact the newly severed parts they could make them reunite. They had sufficient faith in their folly to petition that the head when it had grown to the shoulders might be suffered to remain, and obtained a promise that their work should be respected, and the revived criminal spared a second execution. Among the authenticated curiosities of surgery is the case of a soldier, who had his nose bitten off in a street riot, and thrown into the gutter. He picked up the fragment, deposited it in the house of a neighbouring surgeon, and, having pursued the aggressor, returned,

returned, and had it refitted to the parent stock. On the following day it had begun to unite, and on the fourth the old nose was again incorporated with the old face. The Polish doctors may have founded their hopes on some examples of the kind. But they overlooked that time was an element in the cure, and that life must be sustained while adhesion was going on. They seem to have imagined that the neck and head would unite together upon the first application, with the same celerity that they had flown asunder at the stroke of the executioner. With the exception of these sages of Poland nobody, until the guillotine had been busy in France, appears to have dreamt that after head and body had parted company life or feeling could subsist. Decapitation, as the most honourable, was the most coveted kind of death, and Lord Russell scarcely exaggerated the general opinion when he said, shortly before his fatal moment, that the pain of losing a head was less than the pain of drawing a tooth. Hatred to the guillotine has had a large influence upon later judgments. The instrument for the punishment of the guilty became the instrument of guilt, and there is an inclination to extend to the machine a part of the opprobrium which attaches to those who put it in motion. And unquestionably there are moral associations, independent of every physical consideration, which will always render it the most loathsome and sickening of all the contrivances by which felons are made to pay the penalty of crime.

The punishment of the wheel was among the deaths exploded by the guillotine, and out of a spirit of hostility to everything which preceded the Revolution, the barbarities that attended it have been grossly exaggerated. The criminal fastened to a St. Andrew's cross had his limbs fractured with an iron bar. Though each blow might be conjectured to be a death in itself, the notorious Mandrin laughed on receiving the second stroke, and when the confessor reproved his levity, replied that he was laughing at his own folly in supposing that sensibility could survive the first concussion. The demeanour of a culprit is uncertain evidence of the pain he endures. The timid shriek with apprehension,—the brave by the energy of self-control can continue calm in the extremest torture. Mandrin was of that class of men whose minds are not to be penetrated by the iron which enters the flesh, and his indifference perhaps was partly assumed. But such blows have certainly a stunning effect, and rendered the punishment far less dreadful than we are accustomed to picture it. From the cross the mangled body was transferred to the wheel,—the back curved over the upper circumference, and the feet and head depending downwards. Here  
it

it was common, according to some who have written since, for the unhappy wretches to linger for hours—writhing with agony, and often uttering blasphemies in their torment. Happen now and then it did, but common it was not. Of those condemned to the wheel, all except the worst description of criminals were strangled beforehand. Of those who were broken alive, none were denied the *coup-de-grace* for the final stroke. This was a blow on the pit of the stomach, with the intention, seldom defeated, of putting an end to the tortures of the victim. Rarely after the blow of grace did he continue to breathe—more rarely to feel. Yet upon the ground of this feature in the punishment of the wheel Mr. Alison declares he is tempted to forget all the cruelties of the Revolution, and exclaim with Byron, ‘Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!’ But assuming the truth of the misstatements which he has adopted from a writer of French memoirs, was it because ruffians who had inflicted greater suffering than they endured were put to death by methods repudiated in a humaner age, or, if he pleases, though it was not the case, repudiated at the time by the avengers, whom events proved to be more sanguinary than the laws,—was it on this account that kings and nobles should be brought to the scaffold, innocent men, women, and children butchered by thousands, the church be overthrown, property confiscated,—that massacre, war, havoc, and ruin should desolate the land? Feelings find vent in exaggerated language, and we should not be critical upon an expression of sympathy, though extravagant in sentiment and offensive in form, unless these outbursts of spurious indignation had pervaded the whole of Mr. Alison’s account of the French revolution. There are, it is true, abundance of passages of an opposite description, for the jarring elements of hot and cold are poured out indiscriminately, and left to mingle as they may.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of faggots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three-quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly

as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonising and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

Several punishments allied to crucifixion, but which differed in the method of fastening the body, were once common, and are not entirely obsolete. Whether men are nailed to a cross, hung up with hooks, or fixed upon stakes, there is a strong resemblance in the suffering produced; and any differential circumstance which adds to the torture, also curtails it. Maundrell has given from hearsay an account of impalement as practised at Tripoli, which would throw its rivals into the shade. A post the size of a man's leg, sharpened at the top, was placed in the ground, and when the point had been inserted between the legs of the victim, he was drawn on, as a joint of meat upon a spit, until the stake came through at the shoulders. In this condition he would sometimes sit for a day and a night, and by smoking, drinking, and talking, endeavour to beguile the weary time. Maundrell is a trustworthy traveller, but on this occasion he was certainly deceived, or the anatomy of man has degenerated since. A race of beings who could endure a post the size of a leg to traverse their vitals, and be alive at the close—who, yet more, could sit for four-and-twenty hours engaged in festive occupations, no matter

matter with how slight a relish, while pierced from end to end with a staff more clumsy than that of Goliath's spear—a race of beings so tenacious of life, and insensible to pain, would require punishments to be heightened to meet the callousness of their structure; but with our delicate organization, too rough a usage breaks the golden cord. Nature has set bounds to the cruelty of man, for torture carried beyond a certain point defeats itself. Sorrow occupies a larger space in our minds than it does in our existence. Time, who in our happier hours put on wings and flew like the wind, in our misery toils heavily with leaden feet; but though he may lag he cannot stop, and, when every other alleviation is gone, this will always remain to sustain patience under aggravated torments—that there must be a speedy abatement or a speedy release.

We have been accompanying the body in its progress to the grave. We had meant next to retrace our steps, and observe the workings of the mind in its approach to the boundary which divides time from eternity; but this subject is, we find, too extensive to be made an appendage.

ART. III.—1. *General Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges on the Chester and Holyhead Railway.* Published, with the permission of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer, by a Resident Assistant. Pp. 34. London. 1849.

2. *An Account of the Construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges, with a complete History of their Progress, from the conception of the Original Idea to the conclusion of the elaborate Experiments which determined the exact Form and Mode of Construction ultimately Adopted.* By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, C.E., Memb. Inst. Civil Engineers; Vice-President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester, &c. London. 1849.

**I**N continuation of our sketch of the practical working of the London and North-Western Railway, we now offer to our readers a short descriptive outline of the aerial passages through which it is proposed by the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, that the public shall, without cuneiform sustentation, fly across the Menai Straits.

We shall divide our subject into the following compartments:—

1. The principle upon which the Britannia Bridge is constructed.
2. The mode of its construction.
3. The floating of its tubes.
4. The



4. The manner in which they are subsequently raised.

5. Mr. Fairbairn's complaint that Mr. Robert Stephenson has deprived him 'of a considerable portion of the merit of the construction of the Conway and Britannia Bridges.'

1. PRINCIPLE OF THE PROPOSED PASSAGE.—In the construction of a railway from Chester to Holyhead, the great difficulty which its projectors had to contend with was to discover by what means, if any, long trains of passengers and of goods could, at undiminished speed, be safely transported across that great tidal chasm which separates Carnarvon from the island of Anglesey. To solve this important problem the Company's engineer was directed most carefully to reconnoitre the spot; and as the picture of a man struggling with adversity has always been deemed worthy of a moment's attention, we will endeavour to sketch a rough outline of the difficulties which one after another must have attracted Mr. Robert Stephenson's attention, as on the Anglesey side of the Menai Straits he stood in mute contemplation of the picturesque but powerful adversaries he was required to encounter.

Immediately in his front, and gradually rising towards the clouds above him, were the lofty snow-capped mountains of Snowdon, along the sides of which, or through which, the future railroad, sometimes in bright sunshine and sometimes in utter darkness, was either to meander or to burrow.

Beneath him were the deep Menai Straits, in length above 12 miles, through which, imprisoned between precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and of St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards, but at the same time, and from the same cause, are progressively rising or falling from 20 to 25 feet with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water every day, forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

The point of the Straits which it was desired to cross—although broader than that about a mile distant, pre-occupied by Mr. Telford's Suspension-bridge—was of course one of the narrowest that could be selected; in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through it with such violence that, except where there is back-water, it is often impossible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind which come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neighbouring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as dangerous to sail as it is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water, sometimes playfully, and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other—like some of Shakspeare's fairies—in exhibiting

exhibiting before the stranger the utmost variety of fantastic changes which it is in the power of each to assume.

But in addition to the petty annoyances which air, earth, and water could either separately or conjointly create, the main difficulty which Mr. Stephenson had to encounter was from a new but irresistible element in Nature, an 'orbis veteribus incognitus,' termed in modern philosophy *The First Lord*, or, generically, *The Admiralty*.

The principal stipulation which the requirements of War, and the interests of Commerce, very reasonably imposed upon Science was, that the proposed passage across the Menai Straits should be constructed a good hundred feet above high-water level, to enable large vessels to sail beneath it; and as a codicil to this will it was moreover required that, in the construction of the said passage, neither scaffolding nor centering should be used—as they, it was explained, would obstruct the navigation of the Straits.

Although the latter stipulation, namely that of constructing a large superstructure without foundation, was generally considered by engineers as amounting almost to a prohibition, Mr. Stephenson, after much writhing of mind, extricated himself from the difficulty by the design of a most magnificent bridge of two cast-iron arches, each of which commencing, or, as it is termed, springing, 50 feet above the water, was to be 450 feet broad and 100 feet high—the necessity for centering being very ingeniously dispensed with by connecting together the half arches on each side of the centre pier, so as to cause them to counterbalance each other like two boys quietly seated on the opposite ends of a plank supported only in the middle. This project, however, which on very competent authority has been termed 'one of the most beautiful structures ever invented,' the Admiralty rejected, because the stipulated height of 100 feet would only be attained under the *crown* of the arch, instead of extending across the *whole* of the watercourse. It was also contended that such vast cast-iron arches would take the wind out of vessels' sails, and, as a further objection, that they would inevitably be much affected by alternations of temperature.

Although this stern and unanticipated demand, that the passage *throughout its whole length* should be of the specified height, appeared to render success almost hopeless, it was evidently useless to oppose it. The man of science had neither the power nor the will to contend against men of war, and accordingly Mr. Stephenson felt that his best, and indeed only, course was—like poor little Oliver Twist when brought before his parish guardians—'TO BOW TO THE BOARD;' and we beg leave to bow to it too,  
for,"

for, gnarled as were its requirements, and flat as were its refusals, it succeeded, at a cost to the Company to which we will subsequently refer, in effecting two great objects;—first, the maintenance for ever, for the purposes of War and Commerce, of an uninterrupted passage for vessels of all nations sailing through the Menai Straits; and secondly, the forcing an eminent engineer to seek until he found that which was required; in fact, just as a collision between a rough flint and a piece of highly-tempered steel elicits from the latter a spark which could not otherwise have appeared, so did the rugged stipulations of the Admiralty elicit from Science a most brilliant discovery, which possibly, and indeed probably, would never otherwise have come to light.

But to return to the Anglesey shore of the Menai Straits.

When Mr. Stephenson, after many weary hours of rumination in his London study, beheld vividly portrayed before him the physical difficulties with which he had to contend in the breadth and rapidity of the stream; when he estimated not only the ordinary violence of a gale of wind, but the paroxysms or squalls which in the chasm before him, occasionally,—like the Erle King terrifying the ‘poor baby,’—convulsed even the tempest in its career; and lastly, when he reflected that, in constructing a passage so high above the water, he was to be allowed neither centerings, scaffoldings, nor arches, it occurred to him, almost as intuitively as a man when his house is on fire at once avails himself of the means left him for escape, that the only way in which he could effect his object was by constructing in some way or other, at the height required, a straight passage, which, on the principle of a common beam, would be firm enough to allow railway trains to pass and repass without oscillation, danger, or even the shadow of risk; and it of course followed that an aerial road of this description should be composed of the strongest and lightest material; that its form should be that best suited for averting the wind; and lastly, that no expense should be spared to protect the public from the awful catastrophe that would result from the rupture of this ‘baseless fabric’ during the passage over it of a train.

It need hardly be stated that, whatever might be the result of Mr. Stephenson’s abstract calculations on these points, his practical decision was one that necessarily involved the most painful responsibility; which indeed, if possible, was increased by the reflection that the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway placed such implicit confidence in his judgment and caution, that they were prepared to adopt almost whatever expedient he might, on mature consideration, recommend.

In war, the mangled corpse of the projector of an enterprise is usually considered a sufficient atonement for his want of  
success;

success; indeed, the leader of the forlorn-hope, who dies in the breach, is not only honourably recollected by his survivors, but by a glorious resurrection occasionally lives in the History of his country: but when a man of science fails in an important undertaking involving the capital of his employers and the lives of the public, in losing his reputation he loses that which *never can be revived!*

Unawed, however, by these reflections, Mr. Stephenson after mature calculations—in which his practical experience of iron-ship building must have greatly assisted him—confidently announced, first to his employers and afterwards to a Committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was rigidly examined, that he had devised the means of accomplishing that which was required; and further, that he was ready to execute his design.

The great difficulty had been in the conception and gestation of his project; and thus his severest mental labour was over before the work was commenced, and while the stream, as it hurried through the Menai Straits, as yet saw not on its banks a single workman.

The outline or principle of his invention was, that the required passage of passengers and goods across the Conway and Menai Straits should be effected through low, long, hollow, straight tubes—one for up-trains, the other for down ones—composed of wrought-iron ‘boiler-plates,’ firmly riveted together. He conceived that, in order to turn aside the force of the wind, these tubes ought, like common water-pipes, to be made oval or elliptical, and that they should be constructed at their final elevation on temporary platforms, upheld by chains which—withstanding the evident objection, in theory as well as in practice, to an admixture of moveable and immoveable parts—might of course subsequently be allowed to give to the bridge an auxiliary support, although Mr. Stephenson’s experience enabled him to declare to the Committee of the House of Commons very positively that no such extra assistance would be required. He proposed that the extremities of the tubes should rest on stout abutments of masonry, terminating the large embankment by which from either side of the country each was to be approached; the intermediate portions of the aerial passage reposing at the requisite elevation upon three massive and lofty towers. Of these one was to be constructed at high-water mark on each side of the Straits. The third, no less than 210 feet in height, was to be erected as nearly as possible in the middle of the stream, on a tiny rock, which, covered with 10 feet of water at high tide, although at low water it protruded above the surface, had long been considered as a grievance  
by

by boatmen and travellers incompetent to foresee the important service it was destined to perform.

The four lengths of each of the twin tubes, when supported as described, were to be as follows:—

From Carnarvon embankment, terminating in its abutment, to the tower at high-water mark . . . . .	Feet. 274
From the latter tower to Britannia tower, situated upon Britannia rock in the middle of the stream . . . . .	472
From Britannia tower to that at high-water mark on the Anglesey shore . . . . .	472
From the Anglesey tower to the abutment terminating the embankment which approaches it . . . . .	274
Total length of each tube . . . . .	1492
Total length of both tubes . . . . .	2984

Notwithstanding the bare proposal of this magnificent conception was unanswerable evidence of the confidence which the projector himself entertained of its principles, yet, in justice to his profession, to his employers, to the public, as well as to himself, Mr. Stephenson deemed it proper to recommend that, during the construction of the towers and other necessary preparations, a series of searching experiments should be made by the most competent persons that could be selected, in order to ascertain the precise shape and thickness of the immense wrought-iron aërial galleries that were to be constructed, as also the exact amount of weight they would practically bear. In short, the object of the proposed experiments was to insure that neither more nor less materials should be used than were absolutely requisite, it being evident that every pound of unnecessary weight that could be abstracted would, *pro tanto*, add to the strength and security of the structure.

Although it was foreseen, and very candidly foretold, that these experiments would be exceedingly expensive, the Directors of the Company readily acceded to the requisition, and accordingly, without loss of time, the proposed investigation was, at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, solely confided to Mr. William Fairbairn, a shipbuilder and boiler-maker, who was justly supposed to possess more practical experience of the power and strength of iron than any other person that could have been selected. Mr. Fairbairn, however, after having conducted several very important investigations, deemed it necessary to apply to Mr. Stephenson for permission 'to call in the aid and assistance of Mr. Hodgkinson,' a powerful mathematician, now professor in the University of London, and whom Mr. Stephenson, in his report

report to the Directors, dated Feb. 9, 1846, declared to be ‘distinguished as the first scientific authority on the strength of iron beams.’ To these two competent authorities Mr. Stephenson subsequently added one of his own confidential assistants, Mr. Edwin Clark, a practical engineer of the highest mathematical attainments, who regularly recorded and reported to Mr. Stephenson the result of every experiment,—to whom the construction and lifting of the Britannia galleries were eventually solely intrusted,—and by whom an elaborate description of that work is about to be published.\*

The practicability of Mr. Stephenson’s hollow-beam project having thus, at his own suggestion, been subjected to a just and rigid investigation, we shall have the pleasure of briefly detailing a few of the most interesting and unexpected results; previous, however, to doing so, we will endeavour to offer to those of our readers who may not be conversant with the subject a short practical explanation of the simple principle upon which a beam, whether of wood or iron, is enabled to support the weight inflicted upon it.

If human beings can but attain what they desire, they seldom alloy the gratification they receive by reflecting—even for a moment—on the sufferings which their fellow-creatures may have undergone in procuring for them the luxury in question. Dives sometimes extols his coals, his wine, his food, his raiment, his house, his carriages, and his horses, and yet how seldom does he either allude to or ruminate on the hardships and misery which, for his enjoyment, have been endured in coal-pits, lead-mines, sugar-plantations, cotton-fields, manufactories, smelting-houses, in horticultural and agricultural labour, by the sons and daughters of Lazarus!—and if this heartless apathy characterises human beings with reference to each other, it may naturally enough be expected that, provided *inanimate* objects answer our purpose, we think not of them at all. For instance, if a beam without bending or cracking bears—as it usually does—the weight which the builder has imposed upon it, who cares how it suffers or where it suffers?

For want, therefore, of a few moments’ reflection on this

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\* ‘With the sanction and under the immediate supervision of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer. A Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges; including an Historical Account of the Design and Erection, and Details of the Preliminary Experiments, with the Theories deduced from them. Also, General Inquiries on Beams, and on the Application of Riveted Wrought-Iron Plates to Purposes of Construction; with Practical Rules and Deductions, illustrated by Experiments. By Edwin Clark, Assistant Engineer. With Diagrams and a folio volume of Plates and Drawings, illustrative of the Progress of the Works. London: Published for the Author, by John Weale, 59, High Holborn, 1849.’

subject, most people, in looking up at a common ceiling-girder, consider that the corresponding upper and lower parts thereof must at all events, *pari passu*, suffer equally; whereas these upper and lower strata suffer from causes as diametrically opposite to each other as the climates of the pole and of the equator of the earth; that is to say, the top of the beam throughout its whole length suffers from severe compression, the bottom from severe extension, and thus, while the particles of the one are violently jammed together, the particles of the other are on the point of separation; in short, the difference between the two is precisely that which exists between the opposite punishments of vertically crushing a man to death under a heavy weight, and of horizontally tearing him to pieces by horses!

Now this theory, confused as it may appear in words, can at once be simply and most beautifully illustrated by a common small straight stick freshly cut from a living shrub.

In its natural form, the bark or rind around the stick is equally smooth or quiescent throughout; whereas, if the little bough firmly held in each hand be bent downwards, so as to form a bow, or, in other words, to represent a beam under heavy pressure, two opposite results will instantly appear; namely, the rind in the centre of the upper half of the stick will, like a smile puckering an old man's face, be crumpled up; while on the opposite side immediately beneath, it will, like the unwrinkled cheeks of Boreas, be severely distended—thus denoting or rather demonstrating what we have stated, namely, that beneath the rind the wood of the upper part of the stick is severely compressed, while that underneath it is as violently stretched; indeed if the little experiment be continued by bending the bow till it breaks, the splinters of the upper fracture will be seen to interlace or cross each other, while those beneath will be divorced by a chasm.

But it is evident on reflection that these opposite results of compression and extension must, as they approach each other, respectively diminish in degree, until in the middle of the beam, termed by mathematicians 'its neutral axis,' the two antagonist forces, like the anger of the Kilkenny cats, or, rather, like still-water between tide and back-stream, become neutralised, and, the laminæ of the beam consequently offering no resistance either to the one power or to the other, they are literally useless.

As therefore it appears that the main strength of a beam consists in its power to resist compression and extension, and that the middle is comparatively useless, it follows that in order to obtain the greatest possible amount of strength, the given quantity of material to be used should be accumulated at the top and bottom where the strain is the greatest—or in plain terms the  
middle

middle of the beam, whether of wood or iron, should be bored out. All iron girders, all beams in houses, in fact all things in domestic or naval architecture that bear weight, are subject to the same law.

The reader has now before him the simple philosophical principle upon which Mr. Stephenson, when he found that he was to be allowed neither scaffolding, centering, nor arches, determined to undertake to convey at undiminished speed the Chester and Holyhead Railway's passenger and goods traffic across the Conway and Menai Straits through hollow tubes instead of attempting to do so upon solid beams; and as a striking and perhaps a startling exemplification of the truth of his theory, it may be stated that although his plate-iron galleries, suspended by the tension as well as supported by the compression of their materials, have on mature calculations been constructed to bear nearly nine times the amount of the longest railway train that could possibly pass through them (namely, one of their own length), yet if, instead of being hollow, they had been a *solid* iron beam of the same dimensions, they would not only have been unable to sustain the load required, but would actually have been bent by—or, metaphorically, would have fainted under—their own weight!

*Experiments.*—One of the most interesting and important results of the preliminary investigations so ably conducted by Mr. Fairbairn and his friend and associate Mr. Hodgkinson, was the astonishing difference found to exist between the power of cast and that of wrought iron to resist compression and extension. From the experience which engineers and builders had obtained in imposing weights upon cast-iron girders of all shapes and sizes, it had long been considered almost a mechanical axiom that iron possessed greater power to resist compression than extension; whereas Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, to his surprise as well as to that of all who witnessed them, most clearly demonstrated that, after bearing a certain amount of weight, the resisting properties of cast and of wrought iron are diametrically opposite; in short, the results in figures proved to be nearly as follows:—

*Cast-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 35 to 49 tons.

Extension of „ 3 7

*Wrought-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 12 to 13 tons.

Extension of „ 16 to 18.

The unexpected results thus obtained were of incalculable practical value; for, if the preliminary experiments proposed by Mr. Stephenson had not been made, he, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Clark, and indeed all the eminent engineers

and



and mathematicians of the present day, would—on the correct principle of everywhere adjusting the thickness of iron to the force it has to resist—have erroneously concurred in recommending that the proposed *wrought*-iron tubes for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits should be constructed stronger at bottom than at top, instead of, as it appears they ought to be, stronger at top than at bottom—in consequence of which error the aerial gallery would have been improperly weakened in one part by an amount of iron which would have unscientifically overloaded it at another, and thus, like Falstaff's 'increasing belly and decreasing legs,' the huge mass, with diminished strength, would have laboured under unnecessary weight.

By continuing with great patience and ability the experiments above referred to, it was finally ascertained that the relative strength of *wrought* iron in the top and bottom of the tubes should be in the proportion of about 5 to 4; and whereas, had they been constructed of *cast* iron, these proportions would have been reversed in the higher proportion of nearly 5 to 1, it may reasonably be asked why, if the latter material bears compression so much better than the former, it was not selected for the *top* of the tube? In theory this adjustment of the two metals to the force which each was peculiarly competent to resist, would have been perfectly correct. It, however, could not practically be effected, from the difficulty of casting as well as of connecting together plates 10 and 12 feet in length of the very slight thicknesses required. Mr. Stephenson, therefore, adhered to his determination to make the whole of his aerial galleries of wrought iron; and we may here observe that, to ensure the public from accident, he further resolved that the amount of the force of extension upon them should be limited to only one-third of their power of resistance, that of compression to one-half—the reason of the difference being that, inasmuch as any little flaw in the iron would infinitely more impair its power to resist extension than compression, it was evidently safer to approximate the limits of the latter than of the former.

As the exact strength of a hollow wrought-iron tube such as was proposed was unknown to engineers, it was deemed necessary by Mr. Stephenson that its *form* as well as the disposition of its materials should be correctly ascertained. This portion of the investigation Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues with great care and ability conducted by subjecting tubes of different shapes to a series of experiments, the results of which were briefly as follows:—

1. *Cylindrical tubes*, on being subjected to nine very severe trials, failed successively by collapsing at the top—or, in other words,  
by

by evincing inability to resist compression:—the tube, losing its shape, gradually became elongated or lantern-jawed, while the two extremities were observed to flatten or bulge out sideways—besides which the ends, which for precaution sake rested on concentric wooden beds, invariably bent inwards.

2. *Elliptical tubes*, with thick plates riveted to the top and bottom, had been particularly recommended for experiment by Mr. Stephenson. These tubes under heavy pressure displayed greater stiffness and strength than round or cylindrical ones; but, after being subjected to a variety of torturing experiments of a most ingenious description, they all evinced comparative weakness in the top to resist compression. They likewise exhibited considerable distortions of form.

3. A family weakness in the head having been thus detected in all models circular at bottom and top, *rectangular tubes* were in their turn next subjected to trial. As they at once appeared to indicate greater strength than either of the other two forms had done, a very elaborate and interesting investigation was pursued by Mr. Fairbairn, who, by the light of his experiments, soon satisfied himself of the superiority of this form over the other two; and as every successive test confirmed the fact, he continued his search with an energy that has only since been equalled by the American judge who, it is said, on arriving at California, deserted the bench for 'the diggings.'

The following is an abstract of the important result of about forty experiments made by Messrs. Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, and Clark, on the comparative strength of circular, elliptical, and rectangular tubes:—*Circular*, 13; *Elliptical*, 15; *Rectangular*, 21.

As soon as the rectangular was by the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson clearly ascertained to be the best form of hollow tube that could be selected, the next important problem to be determined by experiment was what amount of strength should be given to it, or, in other words, what should be the thickness of its top and bottom, in which, as we have shown, consisted its main power.

The investigations on this subject soon demonstrated that if, instead of obtaining this thickness by riveting together two or three layers of plates, they were, on the principle of the beam itself, placed in horizontal strata a foot or two asunder—the included hollow space being subdivided by small vertical plates into rectangular passages or flues extending along the whole top as well as bottom of the tube—an immense addition of strength, with very nearly the same weight of material, would be obtained.

This adaptation proving highly advantageous, it was deemed

advisable by Mr. Stephenson that further experiments should be made by Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues to determine finally the precise form and proportions of the great tubes. For this object an entirely new model tube, one-sixth of the dimensions of the intended Britannia Bridge, was very carefully constructed; and the cellular tops and bottoms thereof, as well as the sides, were subjected to a series of experiments until the exact equilibrium of resistance to compression and extension, as also the variations in the thicknesses of the plates in the several parts of the tube as they approached or receded from different points of support, were most accurately ascertained.

In these as well as in all the previous experiments the trial tubes were loaded till they gave way—the results being accurately recorded and transmitted by Mr. Clark to Mr. Stephenson, who in return confidentially assisted Mr. C. with his opinion and advice. From the fibrous nature of wrought iron, as compared with the crystalline composition of the cast metal, the tendency to rupture in most of these experiments was slow and progressive. Destruction was never instantaneous, as in cast iron, but it advanced gradually; the material, for some time before absolute rupture took place, emitting an unmistakeable warning noise; just as a camel, while kneeling on the burning sandy desert, and while writhing his head from one side to the other, snarls, grunts, grumbles and groans louder and louder, as his swarthy turbanheaded owners keep relentlessly adding package after package to his load.

Although it can mathematically be shown that the two sides of a thin hollow tube are of but little use except to keep the tops and bottoms at their duty—the power of resistance of the latter being, however, enormously increased by the distance that separates them—it was nevertheless necessary to ascertain the precise amount of lateral strength necessary to prevent the aerial gallery writhing from storms of wind. The riveting process was likewise subjected to severe trial, as also the best form and application of the slender ribs termed ‘angle-irons,’ by which not only the plates were to be firmly connected, but the tube itself materially strengthened—in fact, the angle-irons were to be its bones, the thin plate-iron covering being merely its skin.

Mr. Stephenson had two main objects in instituting the investigations we have detailed. First, to determine by actual experiment what amount of strength *could* be given to his proposed galleries; and, secondly, of that maximum *how much* it would be proper for him to exert. And as his decisions on these subjects will probably be interesting to our readers, most especially to that portion of them whose fortunes or fate may doom them occasionally

occasionally to fly through his baseless fabric, we will endeavour very briefly to explain the calculations on which they appear to have been based.

As a common railway train weighs upon an average less than a ton per foot,—as the greatest distances between the towers of the Britannia Bridge amount each to 460 feet,—and as it is a well-known mathematical axiom among builders and engineers that any description of weight spread equally along a beam produces the same strain upon it as would be caused by half the said weight imposed on *the centre*—it follows that the maximum weight which a monster train of 460 feet (an ordinary train averages about half that length) could at one time inflict on any portion of the unsupported tube would amount to 460 tons over the whole surface, or to 230 tons at the centre.

Now, to ensure security to the public, Mr. Stephenson, after much deliberation, determined that the size and adjustment of the iron to be used should, according to the experiments made and recorded, be such as to enable the aforesaid unsupported portions of the tube (each 460 feet in length) to bear no less than 4000 tons over its whole surface, or 2000 tons in the centre, being nine times greater than the amount of strength necessarily required; and as the results—unexpected as well as expected—of the searching investigation which had been instituted, incontestably proved that this Herculean strength could be imparted to the galleries without the aid of the chains, which, even as an auxiliary, had been declared unnecessary—and as Mr. E. Clark had very cleverly ascertained that it would be cheaper to construct the tubes on the ground than on the aerial platform as first proposed—Mr. Stephenson determined, on mature reflection, to take upon himself the responsibility of reporting to the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway that this extra catenary support, which would have cost the Company 150,000*l.*, was wholly unnecessary. Indeed, such was the superabundance of power at his command, that, without adding to the weight of the rectangular galleries, he could materially have strengthened them by using at their top and bottom circular flues instead of square ones, which, merely for the convenience of cleaning, &c., were adopted, although the former were found on experiment to bear about 18 tons to the square inch before they became crushed, whereas the latter could only support from 12 to 14 tons.

But the security which Mr. Stephenson deemed it necessary to ensure for the public may further be illustrated by the following very extraordinary fact:—It has been mathematically demonstrated by Messrs. Hodgkinson and Clark, as well as practically proved by Mr. Fairbairn—indeed it will be evident to any one

who will go through the necessary calculations on the subject—that the strain which would be inflicted on the iron-work of the longest of Mr. Stephenson's aerial galleries by a monster train sufficient to cover it from end to end, would amount to six tons per square inch:—which is exactly equal to the constant stress upon the chains of Telford's magnificent suspension Menai Bridge when, basking in sunshine or veiled in utter darkness, it has nothing to support but its own apparently slender weight!

*Lateral strength.*—The aerial galleries having, as above described, been planned strong enough for the safe conveyance of goods and passengers at railway speed, it became necessary to calculate what lateral strength they would require to enable them to withstand the storms, tempests, squalls, and sudden gusts of wind to which from their lofty position they must inevitably be exposed.

The utmost pressure of the hurricane, as estimated by Smeaton,—but which is practically considered to be much exaggerated—amounts to about 46 lbs. to the square foot; and this, on one of the large tubes (460 feet long by an average of rather less than 30 feet high) would give a lateral pressure of 277 tons over the whole surface, or of 133 tons on the centre.

To determine the competency of the model tube to resist proportionate pressure to this amount, it was turned over on its side; and, having by repeated experiments been loaded and overloaded until it was crushed, the result fully demonstrated to Mr. Stephenson's satisfaction its power to resist, according to his desire, a lateral pressure more than five times greater than that which it is in the power of the hurricane to inflict.

The experimental information required by Mr. Stephenson having, by the zeal and ability of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark, been finally obtained, the next points for consideration came to be, where these gigantic twin-tubular galleries should be constructed, and, when constructed, by what power, earthly or unearthly—it will appear that the latter was found necessary—they should be raised to the lofty position they were decreed to occupy.

After much reflection on Mr. Clark's valuable suggestions on these subjects, Mr. Stephenson determined—1st. That the four shortest galleries, each 230 feet in length, (to be suspended at the height in some places of 100 feet between the two land towers and the abutments of the approaching embankments,) should, as he had originally proposed, be at once permanently constructed on scaffoldings in the positions in which they were respectively to remain; 2ndly. That the four longest galleries  
(each

(each 472 feet in length), which were eventually to overhang the straits, should be completely constructed at high-water mark on the Carnarvon shore, upon wooden platforms about 400 feet westward of the towers on which they were eventually to be placed; 3rdly. That to the bases of these towers they should, when finished, be floated on pontoons, from which they were to be deposited on abutments in the masonry purposely made to receive them; and, 4thly. That the tubes should be raised to and finally deposited in their exalted stations by the slow but irresistible power of hydraulic presses of extraordinary force and size.

II. CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUBES AND TOWERS.—The locality selected for the formation of the tubes having been cleared, a substantial platform, composed of balks of timber covered with planks, was very quickly laid down.

In the rear of this immense wooden stage, which extended along the shore no less than half a mile, covering about three acres and a half, there were erected three large workshops, containing forges and machinery of various descriptions, for belabouring, punching, and cutting plate-iron. There were likewise constructed five wharves with cranes for landing materials, as also six steam-engines for constant work.\* The number of men to be employed was—

On iron-work about . . . . .	700
At stone-work for the towers . . . .	800

Total . . . . . 1,500

Temporary shanties or wooden cottages, whitewashed on the outside, like mushrooms suddenly appeared in the green fields and woods immediately adjoining; besides which, accommodation was provided for a schoolroom, schoolmaster, clergyman, and in case of accidents a medical man, the whole being agreeably mixed up with a proportion of wives, sweethearts, and children, sufficient for cooking, washing, sewing, squalling, &c. Nevertheless, notwithstanding these alluring domestic arrangements, many sturdy independent workmen preferred sleeping in villages four and five miles off, to and from which they walked every morning and evening, in addition to their daily work; the remainder gipsying in the encampment in various ways, of which the following is a sample:—

An Irish labourer, known only by the name of ‘Jemmy,’ bought for himself a small clinker-built room. As ‘lodgings,’ however, soon rose in price, and as he had not time to keep a pig, he resolved to be satisfied henceforwards with half his tiny den, and accordingly let the remainder to a much stronger fellow-countryman, who, being still less particular, instantly let half of his half to

to a very broad-shouldered relation, until, like other Irish landlords we could name, poor 'Jemmy' found it not only very difficult to collect, but dangerous even modestly to *ask* for, 'his rint'! and thus in a short time, in consequence of similar 'pressure from without,' almost every chamber was made to contain four beds, in each of which slept two labourers.

As soon as the preliminary wharves, platforms, shanties, and workshops were completed, there instantly commenced a busy scene strangely contrasted with the silence, tranquillity, and peaceful solitude that had previously characterised the spot. While large gangs of masons were excavating the rocky foundations of the land towers, sometimes working in dense groups, and sometimes, in 'double quick time,' radiating from each other, or rather from a small piece of lighted slow-match, sparkling in the jumper-hole of the rock they had been surrounding; while carts, horses, and labourers in great numbers were as busily employed in aggregating the great embankments by which these towers were to be approached; while shiploads of iron from Liverpool—of Anglesey marble from Penmon—of red sandstone from Runcorn in Cheshire—at rates dependent upon winds and tides, were from both entrances to the straits approaching or endeavouring to approach the new wharves; while almost a forest of scaffold balks of the largest and longest description—like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—were silently gliding towards the spot; while waggons, carts, post-chaises, gigs, horses, ponies, and pedestrians, some of the latter carrying carpet-bags and some bundles, &c., were to be seen on both sides of the straits eagerly converging across the country to the new settlement or diverging from it:—the unremitting clank of hammers—the moaning hum of busy machinery—the sudden explosion of gunpowder—the white vapour from the steam-engines—and the dark smoke slowly meandering upwards from their chimneys, gave altogether interest, animation, and colouring to the picture.

As our readers will, however, probably be anxious to know how the great tubes which have been delineated are practically constructed, we will shortly describe the operation, which, we are happy to say, is contained in a vocabulary of only three words, these aerial galleries being solely composed of—Plates—Rivets—and Angle-Irons.

*Plates.*—The wrought-iron plates which form the top, bottom, and sides of the Britannia 'land tubes,' 230 feet in length, are, of course, slighter than those required for the four, each 460 feet, which overhang the stream.

For these long tubes—which are of the same height and breadth

breadth as the shorter ones—the dimensions of the plates are as follows :—

<i>For the bottom</i>	{ 12 feet in length, 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 8 inches in breadth, $\frac{7}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness.
<i>For the top</i>	{ 6 feet in length, 1 foot 9 inches to 2 feet 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in breadth, $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness.
<i>For the sides</i>	{ 6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet in breadth, $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in thickness.

Although these plates have been severally forged with every possible attention, yet, to render them *perfect* in thickness, they are not allowed by Mr. Stephenson to be used for the tubes until each has been passed by the Company's superintendent between two uncompromising massive iron rollers, worked by steam, which, by revolving, quietly remove or rather squeeze down that variety of pimples, boils, lumps, bumps, and humps which from unequal contraction in the process of cooling occasionally disfigure the surface of plate-iron, and which in the workman's dictionary bear the generic name of '*buckles*.' When the plates, the largest of which weigh about 7 cwt., have been thus accurately flattened, they are, one after another, according to their dimensions, carried by two or more men towards one of several immense cast-iron levers which, under the influence of steam, but apparently of their own accord, are to be seen from morning till night, whether surrounded by workmen or not, very slowly and very indolently ascending and descending once in every three seconds.

Beneath the short end of this powerful lever there is affixed to the bottom of a huge mass of solid iron a steel bolt—about the length, thickness, and latent power of Lord John Russell's thumb—which, endowed with the enormous pressure of from 60 to 80 tons, sinks, at every pulsation of the engine, into a hole rather larger than itself, perforated in a small anvil beneath.

As soon as the labourers of the Department bearing each plate arrive at this powerful machine, the engineer in charge of it, assisted by the carrying-men, dexterously places the edge of the iron upon the anvil in such a position that the little punch in its descent shall consecutively impinge upon one of a series of chalk dots, which, at four inches from each other and 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the edge, have been previously marked around the four sides of the plate; and thus four rows of rivet-holes averaging an inch in diameter are, by the irresistible power we have described, pierced through plate-iron from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, quite as easily as a young cook playfully pokes her finger through the dough she is kneading, or as the child Horner perforated the crust of his Christmas pie, when



‘ He put in his thumb ’  
 And pulled out a plum,  
 And said—What a good boy am I !’

Some of the steam arms or levers just described are gifted with what may be termed ‘double-thumbs,’ and accordingly these perforate *two* holes at a time, or forty per minute—the round pieces of iron cut out falling, at each pulsation of the engine, upon the ground, through the matrix or perforation in the anvil.

When the plates, averaging from six to twelve feet in length by above two feet in breadth, have been thus punched all round, and before they are brought to the tube, they are framed together on the ground in compartments of about twenty plates each (five in length and four in breadth), in order to be connected to each other by what are termed *covering-plates* and *angle-irons*.

In order to prepare the former (which are half an inch in thickness, one foot in breadth, and about two feet long) they are heated in a small furnace, when, instead of passing between rollers, they are put under a stamping, or as it is technically termed a *joggling* block, which by repeated blows renders their surface perfectly flat; after which a series of holes corresponding in size as well as in distance from each other with those in the ‘plates’ are punched all along the outer edge of each of their four sides. When thus prepared, two of these small covering plates—one on each side—are made to cover and overlap the horizontal line of windage existing between the edges of the plates, which, as we have stated, have been previously arranged so as to touch each other; and bolts being driven through the corresponding holes of the three plates (the large plates lying between the two covering ones), they are firmly riveted together by the process we shall now describe.

**Rivets.**—In the construction of the Britannia tubes there have been required no less than two millions of bolts, averaging  $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of an inch in diameter and 4 inches in length. The quantity of rod-iron consumed for this purpose has therefore amounted in length to 126 miles, and in weight to about 900 tons!

The mode in which these legions of rivets have been constructed is briefly as follows:—

At the western end of the Company’s principal forging establishment there stands a furnace or trough, full of pieces of rod-iron from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length, packed together as closely as soldiers in a solid square of infantry. As soon as, by the fiery breath of bellows worked by steam, they have been made uniformly red-hot, a little boy, whom they are all obliged to obey, rapidly and without partiality, favour, or affection, picks them out one after another

another through the furnace-door with a pair of pincers, from which he quietly drops them perpendicularly into eight moulds, each of which being about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch shallower than the length of the piece of iron it respectively receives, they of course all equally protrude about that distance above the surface.

In this position they are handed over to a pale sturdy engineer, or executioner, who with about as much mercy as Procrustes used to evince towards those who slept on his bed, immediately places them upon an anvil, towards which there very slowly descends a huge superincumbent mass of iron pressed downwards by an immense long cast-iron lever worked by steam.

By this despotic power, the red protruding portion of each little rod is by a single crunch inexorably flattened, or 'fraternised,' and thus suddenly converted—*nolens volens*—into a bolt, it is no sooner thrown upon the ground, than the mould from which it was ejected is again, by the child in waiting, filled with another raw red-hot recruit, who by a process exactly the reverse of decapitation is shortened, not by the *loss* but by the *acquisition* of a head!

However, after all, just as 'the Marquis of —— is not the Duke of ——,' so is a bolt not a rivet, nor does it become one, until, like a bar-shot, it is made double-headed, an important process which has now to be described.

As soon as each 'set' of the half-inch iron plates which form the sides, top, and bottom of the Britannia tubes, have by a travelling crane been lifted—technically termed 'picked up'—into their places, and have been made to touch each other as closely as possible, a moveable stage on wheels is drawn close to the outside of the tube, for the purpose of firmly connecting every set of plates to that which on each side adjoins it. This work is performed by what is termed 'a set of riveters,' composed of two 'Riveters,' one 'Holder-up,' and two Rivet-boys.

As soon as the two first have ascended the scaffolding on the outside of the tube, and when the Holder-up, sitting on a board suspended by ropes from the roof, has exactly opposite to them taken up his position on the inside, one of the boys quickly abstracts from a travelling furnace, conveniently placed for the purpose, a red-hot bolt, which by a circular swing of his pincers he hurls inside the tube towards the other boy, his comrade or play-fellow, who, as actively as possible, with a similar instrument snapping it up, not only runs with it towards the Holder-up, but as long as he can reach the rivet-holes inserts it for him therein. As soon as this is effected, the Holder-up presses against it an enormous iron hammer, which forces it outwards until it is stopped by its own head. The red protruding bolt is now mercilessly  
assailed

assailed by the two Riveters, whose sledge-hammers meeting with a sturdy reaction from that of the Holder-up, which by a vast leverage or length of handle elastically returns blow for blow, the bolt, in about thirty seconds, becomes double-headed, when one of the Riveters, dropping his hammer, snatches up a steel mould about 9 inches long, called *a swage*, which he continues to hold upon the newly-formed head until his comrade, by repeated blows of his hammer, has *swaged* it into a workmanlike form.

The bolt is thus finally converted into a rivet, which, by contracting as it cools, binds together the plates even more firmly than they had already been almost cemented by the irresistible coercion of three sledge-hammers; indeed they are so powerfully drawn together, that it has been estimated it would require a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other.

The bolts for the upper holes of the interior, which, being about 30 feet high, are of course completely out of the Rivet-boy's reach, are dropped by him into a concentric iron ring, which, by a wire and cord passing over a pulley attached to one of the uppermost plates, is rapidly raised, until the Holder-up is enabled by pincers to grasp the fiery iron, which, on being inserted into its hole, he then instantly, as before, presses with his hammer.

By the operations above described, 'a set of riveters' usually drive per day about 230 rivets, of which in each plate there are about 18 per yard, in two rows, averaging only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches of clear space between each bolt-head. On the large tubes alone there have been employed at once as many as 40 sets of riveters, besides 26 'platers,' or men to adjust the plates, each having from three to four men to assist him; and when this well-regulated system is in full operation it forms altogether not only an extraordinary but an astounding scene.

Along the *outside* of the tube, suspended at different heights, are to be seen in various attitudes 80 Riveters—some evidently watching for the protruding red bolt, others either horizontally swinging their sledge-hammers, or holding the rivet-swage.

In the *inside* of this iron gallery, which is in comparative darkness, the round rivet-holes in the sides as well as in the roofs, not only appear like innumerable stars shining in the firmament of heaven, but the light beaming through each forms another as bright a spot either on the ground or on the internal surface of the tube. Amidst these constellations are to be faintly traced, like the figures on a celestial globe, the outlines of the Holders-up, sitting at different altitudes on their respective stages. Beneath them 40 or 50 Rivet-boys are dimly seen, some horizontally hurling red-hot bolts, others with extended pincers running for-  
wards

wards with them, while fiery bolts, apparently of their own accord, are to be observed vertically ascending to their doom. This cyclopean dance, which is of course most appropriately set to music by the deafening reverberations of 70 or 80 sledge-hammers, is not altogether without danger, for not only does a 'holder-up' from a wrong movement occasionally—like a political Phaëton—all of a sudden tumble *down*, but the rivet-boys, generally unintentionally, but occasionally, it is said, from pure mischief, burn each other more or less severely, in which cases a couple of these little sucking Vulcans, utterly unable, from incessant noise, to quarrel by words, fall to blows, and have even been observed to fight a sort of infernal duel with pincers, each trying to burn his opponent anywhere and everywhere with his red-hot bolt!

But by far the most curious part of the riveting process is to be seen on the flat roof or top of the tube. This immense deck, which we have already stated to be 472 feet in length, is composed of a pavement of plates to be connected together by 18 longitudinal rows of rivets, the heads of which are to be only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart. Beneath this surface, at a depth of only 1 foot 9 inches, there is, to give additional strength, a similar stratum of plates, the space included between both being divided into eight compartments called flues, 21 inches deep by 20 inches broad, exactly resembling those of a common stove. After the horizontal bottoms and upright sides of these eight flues have been firmly connected together by the battering process we have just described, the upper stratum of plates are loosely laid down, and, being thus by the superincumbent weight of the iron covering securely adjusted, their final connexion is effected as follows:—

A tiny rivet-boy—we observed one little mite only ten years of age—in clothes professionally worn into holes at the knees and elbows—crawling heels foremost for a considerable distance into one of these flues as easily as a yellow ferret trots into a 'rabbit-hole, is slowly followed by his huge lord and master *the holder-up*, who exactly fits the flue, for the plain and excellent reason, that by Mr. Stephenson the flue was purposely predestined to be exactly big enough to fit *him*; and as, buried alive in this receptacle, he can move but very slowly, he requires some time, advancing head foremost, to reach the point at which he is to commence his work. On arriving there, his first process, lying on his left side, is with his right hand to pass through one of the rivet-holes in the plate above him a little strong hook, to which is attached a short hempen loop, or noose, which, supporting the heavy end of his huge hammer, forms a fulcrum upon which he can easily raise it against the roof, simply by throwing his

his right thigh and leg over the extremity of the long lever or handle of the instrument.

When similar preparations, by the injection of other little Rivet-boys and other stout Holders-up into several of the other flues, have been made, the signal for commencing operations is given by several red-hot bolts falling, apparently from the clouds, among the Riveters, who, leaning on their sledge-hammers, have been indolently awaiting their arrival. These bolts have been heated on the outside of the tube on the ground immediately beneath, in a portable furnace, from which a gang of lithesome rivet-boys in attendance extract them as fast as they are required, and then walking away with them, without looking upwards, or apparently caring the hundred-thousandth part of the shaving of a farthing where they may fall, or whom they may burn, they very dexterously, by a sudden swing of their pincers, throw them almost perpendicularly about 45 feet, or about 10 feet higher than the top of the tube, upon which, as we have stated, they fall among the assembled riveters as if they had been dropped from the moon.

As soon as these red-hot meteors descend upon the flat roof, another set of rivet-boys eagerly snap them up, and each running with his bolt, not to the spot where it is required, but to one of certain holes in the plate made on purpose for its insertion, he delivers it into the pincers of the little sweep, rivet-boy, or Ascanius, within the flue, who, having been patiently waiting there to receive it, crawls along with it towards his Pius Æneas, the stout recumbent *holder-up*. As soon as he reaches him he inserts for him the small end of the bolt into the hole for which it has been prepared, and through which, in obedience to its fate, it is no sooner seen to protrude, than the sledge-hammers of the expectant riveters, severely jerking at every blow the heavy leg of the poor holder-up, belabour it and '*swage*' it into a rivet.

The red-hot iron—unlike the riveters—cools during the operation we have just described; and even if a by-stander, from being stone-blind, could not *see* the change in its temperature, it could easily be recognised by the difference in the *sound* of the hammers between striking the bolt while it is soft and hot, and when it has gradually become cool and hard. But whatever may be the variety of colours or of noises which accompany the formation of every one of these roof-rivets, it is impossible to witness the operation we have just described without acknowledging, with a deep sigh, how true is the proverb that 'one half of the world,' especially the rich half, 'does not know how the other half lives;' indeed, unless we had witnessed the operation, we could scarcely have believed that any set of human beings, or rather of fellow-creatures, could professionally work from morning till night, stuffed horizontally into

into a flue of such small dimensions,—that they could endure the confinement which only allows them, by changing from one side to another, to throw sometimes the right leg and sometimes the left over the elastic handle of a hammer,—and above all that they could bear the deafening noises created close to, and immediately thundering into their very ears!

In attentively watching the operations just described, we observed that at the *sides* of the tube it required generally eighteen blows of the hammer to flatten the end of the bolt, and then twelve blows on the '*swage*' to finish the head of the rivet; whereas, on the *roof*, the former operation was usually effected by only twelve blows, and the latter by eight or nine. At first, we conceived that this difference might be caused by a reduction in the sizes of the plates and bolts: but those in the roof proving to be the thickest and longest, we, on a few moments' reflection, ascertained that the reduction of labour in riveting the roof is caused by the sledge-hammers descending upon it by gravity as well as by the main strength of the riveters; whereas, at the *sides*, they are worked by the latter power only.

The operation cannot of course be carried on when the weather is either windy or wet. The riveters, holders-up, and rivet-boys very properly receive high wages. The first of these classes, however, strange to say, look *down* upon the holders-up as their inferiors, or rather as their menials; and again, the holders-up bully the little ragged-elbowed rivet-boys who wait upon *them*; but so it is, not only over the whole surface of the earth, but in the deep blue sea! In the stomach of the shark we find a dolphin, in whose stomach there is found a flying-fish, which, on dissection, has been found to have preyed on a smaller tribe, and so on. We have, therefore, no unkind reflection to cast upon 'riveters,' 'holders-up,' or 'rivet-boys' for frowning upon, bullying, or burning each other.

*Angle-Irons.*—The plates of the tubes, having throughout been scientifically adjusted in the different positions best suited to resist the variety of strains to which, from external or internal causes, they can possibly be subjected, are finally connected together by small ribs, which are firmly riveted to the plates. The quantity of *angle-iron* thus worked through the top, bottom, and sides of all the tubes amounts to no less than sixty-five miles! The sides are, moreover, connected to the top and bottom of each tube by small triangular plates, called *gussets*, which powerfully prevent the bridge from twisting or writhing under the lateral pressure of the wind.

III. THE FLOATING OF THE TUBE.—*The Gathering.*—On the principle of '*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*'

we

we determined, in the family way, to join that respectable crowd of brother and sister reviewers, ill-naturedly called 'gapers and gazers,' who from all parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Continent of Europe, and even from the United States of America, were, in various degrees of agitation, inquisitively converging upon North Wales, for the purpose of beholding something which, although unanimously declared to be 'quite new,' few appeared very clearly to understand.

All agreed that the wonder they wished to witness was *The Britannia Bridge*: but what was its principle or its form, what it was to do, or what was to be done to it, no person appeared able to explain to anybody. Some nasally 'guessed' it was to be raised; others—*ore rotundo*—positively declared it was to be only floated. One man truly enough affirmed 'it was to go from earth to earth, straight through the air, to avoid the water'—but by which or by how many of these three elements, or by what other powers, the strange transaction was to be effected, deponent, on cross-examination, was utterly unable to detail.

As the railway from Chester—where the principal portion of the travellers had concentrated—has for several miles been constructed along the sands of the Irish Sea, the passengers during that portion of their journey had ample space and opportunity for calm observation or reflection: as soon, however, as the heavily-laden trains reached Rhyl, there was gradually administered to the admirers of the picturesque a strange dose of intense enjoyment, mixed up with about an equal proportion of acute disappointment.

In flying over the valleys and round the hills and mountains of North Wales, there repeatedly glided before their eyes a succession of scenery of a most beautiful description, which, illuminated by the sunshine of heaven, appeared, as they approached each great impending mountain, to be exquisitely improving; until all of a sudden—just as if the pestilential breath of an evil spirit had blown out the tallow candle of their happiness—nothing in this world was left to occupy their senses but the cold chilly air of a damp dungeon rushing across their faces, a strong smell of hot rancid grease and sulphur travelling up their noses, and a loud noise of hard iron wheels, rumbling through a sepulchral pitch-dark tunnel, in their ears.

Hundreds of most excellent people of both sexes, who had been anxiously expecting to see

'The rock—whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,'

were grievously chagrined and most piteously disappointed by being told—as, like a pea going through a boy's pea-shooter, they

they were unintellectually flying through a long iron tube—that they were at that very moment passing it, Straits, Castle, and all. However, the balance of the account current was, on the whole, greatly in their favour, and thus, in due time and in high good humour, all reached Bangor in safety.

It need hardly be said that, early in the morning of the day, or rather of the evening, on which the important operations at the Britannia Bridge were actually carried into effect, every boat that could be engaged, every bus, carriage, waggon, gig, cart, and hack-horse that could be hired in Bangor, Beaumaris, as well as in the neighbouring towns and villages, were in requisition to convey, by repeated trips, the curious to the object of their curiosity—and certainly on reaching it the picture exhibited was one not very easy to be described.

The first amusing moral that irresistibly forced itself upon us, as our conductor with outstretched whip was endeavouring almost in vain to drive through the crowd, was, that of the many thousands of human beings who at considerable trouble and expense had assembled, more than nine-tenths were evidently wholly and solely absorbed in subjects which, though highly interesting, were alien to the purpose for which they had congregated!

Numbers of persons with heated faces, standing around small tables, allocated in various directions, were intently occupied in quaffing off a beautiful unanalysed pink effervescing mixture, called by its proprietor '*ginger beer*.'

The dejected countenance of Punch's English half-starved dog, as, dead-tired of the gallows scene, he sat exalted on his tiny platform, was strangely contrasted with the innumerable sets of strong grinning Welsh teeth and bright eyes, that in joyous amphitheatre were concentrated upon him. In several spots the attention of stooping groups of 'ladies and gentlemen' horizontally looking over each other's backs, was solely engrossed in watching what no one passing could possibly perceive—some trick of rude legerdemain upon the ground. On a small eminence the eyes of hundreds, as they stood jammed together, were elevated towards a jaded white-cheeked harlequin, and a very plump, painted-faced young lady in spangled trousers and low evening frock, who, on the elevated stage on which they stood, jumped, kicked with both legs, and then whirled violently on one, until the rustic clown, thoroughly satisfied with the sample, and unable to resist the alluring cymbals and brass trumpet that accompanied it, slowly ascended the ladder, surrendered his penny, and then, with his back turned towards the crowd, descended into a canvass chamber to wait; or rather on a rough wooden bench to sit, like Patience on a monument smiling at Hope.

Long



Long rectangular booths, open at three sides, appeared filled with people, in great coats and in petticoats, seated around a table, all seriously occupied in silent mastication. In the moving crowd some were evidently searching for the party they had lost, while others, suddenly stopping, greeted friends they had not expected to meet.

Among the motley costumes displayed, by far the most striking was that of the Welshwomen, many of whom were dressed in beautiful gowns protected by frock-coats,—their neatly-plaited white caps, surmounted by large black hats, such as are worn elsewhere by men, giving to their faces, especially to the old, around whose eyes the crows'-feet of caution were to be seen deeply indented, an amusing appearance of doubtful gender, which—it occurred to us at the time—the pencil of HB, with its usual wit, might, in illustration of the Epicene policy of the day, very faithfully transcribe. But whatever were the costumes, the ages, condition, or rank of the immense crowd of both sexes through which our old-fashioned vehicle slowly passed, everything that occurred seemed to elicit merriment, happiness, and joy. It was, in fact, a general holiday for all; and as boys out of school make it a rule never to think of their master, so apparently with one consent had the vast assemblage around us good-humouredly agreed together to cast aside the book they had intended to read—to forget the lesson they had purposely come to study.

By the kind attention of one of the Company's servants we were conducted in a small boat half way across the rapid currents of the Menai Straits to the Little Rock, then completely beneath the water—upon which, under the able direction of Mr. Frank Forster, engineer of the line from Bangor to Holyhead, there had been erected (on a base embedded in pure Roman cement of 62 feet by 52 feet) the Britannia Tower, which, still surrounded by its scaffolding, majestically arose out of the middle of the stream to a height of 230 feet.

This enormous structure, which weighs upwards of 20,000 tons, and which, from being roughly quarried or hewn, displays on the outside the picturesque appearance of natural rock, is a conglomeration of 148,625 cubic feet of Anglesey marble for the exterior—144,625 cubic feet of sandstone for the interior—and 387 tons of cast-iron beams and girders worked in, to give strength, solidity, and security to the mass. The only way of ascending was by a series of ladders, communicating, one above another, with the successive layers of horizontal balks, of which this immense pile of well-arranged scaffolding was composed—and accordingly, hand over hand and step by step we leisurely

leisurely arose until we reached a small platform 15 feet above the pinnacle of the tower.

The view was magnificent. On the east and west were to be seen glittering in large masses the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, connected together by the narrow Straits, whose silvery course, meandering in the chasm beneath, was alike ornamented and impeded by several very small rocks and islands, round and about which the imprisoned stream evidently struggled with great violence. Upon two or three of these little islands was to be seen, like a white speck, the humble cottage of the fisherman, who alone inhabited it. About a mile towards the Irish Sea there gracefully hung across the stream, in a festoon, which, in the annals of science, will ever encircle the name of Telford, his celebrated Suspension Bridge, over which a couple of horses, appearing like mice, were trotting.

On the north lay extended a verdant country, surmounted in the direction of the new railroad by the great Anglesey column, erected by the surrounding inhabitants to the noble Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo. About two hundred yards beneath this splendid testimonial, and adjoining to a little isolated church, there modestly peeped up a very small free-stone obelisk, erected by the workmen of the tower on which we stood as an humble but affecting tribute of regard to some half-dozen of their comrades, who—poor fellows!—had been killed in the construction of the Britannia Bridge.

On the south the horizon appeared bounded, or rather fortified by that range of mountains, about forty miles in length, which bear the name of Snowdon, and among which, the loftiest, stands the well-known Patriarch of the group. Between the base of these hills and the Straits was the little wooden city built for the artificers and workmen, its blue slates and whitewashed walls strongly contrasting with each other. In this vicinity we observed, in large masses and patches, the moving multitude through which we had just driven, and who, unsatiated with enjoyment, were still swarming round one object after another, like bees occasionally dispersing only to meet again.

Lastly, close to the shore, on their wooden platform, from which the crowd, by order of Captain Moorsom, R.N., was very properly strictly excluded, there stood, slightly separated from each other, the sole objects of our journey—namely, the two sets of hollow tubes, four in number, which, under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, had been constructed as the aerial passages for the up and down trains across the Straits. Being each 472 feet in length, and being also of the height of an ordinary two-storied dwelling, they all together appeared like a street or row

of chimneyless houses half a mile long, built on the water's edge ; indeed, if windows and doors had been painted upon them, the resemblance would have been perfect. Of the four lengthy compartments the two on the eastern extremity, and that on the western end, had been painted red ; the remaining one, which in a few hours was not only to be launched but floated down the stream to the very foot of the tower on which we stood, had been finished in stone-colour.

We would willingly conclude our slight panoramic picture by describing the appearance of the moving water gliding past the foot of the tower far beneath ; but on going to the edge of the masonry to look down at it, we must confess that we found it to be utterly impracticable to gaze even for a moment at the dizzy scene.

In descending from the eminence we had been enjoying, we paused at 50 feet from the top to inspect the steam-engine and boiler therein inserted for working two hydraulic presses, which principally reposed upon a wall 10 feet 6 inches thick, the other three walls being 7 feet 6 inches in thickness. At 107 feet from the top, and at 103 feet from the water, we again stopped for a few minutes to enter the immense passage in the Britannia Tower, through which—strange to think—trains full of up and down passengers at railway speed are to pass and repass each other. The ends of the tubes from the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers, now reposing far away on the beach, meeting at this point on immense cast-iron plates interposed on the masonry to secure an equal pressure, are not only to be firmly connected together, but are to be substantially riveted to the fabric. To the opposite ends of these tubes, the extremities of those passing from the embankment to the two land towers just named are also in like manner to be firmly connected ; by which means each aerial gallery will eventually be composed of a single hollow iron beam 1513 feet in length, far surpassing in size any piece of wrought iron-work ever before put together—its weight, 5000 tons, being nearly equal to that of two 120-gun ships, having on board, ready for sea, guns, powder, shot, provisions, crew, flags, captains, chaplains, admiral, and all !

Lastly, to bring the component parts of this not only extended but attenuated mass of iron into vigorous action, or in other words, to enable it to exert its utmost possible strength, Mr. Stephenson has directed that after the component parts of each of the two parallel tubes have, by the process already described, been firmly riveted into one continuous hollow beam, the extremities thereof shall be lowered about 15 inches, by taking away the false keels or foundations, on which in their  
construction

construction they had purposely been raised. By this simple operation it is estimated that the tube will receive a strength of 30 per cent. in addition to that which it possessed in separate lengths, and without the precise amount of tension so scientifically devised. When thus finally completed, its total length will amount to no less than 1841 feet.

To enable this enormous mass of thin plate-iron—the middle of which, as we have stated, is to be firmly riveted to that passage through the Britannia Tower to which we have descended—comfortably to expand itself and contract according to the temperature of the weather—a yawning enjoyment which requires the space of about 12 inches—a number of cast-iron rollers, as well as of balls of gun metal, all six inches in diameter, have been placed on immense cast-iron frames deposited on the land towers and abutments—so that the tubes, like the tide beneath them, may freely flow forwards or ebb backwards at their free will and pleasure, or rather according to the immutable laws of the Omnipotent Power by which they have been created.

On crawling upon our hands and knees through a gap or hole in the masonry of the Britannia Tower, which had been kept open for the purpose of passing through it a stout hawser for hauling to its destination the floating tube, we suddenly perceived at its base lying prostrate immediately beneath us—on a large platform, latticed like the grating of a ship, and under which the deep stream was rushing with fearful violence, boiling, bubbling, eddying around, as well as dimpling along the piles that obstructed it—what at the first glance very much resembled the main-sail of a man-of-war stretched out to dry, but which we soon discovered to be a conglomeration of the earth-stained fustian jackets, fustian trowsers, dusty stockings, hob-nailed shoes, red sun-burnt faces and brown horny fingers of a confused mass of over-tired labourers, all dead asleep under the stiff extended bars of the capstan which they had constructed, and at which they had been working.

Although they were lying, what in country parlance is termed ‘top and tail,’ jammed together so closely that in no place could we have managed to step between them, not a single eye was open, or scarcely a mouth shut. The expression of their honest countenances, as well as of their collapsed frames, plainly told not only how completely they had been exhausted, but how sweet was the rest they were enjoying. In the right hands of several of them, old stumpy pipes of different lengths, also exhausted, were apparently just dropping from their fingers, and while the hot sun was roasting their faces and bare throats, a number of very ordinary blue-bottle flies in search of some game or other were

either running down their noses and along their lips to the corners of their mouths, or busily hunting across the stubble of their beards.

Although for some time 'we paced along the giddy footing of the hatches' on which they were snoring, gazing sometimes at them, sometimes at the wild scenery around them, and sometimes at the active element that was rushing beneath, no one of the mass awakened or even moved, and thus, poor fellows! they knew not, and never will know, the pleasure we enjoyed in reviewing them!

On rowing from Britannia Rock we had, of course, a full view of the remainder of the masonry, containing all together no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone, of which this stupendous work is composed. As, however, it would be tedious to enter into its details, we will merely, while our boat is approaching the shore, state, that the towers and abutments are externally composed of the grey roughly-hewn Anglesey marble we have described; that the land-towers, the bases of which are the same as that of the Britannia, are each 198 feet above high-water, and that they contain 210 tons of cast-iron girders and beams.

The four colossal statues of lions—we must not compare them to sentinels, for they are couchant—which in pairs terminate the land ends of the abutments that on each side of the straits laterally support its approaching embankment—are composed of the same marble as the towers. These noble animals, which are of the antique, knocker-nosed, pimple-faced Egyptian, instead of the real Numidian form, although sitting, are each 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and weigh 30 tons. Their appearance is grand, grave, and imposing—the position they occupy being 180 feet in advance of the entrances into the two tubes, which so closely resemble that over the drawbridge into a fortress, that one looks up almost involuntarily for the portcullis.

The net-work of scaffolding, nearly 100 feet high, upon which the short tubes communicating from the Anglesey abutments to the land-tower had been permanently constructed, not only appeared highly picturesque, but was very cleverly composed of large solid balks of timber from 12 to 16 inches square, and from 40 to 60 feet in length.

*The Floating of the Tube.*—On landing we, of course, proceeded to the long range of tubes, or streets, we have described.

The arrangements which Mr. Stephenson had devised for floating the first of them to its destination were briefly as follows:—

As soon as this portion of the gallery was finally completed, the props upon which it had rested at a height above the wooden platform sufficient to enable artificers to work beneath it, were removed,

removed, so as to allow it to be supported only at its two extremities. The result of this trial satisfactorily demonstrated the accuracy of the calculations upon which the tube had been purposely constructed circular at bottom to the height or camber of nine inches, in order that when it assumed its proper bearing it should become perfectly straight—which it did.

During its formation a portion of the wooden platform under each of its ends was cut away and the rock beneath excavated, until on either side there was formed a dock just large enough to admit four pontoons, each 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep. When these docks were completed the eight pontoons,—scuttled at the bottom by valves which could either let in or keep out the water at pleasure,—were deposited at their posts; and though their combined power of floatage amounted to 3200 tons, the weight of the tube with its apparatus being only 1800 tons, yet, in consequence of the valves being kept open so as to allow the tide to flow in and out, they lay on their bottoms like foundered vessels; and thus it was curious to see crouching, as it were, in ambush beneath the tube a dormant power, only waiting for the word of command, *up and at 'em*, to execute the duty they were competent to perform.

Besides these arrangements Mr. Stephenson, in pursuance of a plan which had been deliberately committed to paper, had ordered the construction, on the Anglesey and on the Carnarvon shores, as also on stages constructed on piles at the Britannia Rock, of a series of capstans, communicating with the pontoons by a set of ropes and hawsers more than two miles in length. Of these the principal were two four-inch hawsers, or leading-strings, between which, like a captive wild elephant between two tame ones, the tube was to be safely guarded, guided, and conducted from its cradle to its position at the feet of the Anglesey and Britannia towers.

These preparations having been all completed, and every man having been appointed to his post, the valves in the eight pontoons were closed, in consequence of which they simultaneously rose with the tide, until their gunwales, like the shoulders of Atlas, gradually received their load.

At this moment the few who had been admitted to the spot watched with intense anxiety the extremities of the tubes, which, from the severe pressure they had been inflicting, had, in a slight degree, forced their way into the wooden balks that supported them. By degrees this pressure was observed perceptibly to relax, until a slight crack, and then a crevice was seen to exist between the old points of contact. In a few seconds this crevice was converted into daylight, amidst a general whisper of exultation announcing,

nouncing, 'IT'S AFLOAT!' The tube, however, was still firmly retained in its dock by two conflicting powers—namely, one set of hawsers, maternally holding it to the quiet home on which it had been constructed—and another set from the shore diametrically opposite, hauling it outwards to its destiny.

At this moment we ascended, by a long ladder, to the top of the tube, and had scarcely reached it when Mr. Stephenson very quietly gave the important word of command—*Cut the land attachments!* Some carpenters, all ready with their axes, at a few strokes nearly severed the strands, and, the tension from the opposite hawsers bursting the remainder, the long street, upon whose flat roof we stood, slowly, silently, and majestically moved into the water.

As the two extremities of the floating tube had been in alignment with those of the tubes on each side, which of course remained stationary, and whose roofs were loaded with well-dressed spectators, its advance was as clearly defined as that of a single regiment when, leaving its division to stand at ease, it marches by word of command from the centre out in front of its comrades.

Upon the deck or roof of the tube, which we may observe had no guard or railing, there was nailed Mr. Stephenson's plan, exhibiting the eight positions or minuet attitudes which the floating monster was to assume at different periods of its voyage; and, as it had 100 feet to proceed before its first change, we had leisure to gaze upon the strange interesting scene that surrounded us.

From the lofty summit of the Britannia Tower, surmounted by the Union Jack, to those of the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers on either side of it, were suspended, in two immense festoons, flags of all colours and of all nations. Every vessel at anchor, every steamer under weigh, as well as several houses on shore, were similarly ornamented. At different points on each coast, and especially upon every eminence, were congregated large variegated masses of human beings. The great green woods of Carnarvon seemed literally swarming alive with them, and, to add to the audience, a large steamer—arriving almost too late—as it scuffled to a safe position, exhibited a dense mass of black hats and showy bonnets, enlivened by a brass band, which was not unappropriately playing 'Rule Britannia,' the breeze wafting along with it the manly, joyous song of the sailors who, at the capstans on the opposite shore, were cheerily hauling in the hawsers upon which, for the moment, the thread of our destinies depended.

On arriving at Position No. 2, it became necessary to exchange the mechanical power by which the tube had been forced forwards, for that of the tide, which was to carry it end foremost down the stream to its goal. As, however, this latter power—to say nothing of

of a strong breeze of wind which drove the same way—would have propelled the lengthy mass more than twice as fast as it had been declared prudent it should proceed, a very strong power, by means of a small capstan, was exerted in each set of pontoons, to compress between wooden concentric clamps, the guide-hawsers, by which contrivance the pace was regulated with the greatest possible precision. This most important duty was confided to, and executed by, two volunteer assistants, Mr. Brunel and Mr. Locke (we rank them alphabetically); and, although the whole scene of the flotation was one of the most interesting it has ever been our chequered fortune to witness, there was no part of it on which we gazed, and have since reflected with such unmixed pleasure, as the zeal and almost over-anxiety with which Mr. Stephenson's two competitors in fame, stood, during the whole operation, intently watching him, until by either mutely raising his arms horizontally upwards, or in like manner slowly depressing them, he should communicate to them his desire that the speed might be increased or diminished.

But besides regulating the speed, it was repeatedly necessary, especially at the points we have enumerated, slightly to alter the position of the tube by means of capstans, often working together with combined powers on different points of the shores. Orders to this effect were silently communicated by exhibiting from the top of the tube large wooden letters, and by the waving of flags of different colours, in consequence of which the men of the distant capstans belonging to the letters telegraphically shown, were, at the same moment, seen violently to run round as if they had suddenly been electrified. Indeed at one point the poor fellows were all at once thrown upon their backs, in consequence of the rupture of the capstan-stop.

The duties of Captain Claxton—whose scientific and nautical acquirements had previously been evinced by floating the Great Britain at Dundrum—were highly important. Besides the experienced opinions he had contributed, he had sole command of the whole of the marine force, and accordingly from the top of the tube he continually communicated through his trumpet his orders to various small boats which, as floating aide-de-camps, attended upon him.

As he was getting ashore in the morning, we happened to see one of his crew, by suddenly pulling in the bow-oar, strike him so severely on the forehead that the blood instantly burst forth, as if to see who 'so unkindly knocked.' In half-a-dozen seconds, however, his pocket-handkerchief was tied over it, and he was giving his orders if possible more eagerly than before.

'Jack!' said a sailor from another boat, as with a quid in his cheek



cheek he slowly walked up to the coxswain, '*what's the matter with the Cappen's head?*'

'*A hear struck him,*' replied the sailor to his brother 'blue-jacket,' who at once appeared to be perfectly satisfied, as if he professionally knew that it was in the nature of an oar to do so.

When the tube was at about the middle of its transit, a slight embarrassment occurred which for a few minutes excited, we afterwards were informed, considerable alarm among the spectators on shore. In one of the most important of our changes of position, a strong hawser, connecting the tube with one of the capstans on the Carnarvon beach, came against the prow of a small fishing-boat anchored in the middle of the stream by a chain, which so resolutely resisted the immense pressure inflicted upon it, that the hawser was bent into an angle of about 100 degrees. The coxswain of a gig manned by four hands, seeing this, gallantly rowed up to the boat at anchor, jumped on board, and then, with more zeal than science, standing on the wrong side of the hawser, immediately put a handspike under it to heave it up. *That man will be killed*—said Mr. Stephenson very quietly. Captain Claxton vociferously assailed him through his trumpet, but the crew were Welsh; could not understand English; and accordingly the man, as if he had been applauded, exerting himself in all attitudes, made every possible exertion not only to kill himself but his comrades astern, who most certainly would also have been nearly severed by the hawser had it been liberated; but a tiny bump or ornament of iron on the boat's head providentially made it impossible, and the hawser having been veered out from ashore, the tube instantly righted.

The seventh movement brought the foremost end of the tube about 12 feet past the Anglesey Tower, and the rear end being now close to its destination, the hook of an immense crab or pulley-block passing through a hole purposely left in the masonry of the Britannia Tower was no sooner affixed to it than the workmen at the capstan on piles, whom we described as asleep, instantly ran round, until the tube was by main strength dragged—like the head of a bullock in the shambles—to a ring from which it could not possibly retreat. By a combination of capstan-power on the North shore, the foremost or opposite end was now drawn backwards until it came to the edge of the Anglesey Tower; and although we were aware that the measurements had of course been accurately predetermined, yet it was really a beautiful triumph of Science to behold the immense tube pass into its place by a windage or clear space amounting, as neatly as we could judge it, to *rather less than three-quarters of an inch.*

The tube having now evidently at both ends attained its position

tion over the stone ledge in the excavation that had been purposely constructed for it, a deafening—and, to us, a deeply-affecting—cheer suddenly and simultaneously burst out into a continuous roar of applause from the multitudes congregated in all directions, whose attention had been so riveted to the series of operations they had been witnessing, that not a sound had previously escaped from them; nor had they, in any place, been seen to move from the spots at which they either stood or sat.

Mr. Stephenson took no notice whatever of this salute; indeed we much question if he even heard it, for his attention was intently occupied in giving to his able and confidential assistant, Mr. Wild, directions respecting the final adjustment of the temporary fastenings by which the tube was to be retained; but the crowd of spectators—like that at a theatre when the curtain of the after-piece drops—were already seen hurrying away in all directions, by steam, by boats, by carriages, and on foot, until, in the brief course of an hour, both coasts were clear. The tide, however, during the operations we have described had become high, had turned, and was now beginning to be violent; the valves therefore having been partially drawn up, the pontoons, as they gradually filled, sank, until the widely-separated ends of the tube slowly descended to their respective shelf or ledge on each tower; and the discarded power that had successfully transported the vast gallery across the water then floating away with the stream—gently transferred from one element to another—it was thus left in the aëriform position it had been planned to occupy!

During the operations we have detailed there were, of course, made by the spectators of both sexes a variety of observations of more or less wisdom, of which our limits will only allow us historically to record a single sample.

'*Dear me!*' said an old gentleman, as the tube when it first swung across the Straits was in perspective seen approaching the platform on which he sat, and which was immediately in front of the awful chasm between Britannia and Anglesey Towers, '*they have surely been and made it too SHORT; they must put a bit ON!*' As soon, however, as, veering round, it approached him broadside foremost, he whispered, '*I'm quite sure it's too LONG; they'll have to cut a piece OFF!*'

A lady said to her companion, '*Mr. Stephenson appeared dreadfully excited during the passage! Didn't you observe how he kept continually stretching out his arms, raising them up and then sinking them down in this way?*' (suiting her words to the actions by which the speed of the voyage had calmly been regulated), '*But no wonder he was so agitated!*'

The Company's servants were engaged until long after sunset in.

in securing and placing in safety the various materials, &c., that had been in requisition during the day, and it was not till past midnight that, over-tired, they managed one after another to retire to rest.

On the following morning, after we had bidden adieu to the hospitable inmates of a small wooden habitation, beneath the Anglesey Tower, in which we had been very kindly received, we had occasion to pass near to a stand which had purposely been constructed in a peculiarly advantageous position, to enable the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway to witness the operation. Upon the centre bench of this platform,—the ground far around which was partially covered with bits of orange-peel, greasy papers that had contained sandwiches, and other scraps, indicative of an intellectual feast that was over,—we observed, reclining entirely by himself, a person in the easy garb of a gentleman, who appeared to be in the exquisite enjoyment of a cigar, whose white smoke in long expirations was periodically exuding from his lips, as with unaverted eyes he sat indolently gazing at the aerial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child! He had strolled down from Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, where, undisturbed by consonants, he had soundly slept, to behold in sunshine and in solitude that which during a weary period of gestation had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or like a vision—sometimes of good omen and sometimes of bad—had by night as well as by day occasionally been flitting across his mind.

Without, however, presuming to divine, from the rising fumes of a cigar, the various subjects of *his* ruminations, we will merely confess that, on looking up from our boat, as it glided away, at the aerial gallery he was contemplating, *we* were astonished to find ourselves very much in the frail predicament of mind of the old gentleman of yesterday whose emotions we so accurately delineated—for when the tube was lying on the Carnarvon shore we certainly fancied that it looked too heavy and too high for its object, whereas it now appeared almost too light and too low: in short, it had assumed the simple appearance which, in principle, it had been designed to bear—that of a rectangular hollow beam; and although it had in fact annulled the awful chasm between the Anglesey and Britannia Towers, nevertheless, by exactly measuring it, it now appeared considerably to have increased it!

Moteover, in viewing this low narrow passage—only 15 feet by 30—which, without cuneiform support, was stretching half across the Menai Strait—it has been quaintly observed by Mr. Latimer Clark, in the clever pamphlet named at the head of this article, that if this single joint of the tube could be placed on its tiny end in St. Paul's Churchyard, it would reach 107 feet higher than

than the cross)—it seemed surprising to us that by any arrangement of materials it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself, much less heavily-laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air, at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate-iron of which this aerial gallery is composed is literally *not so thick* as the lid, sides, and bottom which, by heartless contract, are *required* for an elm coffin  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet long,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and 2 feet deep, of strength merely sufficient to carry the corpse of an emaciated, friendless pauper from the workhouse to his grave!

The covering of this iron passage, 1841 feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of the elephant! Lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the 'good old English' oak; and if this noble sovereign, notwithstanding the 'heart' and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should by human science be constituted strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which throughout its immense length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed!

IV. RAISING THE TUBES.—*Hydraulic Press*.—Although the tube, resting at each end upon the ledge or shelf that had been prepared for it, had been deposited high enough to allow an ordinary boat to row under it, yet the heaviest job still remained—that of raising it about 100 feet to its final resting-place. This operation, which might be compared to lifting the Burlington Arcade to the top of St. James's Church—supposing always that the said church arose out of very deep, rapid water—was, as we have already stated, to be performed by the slow but irresistible agency of hydraulic power; and as one of the presses used is said not only to be the largest in the world, but the most powerful machine that has ever been constructed, we will venture to offer to those of our readers who may never have reflected upon the subject, a brief, homely explanation of the simple hydrostatic principle upon which that most astonishing engine, the hydraulic press invented by Bramah, is constructed.

If the whole of the fresh water behind the lock-gates of a canal communicating directly with, say the German Ocean, were to be suddenly withdrawn, it is evident that the sea-side of the gates would receive water-pressure, and the other side none.

Now if a second set of gates were to be inserted in the salt-water at a short distance, say one foot, in front of the old ones—  
(the

(the water between both sets of gates remaining at the same sea-level as before)—many, and perhaps most people, would believe that the pressure of the German Ocean against the new gates would of course relieve, if not entirely remove, the pressure against the old ones—just as a barrier before the entrance of a theatre most certainly relieves those between it and the door from the pressure of the mob without.

This opinion, however, is fallacious; for, supposing that the new gates were by machinery to be firmly closed, the foot of salt-water included between them and the old gates would not only continue to press exactly as heavily against the latter as the whole German Ocean had previously done, but by simultaneously inflicting the same amount of pressure against the inside of the new gates as the ocean was inflicting on their outside, the pressure of this imprisoned single foot of water would so accurately counterpoise that of the whole wide, free ocean, that if the machinery which had closed the new gates were suddenly to be removed, they (the new gates) would be found, as it were, vertically to float between the two equal pressures!

But anomalous as this theory may appear, it is beautifully demonstrated by the well-known fact, that if water be poured into a glass syphon, of which one leg is, say an inch in diameter, and the other, say a foot, the smaller quantity will exactly counterbalance the greater, and the water will consequently, in both legs, rise precisely to the same level; and this would be the case if one leg of the syphon were as large as the German Ocean, and the other as small as the distance between the two sets of lock-gates we have just described—indeed it is evident that, if a hole were to be bored through the bottom of the new gates, a syphon would instantly be formed, of which the ocean would be one leg and the foot of included salt-water the other.

Now Bramah, on reflection, clearly perceived that from this simple principle in nature a most important mechanical power might be obtained; for if, say five ounces of water in a small tube, can be made to counterbalance, say a hundred thousand ounces of water in a large one, it is evident that by the mere substitution in the bottom of the larger tube of a flat solid substance instead of the water, a pressure upon the body so inserted of very nearly a hundred thousand ounces would be inflicted by the application of only five ounces!—and—as this pressure would of course be proportionately increased by increasing the height, or in other words the *weight* of water in the smaller tube—Bramah therefore further reasoned that, if, instead of adding to the quantity of water in the smaller tube, the fluid therein were to be ejected downwards by a force-pump, the pressure  
upwards

upwards in the larger tube would proportionately be most enormously increased; and *à fortiori*, as, in lieu of the old-fashioned forcing-pump, the power of steam has lately been exerted, our readers will, we believe, at once perceive that, if the instrument which holds the water could but be made strong enough, the pressure which might be inflicted within it by a few gallons of water might almost be illimitable.

The *principle* of the hydraulic press having been above faintly explained, the power and dimensions of the extraordinary engine of this nature, which has been constructed by Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, for raising the Britannia tubes, may be thus briefly described.

The cylinder, or large tube, of the syphon, which is 9 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and which is made of cast-iron 11 inches thick, weighs 16 tons. The piston, termed *the Ram*, which, pressed upwards by the water, works within it, is 20 inches in diameter. The whole machine complete weighs upwards of 40 tons. The force-pump barrel communicates with a slender tube or passage about the size of a lady's smallest finger, which, like the touch-hole of a cannon, is drilled through the metallic side of the cylinder; and thus, although the syphonic principle really exists, nothing appears to the eye but a sturdy cast-iron cylinder of about the length of a 24 lb. cannon, having the thickness of metal of a 13-inch mortar.

From the above trifling data it will be evident that, leaving friction and the weight of the ram out of the question, the lifting power of this machine must exceed the force applied to the force-pump in the same proportion that 1½-inch diameter bears to a diameter of 20 inches—which in figures amounts to about 354 to 1; and as the two 40-horse steam-engines which are to be applied to the touch-hole for compressing the water in the smaller tube would, it has been calculated by Mr. Latimer Clark, be sufficient to force the fluid more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon, or 5000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc, our readers have only to increase the force in this proportion to become sensible of the extraordinary power which the hydraulic press of the Britannia Bridge is capable of exerting for the purpose of raising its tubes. In short, the power is to the weight of the tubes as follows:—

	Tons.
Weight of one of the largest tubes . . . .	1800
Lifting-power of the hydraulic press . . . .	2622

The mode in which this enormous power is practically exercised is as follows:—

The hydraulic cylinder, standing erect, like a cannon on its breech,

breech, on two stout wrought-iron beams bolted to each other, is, together with its steam-boiler, securely fixed in the upper region of the Britannia Tower, 148 feet above the level of its base, and about 45 feet above that to which the bridge is to be raised.

Around the neck of the iron ram or piston, which protrudes 8 inches above the top of this cylinder, there is affixed a strong horizontal iron beam 6 feet 9 inches in length, resembling the wooden yoke used by milkmaids for carrying their pails, from the extremities of which there hang two enormous iron chains, composed of eight or nine flat links or plates, each 7 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and 6 feet in length, firmly bolted together. These chains (which, in order to lift the tube to its destination, are required to be each 145 feet long) weigh no less than 100 tons—which is more than double the weight of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, lately erected in Hyde Park—commonly regarded as one of the heaviest lifts ever effected: and certainly, when from the giddy region of the Britannia Tower, in which this hydraulic machinery, like the nest of an eagle, has been deposited, the stranger, after looking down upon the enormous weight of iron not only to be supported but to be raised, compares the whole mass with the diameter of the little touch-hole immediately before him, through which the lifting-power has to pass—and when he reflects that the whole process can, with the greatest ease, be regulated and controlled by a single man, it is impossible to help feeling deeply grateful to the Divine Power for an invention which, at first sight, has more the appearance of magic than of art.

As soon as all adjustments were prepared, and the boiler was sufficiently heated, the great piston, under the influence of severe pressure upon the water beneath it, began slowly, like a schoolboy's 'jack-in-the-box,' to emerge from the cylinder, and, apparently regardless of the enormous weight that oppressed his shoulders, he continued steadily to rise, until in about thirty minutes he lifted the tube 6 feet, and, as he could raise it no higher, the huge chains beneath were immediately secured by a powerful vice or 'clams' at the foot of the press. By letting off the water, which of course relieved the pressure beneath the piston, it descended, by its own gravity, to the point from which it had started, where the chains being again affixed to its yoke—an operation which requires about half an hour—it again, by the vitality of steam, lifted its weight another six feet; and, as the other end of the tube was simultaneously treated in a similar way, the whole was progressively raised nearly 30 feet, when, by the bursting of the largest of the hydraulic presses—a contingency which, from the faithless crystalline character of cast iron, it is utterly impossible for

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Science to prevent—the ponderous mass suddenly fell through a space of seven inches—an awful phenomenon to witness—until it was stopped by the brickwork and timber which had cautiously been underbuilt during its ascent—and from which it has still to be raised to a point a few feet above its final position, where a strong iron beam being placed beneath, it will, we trust, triumphantly be lowered to its final resting-place, to be the aerial highway of the public.

V. MR. FAIRBAIRN'S CLAIMS.—During the brief inspection which we made of the Britannia Bridge we can truly say, that, far from feeling a desire to award to Mr. Robert Stephenson the whole merit of the wonderful piece of mechanism before us, we repeatedly paused not only to reflect but to regret how little the Public would probably ever think of, or care for, the assistant-engineers, overseers, skilled artificers, and honest steady labourers, by whose zeal, assiduity, and personal courage the heavy job had practically been completed. 'Who,' we asked ourselves, 'will ever care to thank those who, surrounded by the torrent, toiled by night as well as by day at the foundation of the Britannia Tower? When that beautiful structure of scaffolding, composed of 570,000 cubic feet of timber, upon which the land-tubes have been constructed, shall be removed, who will ever expend a thought of kindly recollection of those by whose skill it was devised, or by whose enduring patience it was at no trivial risk constructed? What reward, beyond their bare wages, will the superintendents of the various departments of the work ever receive for the anxiety they suffered for several years, under a weight of responsibility which, while it promised for success no rewards, threatened for failure the severest description of moral punishment?' And, lastly, we said to ourselves, as on the top of the tube we stood over the holders-up and rivet-boys, who, stuffed together into flues in the painful attitudes we have described, were working immediately beneath our feet, 'Who, in flying across the Menai Straits, will ever feel that he is indebted for his life to the care and attention with which these poor fellows are patiently riveting, one after another, the millions of bolts by which he is to be safely transported in his aerial transit?'

Impressed with the justice of these feelings, we were therefore not only strongly predisposed to award to every person, however humble, who had been connected with this great work, the full amount of credit due to him for the particular portion of it which he individually executed, but we were ready almost to admire, and at all events to excuse, that *esprit de corps* which invariably induces every separate department to consider its labours to have been of the greatest importance; indeed, there is no better qualification



lification in a subordinate than to be what is commonly called 'proud of his work.' If, therefore, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark had, either collectively or individually, endeavoured to assume a larger share of merit than was intrinsically due to the important preliminary investigations they had conducted, we should indulgently have smiled at their boyish zeal, and even if we could not have approved, we should most certainly have refrained from noticing it; but in the serious appeal, or rather demand, which Mr. Fairbairn has deemed it advisable to make to the public, he has not only claimed merit which is the property of his colleagues, but has, although he occasionally renounces it, claimed for himself that of the invention itself! He has therefore forced us, as indeed every one who takes a mechanical interest in the subject, dispassionately to weigh the value of the claims he has urged, and at all events to hear the cause in which he voluntarily appears as the plaintiff.

The investigation ought to be an easy one, and so indeed it is; nevertheless we regret to say, that Mr. Fairbairn with very great ingenuity has riveted together facts, documents, and assertions which, when logically separated and compared with the evidence taken before the House of Commons, confuse, confound, and condemn each other.

We will endeavour by very brief extracts to arrange the case as far as possible. Mr. Fairbairn states—

'That Mr. Stephenson conceived the original idea of a huge tubular bridge to be constructed of riveted plates and *supported by chains*.'—p. 2.

'He [Mr. S.] never for a moment entertained the idea of making the tube self-supporting. The wrought-iron tube, according to his idea, was, indeed, entirely subservient to the chains.'—p. 3.

'The form which the Menai Bridge now has, was advocated by me alone.'—p. 31.

'I was anxious to clear the tube of the incumbrance of chains, which it must be borne in mind were intended from the first, not only for the support of the tubes but for the purpose of *carrying* them forward from the platform, on which they were to be *built across* their respective spans to their final positions on the piers.'—p. 48.

'Mr. Stephenson was present at one or two of the experiments afterwards made on the model-tube, and, after witnessing them, his fears were in a great degree removed; he *then* determined to *abandon* the use of auxiliary chains, and from that time, October, 1846, to the completion of the Conway Bridge, he relied with confidence on the strength of the tube itself, and attached a proper degree of importance to the results of *my* earlier experiments.'—p. 50.

The above-quoted assertions are all dated by Mr. Fairbairn '1849;' and as in the last of them he distinctly points out that it

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was in October, 1846, that Mr. Stephenson abandoned the use of auxiliary chains 'for the form which the Menai Bridge now has,' which beam-like form Mr. Fairbairn positively asserts '*was advocated by him alone*,' it becomes necessary that we should refer to the following minutes of evidence which on the 5th and 6th of May, 1845, was given before the Committee of the House of Commons 'on Chester and Holyhead Railway Bill, Group 2, Thomas Henry Sutton Sotheron, Esq., in the Chair.'

'ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., called; examined by  
MR. ROBINSON.

'You are the engineer of the intended line of railway?—I am.

'Is there to be a bridge of 104 feet high and with the arches of 450 feet span?—There is.

'Do you consider that a practicable and safe mode of crossing the Menai under the circumstances?—Yes, I do.

'Is it not an arch on the plan of the Southwark Bridge?—No. Perhaps I may at once explain to the Committee the idea I have adopted. I conceive a tube. Supposing a wrought-iron tube to extend across the Straits, and that tube to have, we will say, 25 feet diameter to hold a line of railway, and the line of railway would run inside of it. In addition to that we should have to erect a chain platform *for the purpose of the building*. Then the question would arise whether the chains would be allowed to remain, or whether they would be taken away down. My own opinion is, *that a tube of wrought-iron would possess sufficient strength and rigidity to support a railway train*.

'Is this mode of construction quite original?—It is.

'It is your own view?—Yes, meeting the contingencies which have been put upon me by Government engineers.

'How would you place it in the position you mean it to occupy?—There will be a platform erected and suspended by the chains just the same as they bind an iron vessel.

'I wish to ask you whether this is your own suggestion?—It is entirely.

'From the experiments you have made, and from the inquiries you have also made, are you satisfied that that suggestion of yours is a practicable and safe one?—I am not only satisfied that it is practicable, but I must confess that I cannot see my way at present to adopting anything else.

'And in what way do you propose to unite the plates?—In the same way as the iron that is used in a ship is united.

'It will be one mass of iron?—Yes, a smooth tube made of wrought-iron the same as a ship.

'A succession of plates united together?—Yes, with rivets.

'No rods?—No rods.

'Running the whole length?—No, there may be what is termed angle-irons.

‘What would be the diameter of each of these tubes?—I should make them elliptical, 25 feet in height, and just wide enough to hold one line of railway trains.

‘What would be the distance below without support?—450 feet.

‘In each of them?—Yes.

‘You have not made up your mind as to the safety of dispensing with the chains?—No, I have not.

‘It would be impossible to do so until it is constructed, would it not?—I would rather leave that, because I would make the design so that the chains might either be taken away or left, and during the construction we should have ample opportunity of ascertaining whether we could safely take away the chains or not.

‘There would be no great advantage from taking away the chains?—No, only it would make it more costly if they remained; they would be applicable to other purposes, and they would cost from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*

‘You have no doubt, Mr. Stephenson, that the principle applied to this great span will give ample security to the public?—Oh! I am quite sure of it.

‘And you said that although you thought that an iron tube of the thickness you have mentioned, viz.  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch above and below, and a little less on the two sides, *will bear any weight that is likely to be put upon it* in the shape of trains?—Yes.

‘You feel perfectly confident upon that point?—Yes, I feel perfectly confident; but with a view to remove any doubts upon that point, I feel it necessary to make a series of experiments, not that it will convince me more than I am at present, but that it shall convey confidence to the Board of Directors under whom I am acting.’

It has since been stated in a memorandum written by Mr. Stephenson,

‘that the Committee before whom he was examined, alarmed at his project, were inclined to hesitate about passing the bill; that their apprehensions were mainly appeased by General Pasley saying that the chains were not necessarily to be removed; and that, as the bill would evidently have been lost had he (Mr. Stephenson) insisted on removing them, he modified his opinion as above quoted.’

Our readers will now observe whether or not such a necessity really existed.

‘General PASLEY was called in and examined by the Committee.

‘On the whole, therefore, General Pasley, you think a bridge built on the plan proposed by Mr. Stephenson would give ample security for trains passing there?—I feel convinced it would.

‘And you believe it to be a practicable plan?—Quite so.

‘But you do not advise the removal of the chains?—I do not. I see no advantage in it.

‘Do you think there would be any hazard in removing them?—I think it would be better to leave them.

‘It

‘It is difficult to answer the question until the bridge is actually built, is not it?—Yes.

‘Previously to a railway being opened, it is usual to send you to ascertain the security of the railway, is it not?—Yes.

‘And therefore you probably will be sent down to ascertain the security of this bridge before the railway is open to the public?—Yes.

‘And could these chains be removed without the sanction of the Government?—I do not know. I do not see any objection to their being there. *I should recommend their not being removed.*’

Without offering any opinion on the foregoing allegations and evidence—we will at once proceed to the causes of Mr. Fairbairn’s retirement from the service of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, and of his publication of the large costly volume before us. The details had best be explained by himself.

Mr. Fairbairn publishes two letters (a portion of one of them in italics) from Mr. Stephenson, of which the following are extracts:—

1. 23rd August, 1847.—‘I was surprised at your letter this morning, asking me if I wished you to take charge of the floating and lifting. *I consider you as acting with me in every department of the proceedings.*’

2. 7th February, 1848.—‘My dear Sir.—I only reached London this morning from Newcastle, when I received your previous note, upon which I will speak to you verbally. You allow your feelings to get the better of you respecting Mr. Hodgkinson, and I think improperly; for it is clear that his experiments alone have given the true law that governs the strength of different sized tubes. Both your plan and my own for calculating the strength are empirical; but Hodgkinson’s experiments and his deductions from them give the true law with remarkable consistency.

‘Yours faithfully, ROBERT STEPHENSON.’

‘But,’ says Mr. Fairbairn, ‘what chiefly led me to this decision [his retirement] was the position assumed by Mr. Stephenson: his public misrepresentation of the position I held under the Company, and his endeavour to recognise my services as the labours of an *assistant* under his control, and acting entirely under his direction. Had Mr. Stephenson in his public address done me the justice to state my independent claim to some of the most important principles observed in the construction of the tubes, I might perhaps have continued my services until the final completion of the whole undertaking, and most assuredly this work [Mr. F.’s book] would never have come before the public.’—p. 171.

‘Upon the completion,’ continues Mr. Fairbairn, ‘of the first Conway tube it was resolved by the gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood to entertain Mr. Stephenson at a public dinner, which should at the same time celebrate the satisfactory conclusion of this great engineering triumph.’—p. 172. . . . ‘In the course of his address

at the Conway entertainment Mr. Stephenson is reported to have made the following observations:—“ I believe it will be expected of me—indeed I should feel it improper if I were to omit on this occasion detailing very succinctly a few facts with reference to the rise and progress of the idea which led to the construction of tubular bridges; because in doing so, it will not only afford me an opportunity of explaining to you precisely what the origin was, but it will also give me the opportunity of expressing my obligations to those who have so largely aided me in bringing about the result which we are met to commemorate.” —p. 174.

The following are the ‘*observations*’ of which Mr. Fairbairn complains:—

‘As soon as the bill was obtained, and it became time to commence, I obtained the consent of the Directors to institute a very laborious and elaborate and expensive series of experiments, in order more thoroughly to test experimentally the theory I had formed, and also to add suggestions for its full development. It was then that I called in the aid of two gentlemen, eminent both of them in their profession—Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson. They had both distinguished themselves for elaborate series of experiments on cast-iron bridges; and although this was a different material, still from their accomplishments and skill they were well qualified to aid me in my research. They heartily went into it; and the result is what you now see under the walls of your venerable old castle. But having mentioned these two names, there is another gentleman that I wish to call to your notice—a gentleman to whose talents, to whose zeal and ability from the commencement of this undertaking, I am much indebted; and indeed the full development of the principle of tubular bridges is by no means in a small degree indebted to him—I allude to my assistant, Mr. Edwin Clark. He has been my closet companion from the commencement of the preliminary investigation. No variation or inconsistency in the experiments eluded his keen perception: he was always on the look-out for contingencies that might affect the success—though not the principle, still the success—of the undertaking; and he and the other gentlemen whom I have just named are the three to whom I feel deeply indebted for having brought the theory I first broached to such perfection; and I thus publicly tender them my acknowledgments.’—p. 176.

Two days after this speech Mr. Fairbairn communicated to Mr. Stephenson his resignation, the reasons for which he explains in his book as follows:—

‘Mr. Stephenson [in his speech at the Conway dinner] states that he called in the aid of Mr. Hodgkinson and myself at the same time. Now it is essential to the proof of my claims that this assertion should be explicitly contradicted. It was I, and not Mr. Stephenson, that solicited Mr. Hodgkinson’s co-operation, and this was not done until I had been actively engaged for several months in my experimental researches, and after I had discovered the principle of strength which was offered in the cellular top, and not only proved the impracticability of

of Mr. Stephenson's original conception, but had given the outline of that form of tube which was ultimately carried into execution.

'When Mr. Stephenson had made up his mind to claim in the manner he did the whole merit of the undertaking, it is not difficult to understand his reason for giving Mr. Clark—his own assistant—so prominent a position.'—p. 177.

As it is perfectly immaterial to us what feelings Mr. Fairbairn may entertain or express as respects his colleagues, Mr. Hodgkinson and Mr. Clark—we have no observations to offer on that point; but as it appears from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Fairbairn complains of Mr. Stephenson having 'endeavoured to recognise his services as the labours of an assistant under his control,' it is necessary to state, or, if Mr. Fairbairn prefers it, unequivocally to admit, that Mr. Stephenson—having engaged Mr. Fairbairn to make a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the best form of tube and the law of its resistance to fracture—having on the 13th of May, 1846, further recommended to the Board that Mr. Fairbairn should be engaged 'to superintend with him the construction and erection of the Conway and Britannia bridges'—and having still further recommended that a salary of 1250*l.* per annum, which Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed for more than two years, should be granted to him: all of which appointments and recommendations the Board of Directors 'at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation sanctioned and ordered'—certainly *did* consider Mr. Fairbairn as an 'assistant under his control.' The Directors of the Company, rightly or wrongly, entertained the very same opinion; and as Mr. Fairbairn in his Letter of Resignation above referred to had styled himself '*engineer along with yourself* for the tubular bridges,' the Board deemed it proper to direct that in reply to that letter the following very significant minute should be transmitted through their engineer-in-chief to his *insubordinate* :—

'Copy. June 7, 1848. Read—Letter from Mr. Fairbairn, dated 22nd May, tendering his resignation of the appointment of *assistant* to Mr. Stephenson in the construction of the tubular bridges. Resolved—That Mr. Fairbairn's letter be referred to Mr. Stephenson with a request that *he* accept the proffered resignation of Mr. Fairbairn, and that, inasmuch as the appointment was originally made by *him* (Mr. Stephenson), he do so in such terms as he may think proper.'

All this seems strong—but strange as well as strong to add—Mr. Fairbairn, in the preface of his own book, himself acknowledges 'the honour which he felt in having been selected by Mr. Stephenson as the fittest person to elucidate the subject and conduct the inquiry.' Moreover, in addition to 'the honour,' Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed the exquisite *advantage* of supplying

supplying from his boiler-manufactory at Millwall all the iron which, between his meals, he luxuriously crushed, broke, and bruised in experiments, the whole of which cost the Company no less than 6000*l.*; besides which it appears from the Board's minutes that Mr. Fairbairn allotted to himself a most lucrative contract for the construction of the iron-work of the bridges; which contract, to the great displeasure of the Directors, he immediately sold at a profit of several thousand pounds to Mr. Mare of Blackwall; in short, Mr. Fairbairn, like every eminent tradesman, naturally enough worked for money, and not for fame; and if the Company had proposed to have paid him in the latter coin, he would, no doubt, have very laconically corrected their mistake. Leaving therefore Mr. Stephenson completely out of the case, may not Mr. Fairbairn be fairly asked whether he conceives that the credit of the investigation he was engaged to make legitimately belongs to the Board of Directors, who paid for the experiments, or to the individual who was paid for conducting them?

If Mr. Fairbairn, after having expended 10,000*l.* in searching for coals or in boring for water, had in either or in both cases been successful, would he have claimed the merit of the result for himself, or would he have given it to the honest foreman, who, at wages of three guineas a week, had been engaged by him to conduct the expensive investigation he had proposed?

Mr. Fairbairn's third and last complaint is, that Mr. Stephenson has withheld from him the sole credit of the final adoption of rectangular tubes, with rectangular flues in the tops and bottoms thereof. Now Mr. Hodgkinson very stanchly maintains that it was *he* who first recommended rectangular tubes. It however appears, from the following extracts from Mr. Fairbairn's own statements, and written reports to Mr. Stephenson, as published in his book, that these discoveries, instead of belonging to any one of the triumvirate, were the natural sequences of the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson and sanctioned and paid for by the Board of Directors.

'The peculiar nature,' says Mr. Fairbairn, 'of the investigation, and the almost total absence of data for the successful prosecution of the inquiry, operated in a great degree to retard its progress. The transverse strength of an iron tube composed of riveted plates was an *entirely new subject* (p. 209). . . . Weakness was found where strength was expected, and hence repeated changes of form as well as changes in the distribution of the material became absolutely necessary (p. 210). . . . We have not as yet arrived at the strongest form of tube; we are nevertheless *approaching that desideratum* (p. 15). . . . Some curious and interesting phenomena presented themselves in these experiments. Many of them are *anomalous* to our preconceived notions of

of the strength of materials, and *totally different* from every theory yet exhibited in any previous research (p. 39). . . . Although suspension chains may be useful in the construction in the first instance, they would nevertheless be highly improper to depend upon as the principal support of the bridge (p. 41). . . . The difficulties experienced in retaining the cylindrical tubes in shape, when submitted to severe strains, *naturally suggested the rectangular form*. Many new models of this kind were prepared and experimented upon (p. 9). . . . *These experiments led to the trial of the rectangular form of tube* with a corrugated top, the superior strength of which decided me to adopt that cellular structure of the top of the tube *which ultimately merged into a single row of rectangular cells.*'—p. 12.

(Which Mr. Hodgkinson, as before stated, declares was the result of *his* previous calculations.)

Again, Mr. Fairbairn, on the 3rd of April, 1846, in reporting to Mr. Stephenson, states:—‘It has already *been determined by experiment* that the strongest section yet obtained is that of the rectangular form;’ and this being one of the important ‘*quesita*’ which Mr. Stephenson by the investigation he confided to Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues had been desirous to obtain, it was by *his* recommendation approved of by the Board of Directors and finally adopted.

Having now concluded our extracts from Mr. Fairbairn’s book, on the merits of which we have, for his sake, examined scarcely any other witness than himself, it only remains to be observed that annexed to the volume there are a series of costly plates curiously indicative of the text. Mr. Fairbairn states—

‘It will, I think, be generally allowed that it was very natural I should desire to have my name *publicly* (Ital. *sic*) associated with Mr. Stephenson’s as Joint Engineer for these Bridges.’—p. 170.

And accordingly in his plates Mr. Fairbairn has offered to the public a beautiful

‘PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE

‘RESTING ON THE CENTRE OF THE MENAI STRAIT.

‘ROBERT STEPHENSON AND WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN, ENGINEERS.’

Now the facts of the case, or rather of the picture, are briefly as follows:—

1. The masonry of the lofty tower, so faithfully represented, was erected under the *sole* superintendence of Mr. Frank Forster, C.E.

2. The tube, not so correctly represented,—inasmuch as at this moment it is 77 feet 2 inches below the position it occupies in the picture,—has almost entirely been constructed under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, C.E.

3. Mr.



3. Mr. Fairbairn did not for a single day work at the construction of the tower, or, excepting a few occasional visits, at that of the tube.

‘SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.’

MORAL.—The sums expended by the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company to the 30th June last have been as follows:—

	£.	s.	d.
Cost of Tubular Bridge for crossing the Conway .	110,000	0	0
Ditto ditto ditto Menai Straits	500,000	0	0
Remainder of the line, &c. . . . .	2,971,587	0	0
Total expenditure . . . . .	3,581,587	0	0

Contribution to be paid towards the construction of the Holyhead Harbour of Refuge . . . . .	200,000	0	0
Present market-value of original stock . . . . .	72 per cent. discount.		
Ditto of preferential stock at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest issued by the Company to obtain funds to complete the works . . . . .	20 per cent. discount.		

The above figures strikingly illustrate the consequences of the system, or rather want of system, which the Imperial Parliament has hitherto pursued in railway legislation.

If the communication between England and Ireland *viâ* Holyhead, had—on the principle which at the time we earnestly recommended—been considered as one great arterial line, the proportionate expense of contributing to a harbour of refuge, as well as the enormous cost of raising the two bridges necessary for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits to a height sufficient for the distinctly different purposes of railway traffic and the sailing of large vessels, might, with some appearance of justice, have been thrown upon the aforesaid large Company,—although, in the day of M’Adam roads, Telford’s bridges over the very same places, and the construction of harbours, were considered as *national* works, and were accordingly executed at the cost of the public. Very improvidently, however, the moderately remunerating portions of the line were *first* established by Parliament;—and thus the little Company which, with feeble means, was to continue from Chester the circulation of the Royal mails—of goods of all descriptions—of first, second, and third class passengers—and of Her Majesty’s troops and artillery between London and Dublin, was saddled not only with its own natural burden, but with the preternatural works we have described; indeed, in order to obtain its Act of Parliament, it was so completely at the mercy of the Government, that it was obliged to submit to certain excruciating terms which—with the non-payment to the Company of its 30,000*l.* a-year for the mail-service, which the members of the late administration well

well know was ensured to it—and with a competition between the Government and the Company's steamers most lamentably inflicting a serious loss upon both parties—have, it appears, reduced the value of its shares in the market by more than 70 per cent., and, of course, completely drained its capital of all dividend. 'And,' it has been said, '*so much the better for the public!*' Be it so! we have no desire to relieve the proprietors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway from the terms (whatever they may be) of their contract. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that, if Parliament holds every Railway Company hard and fast to its bargain when it has made a bad one, it ought not, at all events, by *ex post facto* legislation, to let loose the public from every imprudent engagement which they, on their parts, have contracted to perform. We will exemplify our meaning by a particular case.

At the fag-end of last Session Lord Monteagle introduced into the House of Lords a bill, which, though hastily approved by a vote of that House, was very properly, as we think, discountenanced by Lord John Russell, and finally thrown out in the House of Commons, to deprive railway proprietors of the power they now enjoy of solely auditing their own accounts.

It was not attempted to be shown that an auditor appointed by the public could increase the number of trains—improve station accommodation—or give additional security or even comfort to any description of persons travelling by rail. It was not attempted to be shown that the proposed measure would confer a single additional privilege upon railway *share-owners*. On the contrary, it was frankly admitted that '*to THEM the books of the Company are by law at all times open*;' but as a highly popular doctrine, it was honestly and unscrupulously explained that the real object of the proposed audit-bill was to enable *the public*, by legislative 'clairvoyance,' accurately to ascertain the present and prospective state of every Railway Company, in order that the proprietors thereof might be prevented from any longer selling their shares to the aforesaid 'public' at prices above their intrinsic value.

If Parliament were to force every horse-dealer to divulge the vices and infirmities of the sorry animal he is at this moment 'chaunting,' there can be no doubt that the public, by a general illumination, would have vast reason to rejoice. If Parliament were to oblige the proprietors of all quack medicines to pre-publish the *exact* cost of the ingredients which compose them, there can be no doubt that John Bull might henceforward repeatedly swallow a peck of pills for less money than he is now paying for 'a single ounce box.' In fact, for aught that we in our sequestered hermitage know, it may be very possible, that if every

every merchant's ledger were, to-morrow morning, by legislative enactment, to be declared public property, the prices of sugar, tea, iron, hides, coals, and a hundred other articles in the market, would, in the course of a few hours, be lowered. It has, however, hitherto been considered that the British merchant's counting-house is as much 'his castle' as his residence; that his accounts are as sacred as his person; and that, morally speaking, nothing but a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act can authorise the seizure of either the one or the other.

When Mr. Stephenson's magnificent project of a cast-iron bridge of two arches, 100 feet high at the crown—which, instead of costing 600,000*l.* (being at the rate of 1000*l.* per yard), could have been executed for 250,000*l.*—was rejected by the Admiralty, that powerful Board very justifiably declined to advise by what other means the stipulations they required, should, or even *could*, be effected. The doubts, the difficulties, the risks, and the uncertainties were all, with an official shrug, very prudently thrown upon the little Company; and if the *expenses* of the Chester and Holyhead Railway could thus be legitimately forced into darkness, is it just, after the proprietors have not only performed their bargain, but have nearly been ruined by doing so, that their *accounts* should, by an *ex post facto* law, be dragged into daylight, not merely to gratify idle disinterested curiosity, but for the open avowed object of shielding the public—or rather public stockbrokers—from the very risk and pecuniary uncertainty which they (the proprietors) were forced to encounter?

But, as in all transactions 'honesty is the best policy,' so we submit that the proposed interference with the rights of Railway proprietors to be the sole auditors of their own accounts, is not only unjust, but impolitic. Thousands of owners of Railway stock have, by a fatal experience, lately learned that it is possible for a joint-stock company, as it is possible for any of the individuals composing it, to encourage profuse expenditure, to act dishonestly, and, for a short time, to veil impending ruin by mystified accounts. The antidote, however, to this poisonous admixture of indolence and fraud is already working its cure. The punishment of the principal transgressor has already become 'greater than he can bear;' and a salutary suspicion has not only spontaneously aroused the proprietors of two hundred millions of Railway property, who had hitherto very culpably neglected their own affairs, but has materially depreciated all Railway stock; and there can be no doubt that this wholesome castigatory depression of their property below its intrinsic value will, *to the evident benefit of the share-purchasing public*, continue to exist, until Railway proprietors have sense enough to perceive that it is  
their

their *interest* to remove the suspicion which created it, by the prompt establishment of that open examination, and that honest as well as disinterested audit of their accounts—(in the last half-yearly printed statement of the London and North-Western Railway Company's affairs we observe that there was expended in six months in 'audit and account 2488*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*')—which will satisfy men of business; and which was, no doubt, Lord Monteagle's object, when—with rather more zeal than consideration—he proposed that it should forcibly be effected by Act of Parliament.

The desideratum, however, we feel confident, can be obtained by milder means; and although between buyers and sellers of all descriptions contention must always exist to a certain degree, we trust that the proprietors of the rails which have gridironed the country, and those who travel on them, instead of unnecessarily snarling over the invention, will feel that it is alike their interest and their duty to join together hand in hand, magnanimously to develop to its utmost possible extent the greatest blessing, or at least one of the very greatest, which has ever been imparted to mankind.

It is generally asserted by railway proprietors, who are of course self-interested in the question, that the existing practice of rating their respective Companies according to their earnings—their industry—or, as it is technically termed, their 'profits in trade,' is unjust, because the same system, or fiscal screw, is not equally applied to landowners, manufacturers, or shopkeepers. It is argued that, so long as our old-fashioned highways, besides levying tolls, are allowed to tax for their maintenance every parish through which they pass, it is unreasonable that the same parishes should at the very same moment, by a process diametrically opposite, be allowed to transfer a large proportion of their domestic rates for the support of their poor, &c., upon railways, which, it is affirmed, have, generally speaking, not only grievously overpaid for the land they occupy, but have materially increased the value and prosperity of every city, town, village, hamlet, and field through which or near which they pass.

Upon this serious and important question, involving some general re-adjustment of assessments of every description, we shall abstain from offering any opinion, because we are convinced that, sooner or later, it will be duly considered by Parliament. In the mean while, however, it is with deep regret we observe that the innumerable direct as well as indirect impositions and taxes which—rightly or wrongly, legally or illegally—have been imposed upon our railways, are already producing the lamentable consequences we ventured to predict. From want of funds,

funds, even our greatest railway-companies are openly abandoning branch-lines which they had almost completed; they are reducing the number of their trains; economising at their stations; in fact, in various ways, in proportion not only to the expenses imposed upon them, but moreover to the reductions made in their original Parliamentary tolls, they are—perceptibly as well as imperceptibly—curtailing the convenience and accommodation which, from a sound regard for their mutual interests, they would most willingly have maintained for the public.

We feel confident that in this unfortunate, short-sighted, narrow-minded conflict the British Nation is discreditably warring against itself; and having not inattentively watched the practical working of the system, it has been our humble endeavour—by a few pen-and-ink sketches, which we now conclude—to attract the attention of the public to the magnitude of the works of our arterial railways, in order that from the good sense and good feelings of the community these new highways may receive that fostering protection and genial support without which the fruits of Science cannot be matured.

**ART. IV.**—*Le Congrès de la Paix. Vaudeville: donné avec le plus grand succès au Théâtre des Variétés.* 8vo. Paris, 1849.

**N**O maxim in political science can be more clearly demonstrated, and few are more important to be ever kept in mind, than the difference between questions of Domestic and Foreign Policy in one very material respect. The former are level, generally speaking, to the comprehension of a very large part of the community; men can, for the most part, form sound opinions upon them, because they turn upon facts within their knowledge: they affect so immediately and so palpably men's interests, that no very gross mistakes are likely to be committed in discussing them, and therefore the public opinion and public feeling on them are much to be regarded—often to be even consulted by Statesmen in forming their own opinions regarding such subjects. But it is altogether otherwise as to questions of Foreign Policy. Though the interests of the people are deeply involved in them, the information of the people respecting them is necessarily most scanty; they turn upon points far removed from the apprehension of the multitude, and even unapproachable by persons much above the mass of the community; they are of a refined and subtle description, and demand for their consideration both greater sagacity and far more extensive knowledge than *the public* (in any rational sense of that word) possesses. Moreover, the public feelings

feelings are apt to be excited unwisely and unreflectingly upon these matters, and without any regard to the real interests of the community. Nay, these feelings are prone to vary, suddenly to veer about, promptly to run from one extreme to its opposite; partly from ignorance, partly from inexperience of affairs, partly from want of due reflection, partly from heat of temper: so that public opinion upon foreign affairs is really very little to be regarded by those in whose hands the government of a country may be placed. Even in ancient Greece, where the people studied no other questions of a public nature, where the form of the government gave them entire control, and thus called on them constantly to consider those questions; above all, where the greatest statesmen were always prelecting on even the minute details of the subject, and the subject itself was of small extent and little complication,—even in these favourable circumstances, so different from our own, nothing could be more erroneous than the views taken of those questions by the people, and nothing, in the estimation of these statesmen, could be more perilous to the public interest than yielding to the popular opinions, and being guided by the feelings of the multitude at large.

To take but one example how dangerous it would be to follow the impressions occasionally made on the public mind by questions of Foreign Policy, let us only regard the greatest question of all—that of peace and war. How often have we seen the people by unanimous consent bent upon rushing into all the enormous perils of war, far outstripping their leaders among the factions of statesmen in their clamours for a rupture with foreign states, and seeking to control the wisdom of such men as Walpole, when he refused to break with Spain, and Pitt when he was so anxious to avoid the war with France? But furthermore, even when the public voice is most warlike, and when it is followed, we cannot say that ‘voice is still for war.’ On the contrary, at the first reverse, or even while all prospers, upon the first demand of supplies and imposition of taxes, the desire of peace, however unseasonable, is found to succeed the rage for war, like the cold to the hot fit of a fever. Often, when the continuance of peace would be both impolitic and perilous, public opinion is wholly, and unreasonably, and blindly averse to war. Often, when the continuance of war has become of absolutely indispensable necessity, public opinion is bent upon peace. Not seldom when peace is necessary, warlike are the sentiments of the uninformed and unreasoning multitude.

But there are other questions of foreign policy far more above popular comprehension. The expediency of provisions in treaties for consulting our mercantile and other interests—the necessity  
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of stipulations for securing our foreign possessions—the arrangements made for regulating in an advantageous manner to us and to all others the distribution of power among various states—the delicate and difficult questions regarding the international concerns of all foreign countries: these and other subjects are so utterly unknown to the people at large, that they can no more be trusted with deciding upon them, and their opinion can have no greater weight regarding them, than upon any questions in the abstract sciences. The public opinion upon a point of algebra would be of about as much value as upon a question of Foreign Policy like any one of those we have just enumerated. Add to all this the total want of individual responsibility, nay, of even identity in the body of the people, who may one day decide that Charles-Albert must be supported as Deliverer of Italy, and affirm that his success is certain because all Lombardy is for him; and then find that the Italians wholly distrust him—that, except the Milanese coffee-houses, all Lombards are against him, and he is utterly defeated—whereupon all who had prophesied and supported hide themselves, and pretend never to have held any such language;—and then you have a proof how little reliance is to be placed on the anonymous public in Foreign matters.

We are the more disposed to bring this subject before our readers at the present time, because of the singularly absurd movement which has lately been witnessed both in London and in Paris upon some questions of Foreign Policy. We conceive that the gross errors into which multitudes of well-intentioned persons have fallen, require to be pointed out, in order to ward off the mischievous consequences of their agitation. We also regard it as important to point out the evils of some proceedings held at a late Peace-Congress, for the purpose of showing how that signal folly has not only brought ridicule upon a good cause, but tended to prevent the really useful exertions of those who preferred absurdly chasing chimeras and phantoms.

First of all we have to note the gross, the almost unparalleled inconsistency of those frequenters of a Congress for Peace—in having about a fortnight before they set out on their crusade against war been parties to as fanatical a crusade against peace. The insignificance of the individual leaders in this abortive movement must not blind us to the mischiefs which they attempted to work. Evil designs may fail by happy chance, and evil-doers may be as noted for their folly as for their wickedness, as contemptible for their impotence in executing as for their recklessness in forming their plans. But it becomes the watchful guardians of the general interest to unveil such men's bad intentions, and prevent others from becoming the thoughtless instru-

ments

ments of their pernicious designs. Nor can it be justly affirmed that any knot of agitators is to be disregarded, how silly and how feeble soever in their own persons, as long as they have thousands as ignorant and foolish as themselves to cheer them on or to follow at their heels. Now we refer to the scene enacted at a great London meeting late in the last session, and apparently, how strange soever it may seem, in some kind of concert with the Whig Government in Downing-street, even in the House of Commons.

There flocked to this assembly at the London Tavern a vast concourse of persons profoundly uninformed upon every one particular relating to the question which brought them together ; utterly unreflecting on the possible consequences of their movement : absolutely careless of the ruin their agitation might bring upon the country if unhappily it should be found general enough, and the Government prove wild enough, to produce a rupture with Austria and Russia, or which is the same thing, a general European war. The subject of declamation, which no courtesy can make any person term discussion, and which it would be the most unfeeling irony to call deliberation, was the late rebellion then raging, yet near its termination, in Hungary, and which it required not only our Austrian ally's own forces, but also the aid of her Russian neighbour to suppress. The right or the expediency of a London mob-meeting to declaim in favour of those rebels and against their lawful rulers, was about as manifest as would be the right of a mob-meeting at Vienna to denounce our Government for sending troops into Canada when the rebellion of Papi-neau raged there, or for suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland when Smith O'Brien was doing the work of a traitor. The ignorance of the Austrian multitude on Canadian and Irish affairs could not easily surpass that of the London multitude on the affairs of Hungary and of Transylvania.

This gathering was presided over by a very respectable chairman, in the person of Mr. Lushington, member for Westminster,—of whom we shall take leave to say, without offence we trust we may say, that he is less conversant with the law of nations, or even with the municipal law of his own country, than his brother the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty—and that he afforded a singular instance of the risk which a worthy man meaning no harm always runs when he lends his name to proceedings which neither himself nor any one else can have the least power to control. This will presently be very remarkably seen as we go on to mention who else figured on that occasion, and what was done ere the meeting closed ; namely, that when he had heard most warlike speeches and made one himself, he innocently wondered any man should speak of war ! Associated with this gentleman there  
were



were others, not great luminaries of the Senate, not stars of the first magnitude in the parliamentary sphere, nor yet of the second, haply not even of the third; possibly taken from the Milky Way, (or Milk-and-Water way,) and of importance invisible to the naked eye. Lord Nugent and Mr. R. M. Milnes, both more famous as poets than orators, added their joint weight to the load imposed upon the hustings. There was a revolt—above all, a revolt against Austria; nay, more, a battle for a mere name—and therefore the patron of Poland, Lord Dudley Stuart, was sure of being found in the midst of the assembly, pouring forth the strains which are found to lull asleep even those who can listen to Mr. John O'Connell:—nay, there were actually present real Poles—their countrymen Bem and Dembinsky being in the field; but still they, the said Poles, having just as much to do with what was going on in Hungary as the Huns have with what is passing at Quebec, or the Cape, or Ceylon, or indeed any other of those numerous settlements, all of which are under the dispensation that for inscrutable purposes, unless the depriving us of all colonies be the design of Providence, has placed our colonial empire under Earl Grey's administration. Besides these intrusive Poles, Hungarians, true Magyars, were likewise present, and of their interference no one has the same right to complain: but they were there in the capacity of rebels to their lawful sovereign; and however they may enjoy the patronage of the Foreign Office, we cannot but think that senators of this country would have acted more warily—shown more common sense, as well as a more decent respect for the avowed policy of their country, at all times knitting her with Austria—had they abstained from fraternizing with those men now in open rebellion against the Austrian crown, and bent upon lowering and disgracing the most amiable and promising young prince whose brow it encircles. But we had, in the abundance of fifth-rate men, well nigh overlooked 'Richard Cobden.' He too, though but lately engaged in agitation for reducing army, navy, and ordnance, must needs attend the convocation for encouraging Hungarian revolt and attacking Austria—and there he was not quite the man of 'unadorned eloquence.' On the contrary, he far exceeded in his vagaries his predecessor of Rome, who once perorated holding an infant in his arms, and his more recent predecessors of England—Burke, who wielded a dagger in debate—Whitbread, who over-awed the House by the production of a pewter pot. These were poor seats compared with Mr. Cobden's. He denounced, solemnly denounced the Autocrat; he declared his resolution to annihilate him and his vast empire: he proceeded symbolically to do so; he grasped a dirty cover of a letter in his hand,

hand, and crushing it, pronounced with awful emphasis the sentence of annihilation on sixty millions of men—saying, ‘Thus I crush them, as I would this sheet of paper.’ The mode of doing so proved to be by declaring every capitalist a traitor to his, Mr. Cobden’s, principles (whatever they may be), who should dare to disobey his command, and lend Nicholas a shilling!

The feelings of this meeting (though with omission of such *action* as had immortalized it) were speedily re-echoed in the House of Commons. On the following Saturday, a day when no one expects any contested business, and therefore none but the men in office think of attending, a conversation was got up by some retainers of the Government, as Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes (destined, by his own lively imagination, for a foreign mission), and others, which gave Lord Palmerston an opportunity to pour forth his sighs in favour of Hungarian revolt, in the absence of all real adversaries, and gave those who had so magnanimously hoisted the sham colours of opponents, an opportunity of declaring how gladly they withdrew their motion, more than satisfied with the noble Viscount’s explanation. But this had not been said before a still greater than the Viscount had amply committed himself—not before the far calmer and more cautious Lord John Russell (now King or Queen, we hardly know which from the words of the Government papers\*), anxious to preserve his colleague’s triumph and partake of the popular gale, had risen to speak, and said little, it is true, to the purpose, but apologised for having inadvertently called the war in Hungary an ‘insurrection.’ What would these ministers of the British Crown have said if Prince Swartzenberg (object of Lord Palmerston’s special dislike) had apologised for terming the movement of Smith O’Brien in Ireland, or that of Papineau and Lafontaine in Canada, a rebellion? Grateful to the agitators, however, was this self-correction of Lord John; and the halls of the London Tavern and Hanover Square re-echoed with shouts of applause towards the ‘noble declarations of Her Majesty’s Ministers,’ as well as vehement invectives against our allies, and frequent exhortations to Lord Palmerston to complete his good work by snapping the slender thread to which he had gradually reduced the bond of peace in Europe. Soon after he was desired by many of these lovers of revolt, enchanted with his avowed propensities, to sit for his portrait—in the costume of the god Mars, we presume, rather than of Cupid—as a present to the amiable and accomplished person who shares his name, if not his opinions.

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\* We refer to the Palmerston evening print (*Globe*) of Sept. 17: ‘In England the Prime Minister is both Minister and King. The Queen is but a sleeping partner.’ This is unexampled.

That the noble Viscount entertained sanguine hopes of his favourite revolvers in Sicily beating our Neapolitan ally, as well as of his pet king, Charles Albert, defeating our Austrian friends, no doubt whatever now remains. His Lordship had the power of selecting what papers should be laid before Parliament, and keeping back such as he chose to conceal—yet his heavy Blue Book \* distinctly proves his breathless impatience to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily, in case he might be pleased to accept the crown tendered by the rebels, and his equally fixed resolution to ward off by means of our naval forces the evil day which should crush the revolt and confirm King Ferdinand on his throne. We also know that by a slight ‘inadvertence,’ as he phrased it, this impartial minister gave the Sicilian rebels leave to obtain at the Tower a supply of arms, while he deliberately refused all support to a prosecution against them for gross infraction of our municipal laws by fitting out expeditions in our ports to aid their revolt. Of the hopes cherished in favour of the Hungarian rebellion, we have as yet less distinct evidence; yet his whole language and that of his newspapers sufficiently prove him to have been sanguine on this subject also. The language of these papers, indeed, was truly disgraceful—one daily and one weekly print notoriously under the patronage of the Foreign Office, if indeed they be not in part the productions of the ministerial pen, openly espoused the Hungarian cause—with unblushing effrontery trumpeted up every traitorous name, however vile—and pertinaciously inveighed against the Emperor of Austria as the ‘inhuman butcher of his subjects’—thereby intending to designate that Prince in the exercise of his bounden duty—that of suppressing a rebellion. The hopes which inspired all these speeches, despatches, and paragraphs, were fated to suffer the disappointment to which Lord Palmerston ought now to be as well habituated in his foreign administration, as Lord Grey is in his colonial; for we doubt if in any age two more unlucky wights ever administered the affairs of any country—and it is the peculiar fortune of England to have the benefit of both their services at one and the same time. The Macaulay correspondence some years ago showed how the two rivals for the favour of the goddess *Atychia* (she who presides over *Ill Luck*) feel towards each other. That diverting historical Novelist, taking the Palmerston side when addressing the worthy dealer in snuff, showed that his Viscount did not care one pinch of his correspondent’s wares for the other party; and that to the Earl’s dislike of meddling, aggressive, lecturing, impotent, but impertinent courses in the Foreign Office—courses which he naturally desires

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\* Papers on Sicily and Naples, last Session.

to monopolize in his own department—the country had been indebted for the cruel calamity which befel the Whigs some years ago, of being unable to form a ministry, and their much deplored postponement of the sweets of place without power for a few months. But now the lurid star of the Colonial Secretary seems almost to be eclipsed. Rebellion we have, it is true, more or less openly raging in our most important colonies in the West, and governors, against whom all mankind exclaim, do their best to ruin our character and influence in the East. But Atychia (half-sister to Nemesis) has seemed even to exceed this boon when answering the prayers of her faithful worshipper now suffering, with a patience that surprises the clerks in Downing-street, the martyrdom of sitting for his picture. She not only lets him have his picture (which it is hoped the subscribers may not forget to pay for); but nothing else can she refuse him. Charles Albert, twice defeated and forced to abdicate—the Reforming Pope driven from Rome—his capital occupied by French troops—Bologna in the occupation of the Austrian arms—Florence restored to the Grand-Duke, after the Palmerston insurgents had been expelled *by the people*—all this seemed enough to gratify the strongest appetite for disaster. But the goddess was disposed to be yet more liberal. The ‘spoiled child of misfortune’ was fated to reap yet further wreaths of the cypress that we hope he delights in, for he gathers no others. The Sicilians were utterly defeated; their revolt entirely crushed; the leaders forced to leave the island, and be exiles for life to Carlton Gardens and Downing-street; every vestige of hope against either Ferdinand—(the Bourbon or the Hapsburg)—extinguished; and yet even that was not all. Hungary continued to fight, and Viscounts to hope, and Pulskeys to flatter, and papers to puff, while limners sat before their easel to hand down among future ages the likeness of the *ci-devant* juvenile Whig. Sad reverse! All these prospects are overcast, and the background of the canvas grows spontaneously sombre: the Russian, and still more the Austrian arms are triumphantly successful. Kossuth throws up the Dictatorship, and flies to escape the gallows; Georgy, a man of courage and conduct, succeeds him—only to see that the cause is desperate, and to surrender; a complete consternation takes place, and the Hungarian insurrection, to which Lord John Russell apologised for giving its right name, is finally crushed, like that of Sicily; nothing remaining for the victors but to show that they are as merciful as they are politic and powerful. Nay, their magnanimity has been as rapidly as signally displayed, for the Emperor Nicolas, as if to confound all the maniacal abuse of the liberal press, is already withdrawing his troops.

But the bounty of the ungracious deity whom our Foreign Secretary worships with such assiduous devotion has no bounds. As her box, kept like those of Downing-street by her favourite minister Pandora, is bottomless, so inexhaustible are the streams that flow. Our great statesman would not have the emblems of his divine patroness inscribed on the portrait, however appropriate they might be; for one of them is a Cupid's image reversed; but his piety is as fervent as if he had submitted to that mark of his ceaseless homage to the bounteous Atychia. Hardly were his tears dry, shed over the fate of our excellent allies Kossuth and Bem, when news arrived that the Queen of the Adriatic, too, had surrendered—surrendered at discretion, and set free an army and a fleet for the purposes of the Austrian Government. Indeed some there are, we suspect the Viscount among the number, who upon the whole regard the intervention of Russia—the grand achievement of his policy—the event to which all his Italian speculations inevitably led—as rather a more choice gift of the power he serves, than all the rest of the chaplet she had entwined around his august temples.

The Hungarian and Venetian news came upon the London Meeting men with no greater effect of surprise and produced no more consternation than upon the Government. The poor, ignorant creatures who flocked to the alehouse and the playhouse to howl out their sympathies and to vent their rage, seemed to be no whit less prepared for the catastrophe which had actually happened while they were thus promiscuously assembled, than the ministers who have the exclusive access to all authoritative official intelligence, and who read (if they choose—or when they choose) all the despatches of all the ambassadors. It is true that these high functionaries may plead the absence from Vienna of our ambassador there—though, to be sure, that was entirely their own work—they having ordered him home at the most critical emergency of his mission, in order to have the benefit of his (probably reluctant) vote upon the wild measure for destroying our naval supremacy by passing Mr. Ricardo's bill to repeal the Navigation Laws. Still—even making all allowance for the want of despatches from Lord Ponsonby—their utter ignorance of what all mankind, excepting only the agitators and their dupes, knew, that Hungary could not by possibility prevail in the conflict, does seem extraordinary, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that their passions had blinded them and rocked their reason to sleep. As to the real original merits of the Hungarian question, we must own that on no supposition whatever can we well believe it possible that any men pretending to call themselves ministers could have been, either first  
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or last, as ignorant as their partizans who bawled at meetings and subscribed for portraits. Surely they must have known that of all the absurd delusions which ever bewildered the popular brain, the most absurd was the notion that the Hungarian constitution was a scheme of good government—that Austria wished to deprive the people of it, and that the independence of Hungary was the real bone of contention between the Hungarians and Germans. Lord Dudley Stuart declared that the Hungarian Constitution closely resembled the English:—but the noble historian of Europe, Lord John Russell, must have known better. He could not be ignorant that, except perhaps the old elective monarchy of Poland, a more execrable government than the Hungarian neither does nor ever did exist—we will only say in Europe, though we doubt if there be a worse in Asia or even in Africa. An eighth of the people are nobles, by far the greater number without fortune, but all of them, under this quasi-English constitution, were clothed with the privileges of alone possessing land, alone being exempt from every public burthen, alone being free from arrest even for crimes, unless taken in the fact. The local revenues, to which they contributed nothing, were intrusted to their management; so that they compelled the unhappy peasants and burghers to pay for the roads and the bridges which they and their tenants used for their local convenience. Nay, not content with these privileges, each noble possessed in the villages the absolute monopoly of meat and of wine. The technical description of the people, as contradistinguished from the noble class, is sufficient to convey the idea of their condition in that land whose liberty roused the admiration and claimed the protection of our agitators—*plebs misera contribuens*—‘the miserable tax-paying multitude.’ It was within the last fifteen years an additional grievance, and of the most severe kind, that justice was administered in the Lord’s Court, between vassal and vassal, and between lord and vassal, by judges whom the lord himself named. Nay some, though few, enjoyed the power of inflicting capital punishment. This constitution, ‘the idol of Hungarians,’ as one of their own writers terms it, is charged by another with having for ‘three hundred years caused the nation to be wretched, degenerate, and grovelling in the dust.’ And this is that system in which the learned Lord Dudley Stuart finds ‘a close resemblance to the British Constitution!’ In 1835 Prince Metternich introduced important reforms in it, especially by reducing the lord’s power of punishment and limiting the jurisdiction of his courts. He subjected the nobles to taxes in respect of all new-purchased lands, and restricted the vassals’ labour materially—conferring on the lords, in return for this invasion of their privileges,

leges, the freedom to sell or devise their lands. The Hungarian reforms of that eminent statesman were all in the direction of liberty, and all levelled against the overgrown power of the nobles—a race numerous beyond all example of European monarchies, and wedded at once to the name of Hungary and to their own oppressive privileges. With this class of men Austria and her veteran minister could not fail to be unpopular. With the body of the people it was far otherwise—exactly as in the Cracow insurrection of 1846 we saw the peasantry and the burghers not only stand aloof from the Polish agitators, but rise against their feudal oppressors, and exercise unjustifiable cruelties against the privileged class, whose attempt to shake off the fetters imposed upon them by the Austrian Government for the protection of the people, that people regarded with the abhorrence of self-interest, if not of loyalty.

The Hungarian insurrection had not only many of these native nobles on its side; but also many Poles. There were eighteen Polish officers in high command; and Bem, their best General, except perhaps Georgy, was of that nation. This is the constant result of insurrection wherever it breaks out. In every conspiracy, in every riot, in every bloody assassination for political objects, Poles are ever found to take a forward part. No one who reflects on the injustice of which their country had been made the victim could wonder at a high-spirited people for cherishing the memory of their former day amidst fond dreams of revenge and resurrection. Every allowance must undoubtedly be made for them. Yet in the case of communities as of individuals, it is absolutely necessary that the lapse of time should be allowed to confer a title to quiet possession. Fourscore years have well nigh elapsed since the ever-turbulent independence of Poland was struck at by irresistible power—and since the final consummation of her doom much above half a century has been spent in restless agitation on the one hand and grappling with an uneasy dominion on the other. How long is Europe to be kept in confusion and strife because the Poles are madly bent on regaining a name? For it is a name, and nothing but a name, that they are seeking—it is a mere name, to regain which they would plunge Europe in fire and blood. No regard for public liberty—not a thought of the people's happiness—not an idea of even national prosperity ever crosses the Polish mind. Give them the government of Turkey or Algiers—nay, the government established over any tribe in Central Africa—only call it the 'Government of Poland,' and none of them, speaking as to the bulk of these restless men, care in what misery, in what slavery, their country is to exist. Nay, the worse the better—for the rights of  
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the noble to tyrannize as heretofore over his wretched vassal are exactly the object for which they are bent upon fighting. No wonder that the congenial cause of the Hungarian nobles found willing supporters among such Poles. It had a triple title to their sympathy and co-operation; it was a rebellion—it was a revolt against Austria—and it was the cause of feudal oppression against the interests of the people.

Happily the insurrection has been completely put down; happily for Europe quite as much as for Austria—for assuredly had the struggle continued but a little while longer, nothing could have prevented the general peace of Europe from being broken, and the world once more plunged into interminable war. Such a consummation alone was wanting to instal our Foreign Secretary in the very highest place within the fane of the goddess he adores—nay, to plant him as the High Priest in her adytum. All rivalry in her favours between the Colonial and the Foreign Office would at once have ceased. But hard the lot of the ingenious artist who had hoped to reap immortality by his fine and bold device of placing the Viscount under an umbrageous cypress—muttering as he painted, partly in recollection of whom and partly in remarking for whom he was painting—

*‘Linguenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor; neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.’*

Hard his lot would have been, for he must have added a much more dismal foliage—the deadly nightshade (*belladonna*) in honour of the one—the *mandragora* (or *mandrake*) in honour of the other. Nay, we question if the upas itself must not have had a place on the memorable canvas. So that it might have resembled the great *chef d’œuvre* of Titian—and the martyrdom of Peter the Hermit (or Palmer) been forgotten in the glories of Palmerston the Hun. However, all this difficulty was spared to the artist as well as to Europe; and the interesting picture retains its pristine outlines.

On the eve of this news arriving to plunge Downing-street in despair, a notable act of practical wisdom was performed by certain of our great men. Mr. Cobden had not yet crushed the Russian empire; but relying on his positive promises, and wise in their generation from much deep reflection and ample profound knowledge, those we allude to, nothing doubting that ultimate success must crown the struggle for Hungarian liberty, and for Lord Dudley Stuart’s English form of government, that established on the Gneiss, deemed it exactly the moment for solemnly urging the Ministers ‘to interfere actively in behalf of that  
Constitution



Constitution which,' they also assure Lord John Russell, 'bears such a striking resemblance to our own.' They beseech him to help in 'preserving institutions which have had an unbroken series of existence (qy. as to the possible meaning of this?) since the foundation of the monarchy,' that is to say, as we presume to suggest, just one thousand years—a thing the addressers are certainly profoundly ignorant of; because that aggregate of injustice and cruel oppression which we have already pointed out, as making the old government of the Magyars the very worst in the world, is thus proved to be precisely that in whose behalf these good men urged Lord John Russell and his colleagues to put forth all their bellicose energies. This singularly edifying document lies now before us—sharing in the columns of the autumnal press the interest excited by the cholera and the Bermondsey murder. It is signed first and foremost by the name—the honoured name—of Fitzwilliam—borne by a most worthy man, endued with as great an alacrity of wandering out of the ordinary path frequented by men of sense—though always from amiable feelings—as any one we could mention. Of Lord Beaumont we need say little; of Lord Kinnauld less. Lord Nugent and Mr. Milnes we have mentioned already; Lord Dudley Stuart's congenial name we wonder not to find attached to so wise a document. Signed it was by several others of the same sagacious school—but ere they could present this paper, the news came which put an end to the whole question. Their wisdom, however, was conspicuous to the end. Others, it is likely, would have been thankful that their sanguine expectations had not been published to the world on the Tuesday when the news was to arrive on the Wednesday. But far from it! They must be understood to have regretted that they had not secured the opportunity of being laughed at, with due speed—for, incredible as it may seem, they actually published their performance, names and all, in the papers of Thursday—so determined were they not to be deprived for a day longer of that gratification which some men benevolently feel in being the cause of merriment to their neighbours.

We have marked the narrow escape which we had, and all Europe with us, of a general war—the fruit of our foreign minister's restless meddling—for to him more than all others must be ascribed that condition of the Austrian affairs in Italy which made her requiring the aid of Russia necessary for her safety; and a Russian campaign continuing a few months in Germany must have led to a general war. But surely if ever war was waged by Nations without the shadow of a ground—without any one semblance of a rational object—this would that war have been.

been. Europe would have been visited with the extreme calamity of war without the possibility of any one pretending that a single national interest or point of national honour was involved. Nothing, no, absolutely nothing but a mere name would have been the whole matter in dispute. The world\* would have suffered countless ills, because the Hungarian nobles\* desired to have a nominal independence, under which they might find some means of renewing and prolonging their iron rule over unhappy peasants, and the Poles desired to have a revenge on those who had taken away the name of their country—the consequence of which, if they achieved it thoroughly, must be a similar re-establishment of an outworn system of feudal oppression. No one pretends that Austria ever dreamt of taking away a representative government from the Hungarians. No one ever denied that they were to have a Diet and to be governed as a distinct kingdom, parcel of the great Austrian monarchy. But they insisted on having the name of a separate monarchy—and the nobles insisted on having the continued domination over their fellow-subjects.

The general outline which we have given of the late agitation shows, in a striking manner, the utter ignorance of all who bore a part in it, respecting every one of the several matters which entered into the argument, and which necessarily, in the eye of sense and reason, were decisive of the questions at issue. But the most extraordinary part of their whole hallucination was the pyebald mixture of extravagant doctrines concerning Peace with the constant and prevailing itch for War. Strange to tell, those who led this movement for Hungary, had been the leaders also of the movement against armies, navies, and ordnance—the unbending supporters of peace, at all hazards—but a few weeks before they became intoxicated with the beverage of Polish growth, and panted and bellowed for a breach with no matter how many Kaisers and Czars in favour of the liberal and enlightened Magyars.

We are now to note the strange antics which a delegation of these men went over to play in Paris in less than a little month after they had been making the welkin ring in London with invectives against Austria, offering up prayers for Hungarian rebellion, and threatening to destroy the great empire of the North.

It seems that out of America have come, among other offsets of that rank soil, among Mormonites and St. Simonians, and Repudiators, a body of Peace-preachers, headed by one Elihu Burritt, and their grand fundamental doctrine is, that war is an evil to be eschewed—peace a blessing to be cherished; but, as the novelty of this creed is less remarkable than its truth

truth is self-evident, and as its practical usefulness seems more than questionable, they add another tenet—that meetings, what they term *Congresses*, ought to be holden of various nations to profess the principles—the very commendable, primary principles of their faith—the principles, to wit, that crime is wrong, consequently the greatest of all crimes most wrong; that innocence is right, consequently the avoiding the greatest of crimes is very, very proper. This addition to their simple and salutary nostrum is as if a doctor were to recommend water as a wholesome thing to use, and when no one was much impressed with the depth of his discovery, were also to add a recommendation that meetings be held—Water Congresses—for the purpose of professing loudly, anxiously, eloquently, the attachment of all present to that Pindaric beverage.

The place chosen for the last Peace Congress was Paris, of whose inhabitants, whatever other virtues may adorn them, it cannot very justly be predicated that they are in a peculiar degree the worshippers of peace—at all times and in all circumstances indifferent to military glory—together as a people careless of renown, dead to ambition, self-denying as to the measure in which it shall be gratified—or overscrupulous in the choice of the path to such gratification. The locality selected being the capital of the most ambitious and warlike people in Europe; the time chosen for this display of peace-preaching was equally judicious—for it was soon after the whole French nation had elected for their ruler a person only known to them as bearing the name of one whom they universally idolized for his military genius, his having conquered half the civilized world, and led to destruction some millions of his subjects to gratify his inordinate lust of dominion. Nor was even this all—the time chosen coincided also with warlike proceedings—instituted with the unanimous consent, amidst the loud applause of all parties in Paris—almost all in France—proceedings instituted merely for the purpose of showing that France could still fight—and that to do something warlike she was resolved, whatever might be the pretext, or how useless soever might be the object sought. In such a place and at such a time our great Peace-Congress met, and, as Parliament was not sitting in England nor the National Assembly in France, all men's eyes were of course to be fixed upon its operations.

The first thing which struck, and forcibly struck, all who attended to this proceeding, was that, after all the parade about a Congress of all Nations—with all the charms which invest the sweet name of Peace—with the entire freedom from other occupations which enabled any one so minded to attend a meeting  
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in a most accessible spot, at a most favourable season, and in a town full of other attractions—nay, with all the love of display which predominates in the French nation—not a single Frenchman of name, weight, or influence in politics, except one very eminent journalist—nor a single man besides ever heard of in society, except an eminent poet, could be prevailed upon to join this Congress! Such is the fact; and it speaks volumes on the folly of preaching peace in a Congress at Paris. From other countries there was the same meagre attendance. No one had ever heard before of Elihu out of the Old Testament. From Belgium one respectable, but little-known, person attended. England sent one or two worthy Quakers and also some three Members of Parliament, of whom two were positively unknown, and the third, Mr. Cobden, more remarkable for the praise bestowed on his ability than for that ability itself, well enough known as an agitator, but a professional agitator, who had fallen lately into general derision from his overweening vanity, and into something still worse from his having consented to receive a large sum of money in reward of his services in Parliament—no creditable proceeding in any case, but least so when it leads to a suspicion that a man's own affairs were in disorder before he took up the more gainful trade of disordering the affairs of the nation. Our recent party history affords a memorable example of the consequences produced on a man's influence by leading a mendicant life. How much better had it been for Mr. O'Connell to proclaim at once his insolvency, and live in honest poverty, if he would not return to an industrious life! Yet he was a man of real power over his countrymen, and of incomparably greater talents, as well as more eminent in every way, than Mr. Cobden, or a dozen Mr. Cobdens. We have, however, stepped aside from our comments on the Peace Congress to note the insignificance of those who bore a part in its proceedings; and as we perceive the French press falls into the error of imagining the person whom we have last mentioned to be still a person of real weight and consideration in England, it was necessary to explain how this is the very reverse of the truth.

We believe it may safely be affirmed that no failure was ever more complete than the one we are describing. A set of as dull harangues as ever were spoken could only boast of M. Victor Hugo's and M. Emile de Girardin's as an exception to this character. Speeches uttered by them, on whatever topic, could hardly fail to show some striking qualities—and these, however little of wisdom they might display, were at least lively, eloquent, and attractive. In all the others the accounts from Paris are unanimous in recording the total want of either eloquence or argument; and M. Girardin has since retracted every word that  
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he said as to the propriety of reducing the armed force of the only country he knows much about—France. But in fact, the very meritorious *Vaudeville*, appropriately placed at the head of our paper, affords the best possible commentary on the whole of this affair—and it clearly proves, by its unbounded success, the universal feeling with which the sages and their whole procedure were contemplated by high and low among the acute Parisians.

The Congress sat three days to hear proposals of absolute impossibilities as practical plans—long and laboured invectives against human vice and folly—chimerical notions of public policy fit to furnish out a new chapter in Swift's *Laputa*. In truth we doubt if the witty Dean would not have been startled at a serious proposition to prevent war by preaching peace, and to settle all disputes between nations by arbitration, and rejected it as too strong for even *his* irony.

Now we must once for all affirm that not any of the Elihus and Cobdens themselves are more averse to all war than we are—and we will add that every one statesman and every one prince in the world will cheerfully join in the same sentiment. All speak against it, because all must speak against the greatest crime which any one can commit. But then, when the occasion arises, the same persons who had assented freely to the peace doctrine tell you it is no fault of theirs if they make an exception in this case, the case in hand, on the ground of self-defence; there being hardly a second example of Frederick II.'s extreme candour, in telling the world that he invaded Silesia because it lay convenient to his dominions, and he had a fine army, a large treasure, and the ambition of a young king. But we are more honest than the princes we refer to, and declare our sentiments to be very heartily and sincerely those of the Congress. Furthermore, we hate robbery, despise swindling, and abhor murder. But then we cannot pretend to say that sermons could be safely substituted for prosecutions, or that we have the least hope of putting down crimes by a Virtue-congress assembled to inculcate hatred of vice. Such meeting and lecturing may do some little good, and if it do not interfere with the more effectual operation of the Criminal Code, no one can object to it. But, if we saw such things operating on the minds of prosecutors and juries to make them distrust penal infliction, and rest their whole hopes upon preaching, we should hold them as cheap as we now hold the Paris Congress.

To sum up its absurdities in a single sentence—Who is to enforce the decrees of the arbitrators? A dispute arises between Austria and Sardinia. Arbitrators are appointed, or the standing Council  
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of Arbitrators decrees against Austria. Supposing all chance of bias, of the bias impressed by conflicting national interests, were out of the question—supposing the judgments of the Arbitrators unimpeachably just in every case—(and who can make such a supposition without taking for granted a restoration of the Golden Age?)—still we ask how is the award to be enforced? What is to make Austria submit? The only answer which the Peace-preachers can possibly make to this obvious question is that she must be compelled to submit. Then who is to compel her? The other powers represented in the Congress—and how? By what is proverbially and justly called the *ultima ratio*—force of arms. But who is to secure unanimity? and what chance is there of the minority yielding to the majority? Now the minority will of course take part with Austria, for whom they had given their judgment; and this must inevitably lead to a general war. So that the admirable contrivance of the Congress to prevent all war is the conversion of a quarrel between two powers into a general war among all powers—of a quarrel which, without the Court of Arbitration, might have been settled between the disputants, into a quarrel in which each, finding himself supported by many others, is sure not to give way. We question if the wit of man ever yet invented a plan more certain to produce and extend the evils of war than this refined notion of the Peace Makers. Observe, all nations must be prepared for war just as much as they now are; because, if they are not, the party against whom the decision is pronounced will utterly disregard the Congress. And then the mere existence of a place where all grievances may be discussed is sure, by the constant progress of human passions, to create grievances and foment quarrels. We leave the reader to imagine the endless scope for endless intrigue which this Convention of Arbitrators would afford to all the courts in the world, and the thousand chances which would thus be given to raise disputes that never could have had an existence in the ordinary and ancient course of political affairs.

But then of course our Peace-doctors answer us by saying that all nations are to become moderate and dispassionate in viewing their own interests; that no power will ever dream of attempting anything which the Arbitration Court would not sanction; that none will so much as imagine the possibility of unduly gaining over a majority of the Congress to their own side; and that, as for half a million being applied, or even a million, to gaining votes for an interest worth an hundred millions, such a thing is out of the question, because all the five hundred members of the Congress are to be perfectly honest and incorruptible. And, no doubt,  
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the whole of this notable folly does rest on the assumption that animosity, and selfishness, and sordid love of gain, and cruel disregard to human suffering, in short, that vice of all kinds has for ever quitted the world, and that the reign of peace and exalted virtue has begun upon earth. Surely no more needs be said to prove the unutterable folly of this scheme. As for the Quakers, we greatly respect that sober brotherhood, and can quite understand their adopting this speculation. They deny the lawfulness of all war, even for self-defence. They maintain that no force whatever is to be employed for any purpose whatever. They consider it a crime, nay, a sin, to seize pirates and slave-traders on the high seas. They deem it contrary to religion as well as morals to protect life and property except by entreaty and by preaching. These amiable enthusiasts would perhaps be puzzled to show how a nation of Quakers could protect its rights or enforce its laws; but, waiving that not urgent topic of debate, we admit that they incur no special reproach by joining in the present agitation. They say, Disband all your army, and sell all your navy and your stores; trusting to Providence, or to an improved feeling of mankind, for preserving you from any attack. But Mr. Cobden only contends for reducing our military and naval establishment to what it was ten years ago—that is, more than double what it was just before the great revolutionary war; and how he should join this absurdity is not quite so easy to imagine; for, assuredly, allowing of such an establishment at all assumes that war cannot be put down by any preaching or any Congress.

We have said that one evil of the present movement is its preventing other more rational and practical reforms in the intercourse of nations. Some have asked why the Congress did not apply their great minds to framing resolutions and delivering orations against murder, forgery, and highway-robbery—and no doubt the leaving these flagrant evils untouched is a great oversight, and affords grave matter of charge against our men of European name and renown—our men who can make nearly as good speeches in French as in English. We are sure, too, that their success in that other attempt would have been quite as considerable as in this—that their Morality-movement would have borne fruit quite as early as their Peace-movement: but we are now regarding matters of foreign or international policy. We view the Cobdens, the Ewarts, the Elibus, the Hindleys, not as the salt of the earth merely, but as the chosen representatives of nations—nay of all nations—the Solons of the species, the law-givers for mankind—the orators of the human race—as so many Anacharsis Cloots's assembled to settle the affairs of the whole earth—if, indeed, the great man who can crush the Russian empire

empire with his voice, as he crumples a piece of paper, may not also project a threat to the moon to prevent that 'refulgent lamp of night' from ever withdrawing from us the benefit of her mild and useful beams. Therefore it is of the omission to deal with great obstructions in the intercourse of nations that we complain; and we feel assured that this silly Peace-movement has been prejudicial in preventing such efforts as might really have tended to a practical and useful object.

No one who has been accustomed to read the Quarterly Review will expect in the pages of this journal a panegyric on free trade; but our own consistency leads us to look for a little of a like quality among others, and we feel that something might have been anticipated from the sage Cobdens and Hindleys, the eloquent Ewarts, towards obtaining that reciprocity abroad which they so confidently told us would meet our Corn-Law repeal; and to be sure, a fitting occasion was furnished for preaching their economical doctrines to France. Especially as, doubtless, universal repeal of restraints upon commerce would have a tendency to make war less likely, we might have reasonably expected such dogmas to be ventilated at a grand Peace Congress. But no such thing. Our sages in council assembled—these conscript fathers of the human race—seem to have dreaded the approaching near to any topic so liable to be considered within the scope of practical minds. They kept to safe generalities, which could lead to no results, and were secure from all dispute; and thus, among other consequences, ran no risk of the hisses which we verily think Free-Trade lectures would have been greeted with at Paris, as they are at all English meetings not convoked by ticket.

But another matter would really have been of some importance towards remedying a great practical evil which now afflicts society; and while men bewilder themselves in such vague generalities as alone filled the mouths and the ears of the late assembly at Paris, we can expect no effort to be made for the purpose of removing that evil. We allude to the scandalous state of the international law respecting debts and crimes. While the Continent is open to us—while each European state is separated from its neighbour only by a strait, a river, a mountain, or an imaginary line—no creditor can have the benefit of any judgment he may obtain against his debtor—no prosecutor can obtain the punishment of the criminal whom he has brought to trial and conviction. It was lately stated in Parliament that a sentence of the Court of Chancery, affirmed upon appeal by the House of Lords, and vesting in a respectable person the right to receive 50,000*l.* of which a knave had defrauded his family, became utterly valueless because the party went abroad with all his funds, and, after eluding all pursuit,



pursuit, died, leaving the property to his mistress. No law existed by which redress could be obtained in this grievous case. So, had the Bermondsey couple, who have just been arrested while attempting to escape, been fortunate enough to reach other shores than our own, it would have been wholly impossible to bring them to trial—if they only avoided going to the one or two states with which we have treaties of mutual surrender. But these treaties are next thing to inoperative, owing to the different laws of different countries; and they only are meant to embrace three offences—murder, forgery, and fraudulent bankruptcy. The worthy bill-broker who favoured the wise men in congress assembled with his views of war, and who asserted of his own knowledge that most of the great States are at this moment bankrupt, must surely have assented to a proposition for making it no longer possible that one debtor (say his own debtor), or one felon (say a forger upon Messrs. Gurney and Overend), should, by removing half a day's journey from the scene of his extravagance or his fraud, escape all legal process, whether to compel restitution of borrowed money, or to inflict punishment for offences. In truth the European nations can hardly pretend to be termed civilized, or be said to live under a regular system of law, as long as this crying evil is suffered to deform society. It amounts to a repeal of all law; and leaves to each party, whether in a civil or a criminal suit, the option of either submitting to the laws of his country or defying them. How much more rational had it been for our delegates to enlighten the world by pointing out this grievous abuse—to disseminate useful information respecting its operation—and to seek by united remonstrances with all governments the only effectual remedy in a general treaty for surrender of parties, with due provisions and guards against abuse. But then such a course would not have furnished due scope for tiresome, trashy, trumpery speeches on matters that all are agreed about, and the effusion of commonplaces, repeated weekly and daily ever since the great Deluge, and repeated in vain.

We conceive it to be a further practical evil resulting from the Congress, that if its labours have any effect beyond disturbing the gravity of such as read their records, they must operate injuriously in preventing the public opinion from being pointed, for praise or for blame, towards meritorious or mischievous conduct in the rulers of the world. If a great public crime is committed—like the invasion of Lombardy by Charles Albert, or the attacks on Spain or Germany by Napoleon, or on Mexico by the Americans, or the partition of Poland—(now become matter of history—as merely so, in fact, as the overthrow of the Byzantine empire by the Turks)—the reprobation which, in a wholesome state of the public feelings, should

should forthwith be lavished on the wrongdoer, is at once repressed by the men of Congress, and lavished upon human nature in general. 'Oh,' say they, 'all war is bad, and all equally bad.' Of course there can be no line drawn, no distinctions made, no exceptions allowed to the general and inflexible rule. Is a nation attacked in its territory, or in its honour—more to be kept inviolate than any territorial dominion? No sympathy for its gallant resistance, 'because,' says the bill-broker, 'I abominate all war, and cannot allow any people to defend themselves by the sword.' Thus all distinctions of right and wrong are confounded and lost in this senseless cry for settling every dispute by peaceable means. We dare venture to predict that if the American repudiators succeed—in spite of the well-meant but impotent proclamation of their feeble Government—in fitting out a marauding expedition to take Cuba, we shall, as an answer to all complaints from other countries, receive an immediate reference to the Elihus of the Paris Congress, and be told, that no doubt it was wrong, nay, very wrong, but that all war is equally wrong, and that such profligate proceedings are the inevitable consequence of nations entertaining armies and navies, and settling their disputes by the sword.

We have little room left for stating what ought to be the general principles for governing the relations of civilized countries; but their enunciation will occupy a small space, and we add it, careless how much offence it may give to our wise and temperate Palmerstons, our ripely informed Dudley Stuarts, and our all-authoritative 'Richard Cobdens.'

We hold it to be clear, then, both in point of honesty and policy, that the only true course for England to take is to abide religiously by the faith of treaties; that each succeeding ministry should consider itself as much a party to the solemn covenants entered into by its predecessors as if its own seals were affixed to the bond.—Next, we conceive it to be almost as much an act of justice, and quite as much a wise course of policy, to abide by the ancient and well-recognised relations of alliance which bind us to certain powers, with whom we have in a long course of ages shared the fortunes of peace and war; not to court ephemeral popularity by paying our court to other powers—their avowed adversaries.—Again, and above all, we regard it to be the very height of both injustice and impolicy, in any country, but most especially in one composed of above a dozen different dominions, and peopled by as many separate races, to scrutinize the titles of other powers to their various provinces; seeking in their origin for flaws in these titles, and setting up a new-fangled doctrine of 'nationality' to the utter disturbance not only of practical arrangements, but often also of the best historical associations. The in-

terest of all Europe is to prevent changes, to maintain peace. No other intelligible rule can by possibility be laid down, except that the state of actual possession must be regarded, and every one be treated as a wrong-doer who would attempt to shake it. Thus the Treaty of Vienna may have been well or ill framed; the distribution of power thereby made may have been a wise and a just one, or the reverse. It signifies not.—That is the law of Europe; that is the system which all are bound to maintain who were parties to the treaty—bound in good faith as well as in policy; but that is the system which even they who were no parties to its establishment in 1815 are by every rule of policy bound to maintain, because it is established; because it has, for more than the third part of a century, been the rule uniformly followed; and because even a faulty system of territorial arrangement, once settled, and for a length of time acted upon, is infinitely more advantageous to the world at large than pulling the fabric to pieces and trying to construct a new one. As in civil society the existing state of property is alone to be regarded, and for the benefit of all is to be firmly upheld, with the severest penalties to those who would commit any aggression on any part of it; to be upheld too merely because it exists, without regard to the violence or the fraud in which possibly at some remote date it had its origin;—so is the established distribution of dominion to be held sacred—and, for the benefit of each and of all, to be religiously guarded against all innovation, all attack. This is the true, the plain, the intelligible principle which alone can safely govern the conduct and guide the opinions of nations. It is the principle for which our Marlboroughs and our Wellingtons fought, for which our Chathams spoke, for which our Godolphins counselled, for which our Williams both counselled and fought. It is the true rule both of policy and of justice; and as long as nations are resolved to uphold it, and prepared to punish all who rebel against it, so long will the dominion of states be secure from overthrow, and the best protection be afforded for the weak against the strong—ay, and the most effectual guarantee be established of the general peace, the strongest barrier be raised against war; while the impotent efforts of ridiculous Congresses fail to produce any one effect except that of making their members pitied or laughed at, according as any one who reads their effusions may be more or less charitably inclined, more or less endued with patience for human folly.

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ART. V.—*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their local Distribution.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.Z., F.Z.S. London. 1849.

THE pursuits of natural history possess a various and multi-form interest. When followed out in their strictly scientific character by such men as Cuvier, or our own Professor Owen, they present us with remarkable generalizations which not only exhibit the clearest marks of design and plan upon which the whole world of animated being has been constructed, but throw ever and anon remarkable light upon some of the greatest intricacies of our own organic construction. The discovery that the lower manifestations of animal life are forms through which the higher animals pass, throws a new light upon the conditions under which those higher animals exist in those preparatory stages in which it is often singularly difficult to explore the secrets of their being. But there are many other advantages which wait upon the study of natural history for those who cannot follow it to these scientific heights. No innocent pursuit which possesses sufficient interest to engage the attention, and so to sharpen the faculties and enlarge the mind, will ever be condemned by the true philosopher. And this pursuit, specially, exercises some, and those very important faculties. A good practical naturalist must be a good observer; and how many qualities are required to make up a good observer! Attention, patience, quickness to seize separate facts, discrimination to keep them unconfused, readiness to combine them, and rapidity and yet slowness of induction; above all, perfect fidelity, which can be seduced neither by the enticements of a favourite theory, nor by the temptation to see a little more than actually happens in some passing drama. But besides these advantages which it shares with many other pursuits, natural history has some which are peculiarly its own. Whatever tends to attach man to the works and manifestations of God in the natural world around us, addresses itself to higher faculties than those which reside merely in the understanding.

We are not indeed of those who have any very strong faith in mere rustic innocence—men's passions are just as strong, and are often even coarser in their manifestation amongst an ignorant rustic population than they are amongst those inhabitants of our towns whom mere sentiment would condemn to an almost hopeless degradation. But then these rustics are exactly those whose eyes are most sealed to the beauties and the marvels amidst which they daily walk. Amongst the Spitalfields weavers, many of whom are great bird-fanciers, and many more amongst our best  
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practical entomologists, there is probably far more appreciation of the beauties of the country which they rarely visit, and of the wonders of animal life, with which they can only now and then come into actual contact in the ramble of a summer holiday, than is to be found amidst the rustic population of our ten thousand parishes. It is amongst these then, and not amongst those who neglect the riches in the midst of which they live, that the real effects of these pursuits are to be traced; and no one we think can entertain a doubt as to what are their effects who has seen amongst these very weavers the softening, harmonizing, and elevating tendencies of such tastes amidst the many depressing accidents of their life of toil. And there are very many amongst ourselves for whom we should specially prescribe the cultivation of such pursuits as these. There are not a few causes in operation in the present day which tend to wean our gentry from a country life. The personal importance which the possession of land formerly conferred is already much impaired, and probably will be still more lessened as estates are divided and wealth diffused. Our modern improvements in agriculture, reducing as they must the business of cultivating the soil more and more to the ordinary laws which govern manufactures, tend to diminish the natural beauty of the country, and to break in upon some or other of the pleasures of its possessors. It is not merely that some of these are attacked directly, but even more, that many of them are rendered accidentally impossible. It is not only that at the prayer of tenant-farmers acts of Parliament are framed, which inexorably decree the extermination of fourfooted game, but that the march of improvement incidentally destroys or banishes other and harmless tribes of animal life, which have formed heretofore the instruments of country amusement. How imperceptibly and unintentionally this may be brought about, may be illustrated by the fact of the annual diminution—now stated without doubt by some of our most accurate ornithological observers—in the numbers of our swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) and martins (*Hirundo urbica*), and which seems to be caused by the great diminution already created in their favourite food of the Tipulidæ and ephemeral flies by the draining of our wet and marshy lands. For it is evident that the same causes must be producing the same effects upon our snipes and all our tribes of wading and swimming birds; whilst other causes of a like kind must be reducing the number of our really wild *Tetraonidæ*—causes which have already once exterminated (what the spirited efforts of Lord Breadalbane promise to restore) our indigenous Capercaillie (*Tetrao uro-gallus*), and our great bustard (*Otis tarda*). Such, we say, must be more or less the progress of events; for by all, or almost all our leading men in the science of agriculture,

ture, the hedge timber of England is doomed:—very many of its woods are to be grubbed, its downs broken up, its marshes drained, and with some of these changes, however on the whole beneficial, must disappear much sylvan beauty and many sylvan sports. And all this must have an immediate effect upon the attractiveness of country life. There can scarcely be a wider difference than that which exists between the feelings towards his estate of the lord of the soil, whose pleasures, occupations and pursuits are all, in some way or other, connected with its possession, and his who sees in his highly cultivated acres nothing more than a productive investment of a certain amount of capital. We are ourselves great admirers of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents; but it is impossible to feel any special affection to the Scrip which conveys or attests their ownership—and very little more can be felt towards landed property which has no other quality than that (first and greatest, as we freely admit it to be) of paying with a sweet simplicity its annual rent. Such an owner may well say when he visits his estates, ‘Went to-day upon my own land—very much like every body else’s land.’

Now as we hold it to be a matter of great national concern to keep alive as far as possible that warm affection for a country life which has from time immemorial distinguished our nobility and gentry, we should rejoice in the prevalence of any tastes or pursuits which tended in any way to add to and prolong its attractions. And amongst these we should give a high place to natural history. Nor is there any other branch of natural history for the study of which we in England have such facilities as for the peculiar branch of ornithology. With the exception of the insect tribes, which, from their diminutive size and from many associations connected with them, are little likely (even though Messrs. Kirby and Spence have written their history) to be general objects of interest, the list of the English fauna is remarkably scanty, except amongst the birds. Civilization has long since extirpated all our larger wild quadrupeds. Few indeed of any size are left to us. An occasional badger and otter, foxes, hares, rabbits, squirrels, stoats, weasels, mice, and rats (and even amongst them the great grey, or, as our friend Mr. Waterton insists on calling him, the Hanoverian rat, has *all but* eaten up the old black rat of England\*)—these nearly complete our catalogue; so that the naturalist who was restricted to our fourfooted creatures would have to complain with Edgar,

‘That mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.’

But this is not the case with our birds. They in numerous families are still rejoicing in their liberty around us, whilst occa-

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\* A few old Blacks (whom Squire Western would have stuck to, had he been living in these degenerate Whig days) still survive; but they are a feeble folk.

sional stragglers visit us from the British tribes of other and more richly furnished countries. Our migratory birds come to us every year from Africa: our own familiar raven may be met with not only throughout Europe, but croaks as gravely as with ourselves on the shores of the Black and Caspian seas; visits our Indian metropolis of Calcutta, forces its way over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells amongst our busy descendants in America, ranges from Mount Ætna to the Iceland cold of Hecla, and braves the rigour of the Arctic regions as far as Melville's Island.

The powers of motion, moreover, possessed by birds, causing them to circulate far more widely and freely over the earth than other animals, give us the additional interest of detecting from time to time the presence of rare sojourners who commonly haunt warmer climates or colder latitudes. Add to this that all the accidents of birds are pleasing: their appearance; their voice, from the rich melody of our warblers to the laughing taunt of the gull or the solemn hooting of the owl; their habits, from the domestic familiarity of the robin to the wild soar of the Falconidæ,—all tend to secure for birds an interest and regard which is shared with them by few of the quadrupeds.

No branch, therefore, of natural history seems to us so likely to engage followers amongst ourselves as ornithology; for its materials are everywhere present and always attractive in character. Nor is the possession of such tastes a small gain to their possessor. Objects of new interest surround on every side the opened eye of the naturalist, and give a fresh zest to his former pursuits. When once these tastes have been created, those who from not being sportsmen were almost without interest in our natural fauna, find every copse and down peopled with living objects of interest; whilst he who heretofore has been a mere sportsman finds new attractions which increase his love of Nature. Of old time, indeed, amongst the English lovers of field-sports have ever been found those who have been led on to love those tribes of creatures whose presence and whose song peoples and gladdens the brake and forest. It is a beautiful touch in the ballad of 'Robin Hood' which represents the gentle outlaw as surrounded by these natural minstrels:—

'The woodwele sang and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.'\*

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\* There is still dispute what the *woodwele* was: some say a species of thrush, others the woodlark. The bird figures in a pretty verse of *True Thomas*:—

'I heard the jay and the throstell,  
The mavis menyd in her song;  
The wodeweलेberyd as a bell,  
That the wode aboute me ronge.'

Even as Spenser writes of one of his heroes:—

‘ Now whenas Calepine was waxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the air, and hear the thrush’s song.’

But there are still too many sportsmen who need to have their slumbering senses aroused and to be taught the interest they might find in such a converse with Nature.

Such an one is not Mr. Knox. He is manifestly a sportsman, and a keen one. He has followed the ‘ eagle and the grouse on the dark, misty mountains and rock-bound coast of Mayo ’ (p. 2); and on the flat shores of western Sussex ‘ often during the Siberian winter of 1838, when a whole gale, as the sailors have it, has been blowing from the north-east,’ he might be found ‘ sheltered behind a hillock of sea-weed with his long duck-gun and a trusty double, or half buried in a hole on the sand, watching the legions of waterfowl as they neared the shore and dropped distrustfully amongst the breakers’—&c. (p. 9); yet whilst others have longed with impatient fretfulness for the commencement of their sport, chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the treachery of public men and the low price of corn, he has found a philosophic interest in ‘ carefully watching for a very scarce bird (the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*) whilst the fox-hounds have been drawing the great gorse covers.’

Already our readers perceive that we are introducing to them a genuine enthusiast. In truth, though written by a man whose profession and habits differ in many respects from his, the volume continually reminds us of our old delight, White of Selborne. Like White, Mr. Knox is a scholar bred at Oxford, and like White he is a close observer of nature, who jots down what he sees in his own neighbourhood or excursions from mere love to that of which he writes, and not to make a book. His volume has sprung from a set of letters written to a friend with tastes and occupations which were like his own. It is one great advantage of such local works that they are invested with a living reality which mere general works of science cannot possess. We walk with White through his favourite woods, and listen with him in the dewy evening to the distant owls, ‘ all of which,’ according to his friend, ‘ are hooting in B flat.’ Mr. Knox carries us in the same way with him through Sussex. The peculiarities and remarkable variations of this county, with all of which Mr. Knox is thoroughly familiar, make it an excellent district for ornithological observation. Throughout its whole extent of 76 miles it stretches along the sea-coast, indented at its western extremity into deep bays,



bays, which from their narrow and shallow mouths run almost into salt-water lakes, on the flat shores of which slumber rather aguish hamlets, looking in the distance like Dutch villages. These, throughout the winter especially, are visited by numerous tribes of wading and swimming birds, amongst which are not seldom to be found the rarer visitants of our island. Here, if he will be content to watch, and sometimes to wade for them, the patient duck-hunter or naturalist may see sights which shall at least faintly remind him of the grand lines in which are pictured what may to the letter be seen at this day in some of the great plains near Erzerum, where the traveller looks down upon a valley positively crimsoned in its whole extent by the millions of birds of the richest plumage which are congregated on its flats :—

- - - ὡς ορνίθων πετεινῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ,  
 Χηνῶν ἢ γερανῶν, ἢ κύκνων δολιχοδείρων,  
 Ἀσίῃ ἐν λειμῶνι Καύστρον ἄμφι ρέεθρα,  
 Εἰθὰ καὶ ἐνθα πετῶνται ἀγαλλόμεναι πετερυγέσσι,  
 Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ ἔε τε λειμῶν.

Of the vast multitude in which even on our own shores birds of this family congregate together, our readers may form some idea when we mention that we heard recently of one discharge of a large duck-gun killing 140 dozen of the species called stints.

To the east the coast rises into the high precipices of the range of Beachy Head, still the favourite haunt not only of guillemots, razor-bills, auks, gulls, and ravens, but even of that noble falcon the Peregrine, whose tutored instincts furnished so large a share of the amusements of our ancestors. Leaving the immediate sea-board, there succeeds a low tract of rich land between the sea and the South Downs, which, before and after the annual migrations of various species, harbours vast flights of our different birds of passage. Mr. Knox maintains that these migrations are not confined to those birds which from their insectivorous habits are commonly reputed birds of passage, but extend very widely amongst the conirostral tribes also, including the goldfinches, linnets, and grosbeaks. The arrival of our vernal visitors is thus described :—

‘On fine dry days in March I have frequently seen pied wagtails approaching the coast, aided by a gentle breeze from the south, the well-known call-note being distinctly audible under such favourable circumstances from a considerable distance at sea, even long before the birds themselves could be perceived. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood, where but a short time before scarcely an individual was to be found, are soon tenanted by numbers of this species, and for several days they continue dropping on the beach in small parties.’—  
 p. 81, 82.

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Of the departure of these winged hordes Mr. Knox says —

‘ About the beginning of September, an early riser ’—

We hope our readers will notice what we believe to be specially true, that all good observers must be early at their post—

‘ visiting the fields in the neighbourhood of the coast may observe them flying invariably from west to east, parallel to the shore, and following each other in constant succession. These flights continue from daylight until about ten in the forenoon; and it is a remarkable fact that so steadily do they pursue this course, and so pertinacious are they in adhering to it, that even a shot fired at an advancing party, and the death of more than one individual, have failed to induce the remainder to fly in a different direction; for, after opening to the right and left, their ranks have again closed, and the progress towards the east has been resumed as before.’

It is not difficult to surmise the reason of this proceeding. To compare great things with small, long before the lines were laid for the direct conveyance of our countrymen by the shortest transit into France, this annual string of warblers, under the guidance of unerring instinct, and without any such long deflections from the straight course as we groan under and pay for, was making for that spot upon our coasts whence the transit of the Channel could be accomplished with the shortest flight and least interruption from the cliffs of Dover.

It is a singular fact, for which no solution is offered, that the course of the larks who frequent these same fields at the same period of migration is the exact opposite of the warblers. The larks fly uniformly from east to west, and in numbers sufficient to give rise to a so-named ‘sport,’ towards which a strange peculiarity of the birds themselves contributes. Mr. Knox thus describes the custom:—

‘ A piece of wood about a foot and a half long, four inches deep, and three inches wide, is planed off on two sides . . . in the sloping sides are set several bits of looking-glass. A long iron spindle, the lower end of which is sharp and fixed in the ground, passes freely through the centre; on this the instrument turns, and even spins rapidly when a string is pulled by the performer, who generally stands at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards from the decoy. The reflection of the sun’s rays from these little revolving mirrors seems to possess a mysterious attraction for the larks, for they descend in great numbers from a considerable height in the air, hover over the spot, and suffer themselves to be shot at repeatedly without attempting to leave the field or to continue their course.’

It were well if creatures of a higher organization than larks would take warning by their example, and beware lest the charms of such sparkling gewgaws of the earth should draw them down from the higher flights appointed for them. What tragic voices  
might

might be heard by the students of 'Emblems' in such a narrative as this!—

'To any one witnessing it for the first time the spectacle is sufficiently curious. Perhaps at this moment the shooters, having all reloaded, are awaiting the approach of the next detachment; presently a voice exclaims, "Here they are, look out!" and a cluster of dark specks becomes visible at a great distance. In a few moments he perceives that this is a flock of larks.' . . . 'Four or five parties occupy one field, and as many shooters are attached to one lark-glass; but notwithstanding the crowd and the noise of voices, mingled with the continued roar of guns, the infatuated birds advance stupidly to them, hover in numbers over the decoy, and present the easiest possible mark to the veriest tyro that ever pulled a trigger.'—pp. 128, 129.

Above this rich district rises the range of the South Downs, frequented by their peculiar winged inhabitants, among which abound the well-known wheatear (*Saxicola cinanthe*), and at certain seasons that most graceful of the English hawks, the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*). Few parts of England afford greater beauties than this tract of country. The softest aerial lights, ever changing from morning till evening, mellow the wide expanse of the open downs on which the sea breezes of the Channel seem to come forth to sun and dry themselves; whilst at every turn hollow combes run gracefully up from the deep valleys, with the velvet lawns of their bottoms and sides tufted by the ash, the beech, or the feathery juniper, or sometimes shaded by the soft dark verdure of ancient yew-trees, whose venerable trunks confirm the tradition which assigns their planting to the age and religious rites of our Druid forefathers. Over these may be seen poised in the air below you the graceful form of the kestrel, or windhover hawk, as it prepares to dart upon the nice or larger insects which its keen eye detects amongst the herbage. The northern, and occasionally, as in the case of Charlton Forest, the southern side of these downs is often clothed with large woodland tracts, where the tapping blow and wild laugh of the woodpecker is never long unheard, and where the honey-buzzard and larger species of falconidæ may be detected by the curious. To this succeeds a band of sandstone hills capped often (as at Parham with its heronry, for a graphical and highly entertaining account of which we must refer our readers to Mr. Knox's pages) with woods of Scotch spruce and silver fir, all sheltering their peculiar winged visitors. These sand-hills finally subside into the great valley, where, it seems, so long ago as in the days of Drayton, 'the daughters of the mighty Weald—

'Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,

Under the axe's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan;'

but where still happily the oak-tree flourishes in numbers and to an extent which, when viewed from any eminence, may well remind

us of the ancient forests of 'merry England.' Nothing can exceed the sweetness and abundance of the song of the nightingales amidst the brakes of these oak-woods in the early summer. From every bush and every streamlet side are poured forth the bursts of their music, whilst the whole family of warblers complete the chorus. It is the absolute fulfilment of Spenser's hardly less melodious description:—

'But the small birds, in their wide boughs embow'ring,  
Chaunted their sundry tones with sweet content;  
And under them a silver stream, forth pouring  
His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent.'

In these various localities may be found specimens of almost all our remaining native birds. Of the indigenous species, it is true, as we have said above, that some have disappeared, and others are disappearing; yet though we lack a multitude of species in which the richer fauna of other countries abounds, we still have enough to trace the wonderful gradations of structure by which, 'in nature which has no gap,' family passes into family throughout the world of organized being. Perhaps one of the most beautiful instances of this transition may be found in the passage from the falconidæ to the strigidæ, which may be observed amongst our own birds. From the proper falcons, which fly only by day, and obtain their food by the rapidity and boldness of their assaults, we are led imperceptibly to a class of birds organized, as at first sight it would seem, entirely like the true falcons, and actually classed heretofore with them, but which, when closely examined, are found to have a softer plumage and the traces of that peculiar arrangement of the feathers of the neck and head, which is so well known by all in its full development in the owl, and which gives to those birds the appearance of wearing a ruff-set around the face. The object of this arrangement of the feathers, which is called by naturalists 'the facial disk,' is very difficult to determine. It may be connected with the auditory apparatus which is so essential to and so large in these noiselessly moving nocturnal birds. In the first divisions of the owl family this arrangement is still incomplete, reaching only half round the eye, till in the type of that genus, our own barn-owl, it becomes fully developed. The same arrangement is distinctly traceable in the *Circi*, or harriers, four of which are found amongst the birds of England. A close observation of their habits reveals another difference between them and the true falcons. Instead of pursuing their quarry in the broadest daylight, they are seen to skim in the evening over the dewy fields, and to secure their prey by that stealthy noiselessness of their flight which the exceeding softness of their plumage renders possible. A still closer examination shows us that in their anatomical proportions and arrangements, as in their habits, the harriers have approached almost

almost as near to the neighbouring family of the owls as to that of the falcons, from which they are departing. This transition of one family into another is made yet more remarkable by the existence of an owl (the hawk-owl, *Surnia funerea*), which in manner and appearance closely resembles the preceding family, having in shape and flight a distinctly falconine character, and pursuing its prey almost entirely in the daytime. By such nice distinctions are the cognate families of nature at once approximated and divided.

It is to the vulgar neglect of such niceties as these that much of the needless destruction of our indigenous fauna is due. For though we may hope that there are not left many gamekeepers who, like one met with by Mr. Knox, kill that well-known and welcome harbinger of summer the insectivorous cuckoo, because in autumn he changes his bill and claws and becomes a hawk—(an error old enough to have been refuted by Aristotle)—yet there are still many useful and many harmless members of our scanty list of birds which are habitually doomed to an equally unmerited slaughter. Against these ignorant enemies of our feathered tribes Mr. Knox continually protests, giving up to unpitied destruction the fierce and rapacious sparrow-hawk (whom Mr. Urquhart would consider the very Lord Palmerston of our woods), but fighting the battles of kestrels, honey-buzzards, ravens, and others with a zeal and an acuteness by which we hope he may, before more of our indigenous species are absolutely rooted out, make many converts amongst the owners of our soil, with whose protectionist habits such a guardianship of our native birds would most aptly harmonize. What is to be destroyed is now too often left to be settled by the tender mercies of the gamekeeper, whose first impression is that all strange birds ‘destroy the game.’ When this error is supported by the undoubted fact that some birds closely allied to those for whom we plead do destroy vast quantities of game, the escape of the innocent from such a tribunal is as impossible as it was for a suspected witch to avoid drowning when her innocence could only be ascertained (and even then doubtfully, because her familiar might have forsaken her) by her actually dying. The case of the kestrel or windhover hawk, one of the most beautiful of our natives, is exactly in point. The food of this bird is grasshoppers, mice, and such other small game, and nothing but absolute want will lead it to feed upon birds. It is a highly useful and perfectly harmless member of winged society, but it bears the sins of the sparrowhawk, that unpitying slaughterer of its weaker brethren. What devastation the sparrowhawk will work in a game preserve, in the breeding season especially, may be learned from the experience of our author, whose keeper

keeper found in one nest fifteen young pheasants, four young partridges, five chickens, a bullfinch, two meadow pipits, and two larks, all in a fresh state. The well-known story of a man who, in a time of scarcity, maintained his family for weeks by robbing the larder of a hawk, the nest of which he had discovered, is quite consistent with this abundance of spoil. Mr. Knox does not mention, what we believe would have been found to be the case, that in every instance the legs of the victims are broken by their practised capturers. Now we think it would not be reasonable to expect any ordinary gamekeeper with such facts before his eyes to spare birds which, whilst their habits are altogether different, are yet so like the offending species that it requires some knowledge of natural history to distinguish between their respective female birds. How slowly such long-established prejudices yield, we may learn even from the great propounder of the sole value in natural history of induction from well-proved facts. For Lord Bacon himself spoke of 'the birds of paradise that they have in the Indies that have no feet, and therefore they never light upon any place but the wind carries them away.'\* That great philosopher also found 'the cause that birds are of swifter motion than beasts,' not in the strength of their muscles, the projecting processes of their bones, and the marvellous provisions for their specific lightness, but in 'the greater proportion of their spirits in comparison of the bulk of their bodies than in beasts.'† And again, speaking slightly of the true cause why birds alone can imitate the human voice, the strength, namely, and peculiar variety of the muscles of the throat, he accounts thus fancifully for the well-known fact:—'I conceive that the aptness of birds is not so much in the conformity of the organs of speech as in their attention; for speech must come by hearing and learning, and birds give more heed and mark sounds more than beasts, because naturally they are more delighted with them and practise them more, as appeareth in their singing. We see also that those that teach birds to sing do keep them waking to increase their attention. We see also that cock-birds amongst singing birds are ever better singers, which may be because they are more lively and listen more.'‡ It is the more curious that Lord Bacon should have attributed this power in birds to the greatness of their attention, because he himself prescribes the use of mathematics to give this special faculty to 'bird-witted children.'

With such an example before us, is it reasonable to leave it to be determined by wholly uninstructed and often strongly prejudiced men what is and what is not mischievous amongst our native birds? We earnestly entreat those of our readers who have

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\* Speech concerning Undertakers.

† Nat. Hist., Cent. VII.

‡ Nat. Hist., Cent. III.

the power, to prevent our being thus robbed of one of the great ornaments of our woods and fields.

But, speaking on this subject, we must once more introduce our readers to Mr. Knox in his capacity of guardian of a certain pair of ravens, the clientship of which he had undertaken.

‘During ten months out of the twelve you may now find a pair of ravens in Petworth Park : perchance if the sky be clear, you may perceive them soaring aloft at such a height as would almost ensure their escape from observation, were it not for their joyous and exulting barks, which, in spite of the distance, fall distinctly on the ear ; or if the weather be wet and gloomy, you may see them perched on the summit of one of the huge hollow oaks in the flat of the park, the crooked and withered branch on which they sit projecting like the horn of some gigantic stag from the dense foliage ; or perhaps you may find them concealed in their snug retreat among the evergreen boughs of a clump of Scotch firs near the Tower hill, their favourite haunt during the last five years, and where they now appear to be permanently established. But to return. Their expulsion from this neighbourhood, many years ago, was as follows :

‘A pair of these birds had built their nest on a lofty tree in the park, and as a matter of course were discovered by one of the keepers. Suffering them to remain unmolested during the period of their nidification, he waited until, deceived by his Machiavelian policy, the ravens treated his appearance, even when armed, with comparative disregard. Ill did he repay their misplaced confidence ! One day, when the period had nearly arrived at which an addition to the family was to be expected, and the eggs were in his opinion “ got hard,” a rifle-bullet, directed through the bottom of the nest, stretched the female bird lifeless within it ; and shortly afterwards, her partner, who had been catering for her at a distance, was saluted on his return with a volley of shot, which laid him quivering at the root of the tree, and completed the success of the functionary, who in those days used to perform among the feathered tribe the triple duties of judge, jury, and executioner.

‘Years passed away, and the raven continued unknown in this part of West Sussex, until one day, in March, 1843, when riding in the park, near a clump of tall old beech trees, whose trunks had been denuded by time of all their lower branches, my attention was suddenly arrested by the never-to-be-mistaken croak of a raven, and the loud chattering of a flock of jackdaws.

‘I soon perceived that these were the especial objects of his hatred and hostility ; for after dashing into the midst of them, and executing several rapid movements in the air, he succeeded in effectually driving them to a considerable distance from his nest. During this manœuvre the superior size of the raven became more apparent than when viewed alone, and his power of flight was advantageously exhibited by comparison with that of his smaller congener. The latter, indeed, seemed to bear about the same relation to him, in point of size, that starlings do to rooks when seen together.

‘ The

'The raven's nest was placed in a fork on the very summit of one of the highest of these trees, while their hollow trunks were tenanted by a numerous colony of jackdaws. Some of the holes through which these entered were so near the ground that I had no difficulty in reaching them when on horseback, while others were situated at a much greater height. These conducted to the chambers in which the nests were placed, and which were generally far removed from the external aperture by which the birds entered their tower-like habitation. On thrusting my whip upwards into many of these passages, I found it impossible to touch the further extremity, while a few cavities of smaller dimensions were within reach of my hand, and contained nests constructed of short dry sticks, some of which were incomplete, while in others one or two eggs had been deposited. The next day I returned to the place on foot, provided with a spy-glass, for the purpose of observation. On my arrival I found that the ravens were absent, and that the jackdaws, availing themselves of this, had congregated in considerable numbers, and were as busily employed about their habitations as a swarm of bees; some carrying materials for the completion of their frail and yet unfinished nests, others conveying food to their mates, and all apparently making the most of their time during the absence of their tormentor. There being no cover or brushwood at hand, and the branches being yet leafless, I was unable to conceal myself effectually; but having sat down at the foot of the tree containing their nest, I awaited the return of the ravens.

'Nearly an hour elapsed before the arrival of the male bird, and I was first made aware of his approach by the consternation which it appeared to spread among the jackdaws. Like most animals under similar circumstances, when conscious of the approach of danger, they rapidly collected their forces on a single tree, keeping up all the time an incessant chattering, each bird shifting its position rapidly from bough to bough, while the raven, who held some food in his beak, satisfied himself on this occasion with two or three swoops into the terrified crowd, and having routed the mob, he approached the tree in which his nest was placed. Before arriving there, however, he evidently became aware of my presence, and dropping his prey, which proved to be a rat, he ascended into the air to a great height in circular gyrations, after the manner of a falcon, where he was soon joined by his consort, and the two birds continued to soar over my head while I remained there, uttering not only their usual hoarse croak, but also an extraordinary sound resembling the exclamation "Oh!" loudly and clearly ejaculated. At first I could hardly persuade myself that it proceeded from the throat of either of the ravens, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for there was no human being within sight, and after carefully examining one of the birds for some time with my glass, I observed that each note was preceded by an opening of the beak, the distance of course preventing sight and sound from being exactly simultaneous.'

We must interrupt Mr. Knox to remark that, from his surprise at the raven's 'Oh!' he seems to be unacquainted with the extent and variety of *Ralpho's* vocabulary. It is said by one learned writer



writer that 'the raven has a hundred different notes:' for this we do not vouch, but we can answer for it that he has a great many, and several most remarkably *human*. To proceed: our agreeable narrator says—

'In the following year the beech grove was deserted for the fir-clump. I shall never forget my delight on discovering their new retreat near the Tower hill during the spring of 1844. In their new quarters the ravens now reign unmolested, the nest itself being concealed from ordinary observation among the evergreen boughs near the summit of one of the tallest trees, so as to escape the notice of the wayfarers who traverse Upperton Common or pass along the high road which here skirts the ivy-covered park-wall. Nay, even within the precincts, where these birds and their establishments are now held sacred, those who occasionally visit the spot for the express purpose of "having a look at the ravens" are generally disappointed, as they mount the steep hill and approach the clump, at seeing nothing of either of the birds, and at the apparent desertion of the place; but they are quickly undeceived. The short and angry barks of the male are just heard as he emerges from the dark boughs; then, if the young have been hatched, he is soon joined by the female, and both continue to soar round the heads of the strangers, gradually increasing their distance until they reach a considerable height, and occasionally varying their hoarse cry with the singular note to which I have already alluded. Their retreat is therefore, as I have said, secure from ordinary observation; but what nest can escape the scrutiny of an Argus-eyed school-boy, especially if his cranium should present a development of the true ornithological bump? Soon after the ravens had taken up their quarters here, a truant youth, wandering over the Common with his empty satchel on his shoulder, caught a glimpse of one of the old birds, marked him down into the clump, and having satisfied himself by an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning that its abode was there, and that the discovery and appropriation of its contents would repay him for the perils of the adventure, he scaled the wall, climbed the tree, robbed the nest, deposited four "squabs"—all that it contained—in his book-bag, and escaped undiscovered with his prize.

'Imagine my feelings when, on visiting the fir-grove a few days after this occurrence, I could find no trace of either of the old ravens! At first curiosity was succeeded by suspicion, then suspicion by anxiety, and at last anxiety by conviction that something untoward had occurred; but on entering the clump the whole truth flashed upon me at once: splinters of short, brittle boughs, on which the climber had attempted to rest his feet as he ascended the tree, lay around, mingled with portions of the lining, which was composed of the hair of the fallow-deer. Could the robber have taken *all* the young birds? So, to put an end to suspense, I mounted to the nest, clutched one of the branches immediately beneath it, raised myself up, and eagerly peeped into the interior. Empty! Not a bird, not a feather within it! Nothing but deer-fur and fledge-dust! What was to be done? If even one squab had been left, there would still have been room for hope that the attempt to protect the raven in his native haunts might possibly

sibly not have turned out, as now, an apparent failure. Another week elapsed, during which all inquiries—and they were many and searching—after the lost ones were unattended with success. I now visited the clump every day, but my ears were no longer gladdened by the welcome bark of the parent birds. Ring-doves and starlings roosted in the branches of the trees, and even the spiteful jackdaw, who had hitherto kept at such a respectful distance, now chattered among the boughs, as if he could not resist the temptation of having a look at the nest, with a view to appropriating a portion of it to his own use on a future occasion.

‘Well, at last the young birds were discovered, half-starved, in the possession of their original captor, who willingly delivered them up. It was proposed to rear them in a state of domestication, and the operation of clipping their wings had already been performed on three of them before the idea occurred to me that, even yet, “at the eleventh hour,” it was just possible that the restoration of the remaining perfect bird to the nest might have the effect of attracting the attention of either of the old ones if they should happen to revisit the neighbourhood. Although but a “forlorn hope,” the attempt was worth the trial. It was late in the evening, I remember, when I put it in execution, and the next morning found me again on my way to the fir clump. Impatient to learn the result of my experiment, yet entertaining only a shadowy belief in the possibility of its success, I hastened to the park. Scarcely venturing to raise my eyes as I ascended the slope, I listened attentively, but no sound indicated the return of my absent friends. However, the scene soon changed, and amply was I repaid for all my previous care and anxiety on perceiving, as I topped the hill, both the old ravens issuing from the trees, and flying round my head just as if nothing had happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was true, nevertheless; my experiment perfectly succeeded; the young bird was safely reared; the ravens have since brought up several families in the same nest; and as this little episode in their biography has served to increase the interest taken in their welfare by those who have now, fortunately, the disposition as well as the power to protect them, I trust that they may long live in peace and security, and that if any lover of the picturesque or admirer of our native birds should hereafter visit the Tower hill during “trysting time,” he may never find “the raven’s clump” untenanted.’

So Mr. Knox leaves the story. We can give our readers one more act in this ærial drama. In the spring of this year the ravens returned to their old nest, and repaired and occupied it according to their wont; incubation was already begun, when a violent spring-storm actually beat the mother from her nest and scattered the eggs upon the ground. After a few days the ravens began to repair the damage of the storm, and abandoning the unfortunate tree, they constructed upon another their new nest. ‘But,’ alas! as the poet sang:—

‘Ravens though, as birds of omen,  
They teach both conjurers and old women

To tell us what is to befall,  
Can't prophesy themselves at all.'

A second storm, almost as soon as the nest was completed, again marred their work, and actually tore the nest itself from the tree. For a few days the ravens were missing: after these they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of nidification was re-commenced, but one bird was set upon repairing the original, the other upon building a new nest. For a day or two the divided work proceeded, when, as if by mutual compromise, both abandoned their separate undertakings, and flew off together in search of a more favoured spot.

The appearance at the same moment of a pair of ravens, who proceeded forthwith to build and incubate at Parham Park, about eight miles distant, seems to mark out that place as the haven of their choice.—'Italiani læti Latiumque petamus.' There they will have the company of a goodly settlement of herons, who, like themselves, were driven from afar to seek the shelter of its ancient woods and hospitable owner.

With this narrative we take our leave of our readers, only adding that we are sure that Mr. Knox will feel his labours amply repaid if he has won by them one more votary to a loving observation of nature. In doing so he will have enlarged at once the enjoyments and the powers of his pupil. 'The world of sensible phenomena,' says Humboldt, 'reflects itself into the depth of the world of ideas, and the rich variety of nature gradually becomes subject to our intellectual domain.' Of no phenomena is this profound observation more true than of those which concern the mechanism of life. Doubtless it was for our moral as well as our intellectual training that we were placed by the Creator in the midst of these tribes of animated beings, who, sharing so much of our living energy, but lacking the gifts of personality, are around us and familiar with us in the strangest of all acted masques and suggestive mysteries. The very sight of them may awaken us to a sense of the unsolved riddles of being by which we are surrounded, and teach us the spirit of reverential inquiry, in which alone it is profitable or safe to seek to find out the ways of the Inscrutable. The soul thus taught its proper lessons by the visible creation around it will be less apt to dogmatise and more ready to believe when it is brought into contact with the higher worlds of moral and spiritual being which touch him on every side, whilst it will enter into the pregnant climax of the Psalmist—'All thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee;' for it will discern the high privilege of collecting from the material creation their instinctive adoration and pouring it with conscious volition into the treasury of God.

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ART.

- ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland upon the Letter of His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, recommending providing of Practical Instruction in Husbandry in the South and Western Districts.* Dublin. 1848-9.
2. *Returns of Stock and Agricultural Produce in Ireland in the years 1847, 1848.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Folio. 1848-9.
3. *The Science and Practice of Agriculture in Ireland.* By Thos. Skilling, Botanical Lecturer at Glasnevin. Dublin. 1845.
4. *Essay on the Elements of British Industry, English, Scotch, and Irish.* By W. Burness, late Land Steward to his Grace the Duke of Manchester. 8vo. 1848.
5. *Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.* By D. Owen Madden, Esq. Dublin. 1848.
6. *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. sup.-royal 8vo. London. 1841.
7. *The Irish Sketch-Book.* By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. [W. M. Thackeray, Esq.] 2nd Edition. 3 vols. London. 1845.
8. *Remarks on the State of Education in Ireland, &c.* By Henry Newland, D.D., Dean of Ferns. Dublin and London. 1849.

WE have frequently of late, and particularly in our last autumnal Number, brought to the notice of our readers the best information we could find and the most accurate opinions we could form on the *political* condition of Ireland—its evils—their causes and their most probable remedies. We shall endeavour in this article to select from the works above enumerated, as well as from the reports of some of the numerous tourists who have lately visited Ireland, such evidence of its *moral* and *social* state as may complete the picture, and, if we are not mistaken, reflect additional light on our former views of the general subject. We have seen with great pleasure that, even independently of the Queen's visit, the season has produced in Ireland an extraordinary affluence of tourists from England and the Continent. It cannot be otherwise than conducive to the advantage of Ireland for the future, and to the justification of England as to the past, that as many impartial eyes as possible should see the actual condition of the Irish people, and should learn, even as far as such a cursory transit will permit, what the real grievances of that unhappy country are.

The three massive volumes of Mr. and Mrs. Hall are written professedly 'to induce the English to see Ireland and to judge for themselves,'

themselves;’ and both their verbal descriptions and their graphic illustrations are very likely, as far as they may reach, to have that effect, which we too are willing to assist by our commendation of the general spirit and execution of the work. The authors are, we believe, both Irish—the lady certainly is, as we learn from some of her former publications—and their pages have no doubt some strong traces of that national partiality and that tendency to exaggeration which are so peculiarly Irish.\* There is also too much, at least for our taste, of Irish eloquence—‘luxuriant lakes,’ ‘sparkling billows,’ ‘tremendous cataracts,’ ‘gnomes of the mountains,’ and the like—which tend to dim the beautiful realities; and a great deal too much of Irish dialogue and story-telling, of which, like garlic in the *Cuisine provençale*, a sparing spice is very well, but any excess nauseous. Few have the delicate hand with which poor Miss Edgeworth interwove those homely threads into her finer texture. Even in Mrs. Hall’s professed novels the eternal Paddies and Judies, however accurate the individual portraits may be, grow tedious, but in a topographical and itinerary work like that before us they are worse. For instance, just as the tourists are entering Killarney they stop short, *à propos de bottes*, to expend eight of their great pages on the tragic wooing of Larry Coyne and Anty Casey, which has no more to do with Killarney than with St. Giles-in-the-fields. We may, however, say on the whole, that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of the work are compiled with laudable diligence—the illustrations (though occasionally trifling) for the most part clear and interesting—and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from

\* As, for instance, they say of the Victoria Hotel near Killarney, that it is ‘a very splendid establishment, which may vie, both in *external appearance* and in the *costly character* of the interior, with any hotel in Brighton or Cheltenham’ (i. 184). Now the Victoria is nothing at all like this. It is a building of two low stories of no architectural pretensions at all, very moderately furnished. The bedchamber which a friend of ours was obliged to put up with a few weeks ago, though the house was by no means full, was a poor place with shelving ceilings and no chimney or ventilation, about 10 feet by 12, containing two beds without curtains, a single chair and no room for a second; and the whole establishment is about what one might expect at one of the rural hotels on the coast of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. Its real peculiarity is that it stands in a little pleasure-ground of its own, with a gate, a lodge, and an ornamental drive, within a few hundred yards of the lake, over which it has a most charming prospect, and looks like what we believe it originally was—a small and very plain gentleman’s cottage, enlarged by additions in the same style. But it is comfortable and well served. Mr. and Mrs. Finn (an *English* woman, the tourists tell us) are attentive and obliging, and reasonable in their charges; and we are glad to rescue this pretty little place from Mr. and Mrs. Hall’s awful comparison with the less comfortable and, in every sense, more ‘*costly*’ hotels of Cheltenham and Brighton. It is sometimes so full in the season that it would be prudent to write to engage beds. There is a public coffee-room for gentlemen.

writers who fairly confess their 'unwillingness to say anything discreditable to the country and the majority of its people' (vol. i. p. 279).

Mr. Thackeray's book we in a former number referred to as containing, under the light mask of merriment and *persiflage*, a great deal of sober, useful truth. With our present object it becomes necessary to notice it in more detail—for nowhere that we know of can an English reader find so just and so striking a picture of Ireland as she actually is, or more judicious hints as to the real causes of her chronic and proverbial misery. The pseudonyme and the pleasantry may detract in some respects and in some quarters from the effect that a more serious work might have had; but when we consider how long Ireland has been flattered and *flummeryed* by delusive apologies for whatever might be hinted at as faulty, and inflated panegyrics on whatever admitted of any degree of commendation, we almost doubt whether the author could have made himself so usefully heard in a graver form and in his own proper person;—

' ——— Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.'

Mr. Thackeray is a quick yet deep observer of nature; and if the ludicrous side of objects be the first to strike him, it must be admitted that he is not slow in discovering and exhibiting their more serious import and consequences. In short, we earnestly advise those who wish to understand Ireland to read the 'Irish Sketch-book;' and any that wish to travel thither to take it as a hand-book, that may be, we think, as implicitly relied on for accuracy of observation as it will be admired for the striking fidelity of the author's pencil, and—bating a few vulgarisms of the assumed character—the lively power of his pen.

Steam-navigation has so nearly bridged St. George's Channel, that the passage from Holyhead to Dublin is usually made in four hours, and has been made in three. The railroads already enable a Londoner to reach Dublin in one day, and Cork or Killarney in another; and the small cost at which the mere locomotion can be performed is additionally attractive. These circumstances, which have occasioned so great an increase of visitors this season, will probably continue to have a like or even a greater effect in future; but we must, on the other hand, recollect that this cheap and rapid mode of travelling tends very much to lessen a tourist's opportunity of acquiring solid information. Even now he may proceed by railway, with a short interval of road-travelling, from Belfast or Londonderry to Dublin, and thence uninterruptedly to Cork—the opposite extremities of the island—

island—almost without seeing, and in a still less degree, knowing, anything of the agricultural state of the country or the habits of the people. It will, however, be long before the highlands of Donegal, Connemara, or Glengariff can be flown by on the wings of a railway; and it is to be desired that the facility with which one may traverse great and comparatively uninteresting distances should induce British visitors to explore the many collateral scenes where, with the gratification of picturesque curiosity, may be combined the higher—shall we not say—*duty* of acquainting themselves with the actual condition of the people, for which the world considers England as culpably responsible—a responsibility to which it must be confessed that England has—until we might almost say the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's work—submitted in a kind of sullen and abashed silence. We do not know any writer who has so manfully as Mr. Thackeray ventured to put the saddle on the right horse, nor do we recollect to have ever heard in either house of Parliament any bold and uncompromising denial and refutation of the always exaggerated, generally false, and frequently seditious and treasonable imputations with which the British Government and policy in Ireland have been for the last forty years so unmeasuredly assailed.

When Sir Robert Peel made his celebrated declaration that his *great difficulty* in undertaking the government of the Empire was to be Ireland, he confounded, we think, or at least by that vague expression led others to confound, two very distinct things. It was not *Ireland*, accurately speaking, that constituted the difficulty he apprehended—it was the strength and violence of the political faction which had so long made Ireland its battle-field, and endeavoured to enlist the passions, as it had usurped the name, of the Irish people in its party conflicts. Powerful as this parliamentary Opposition undoubtedly was, and formidable as Mr. O'Connell's out-of-doors agitation may have appeared, we stated at the time our conviction that they would have afforded no very serious, much less an insuperable difficulty to an honest, firm, and vigorous Government. And this the result sufficiently proved; for after all the treasonable menaces of Conciliation Hall, and all the insurrectionary array of Tara and Mullaghmast, Sir Robert Peel found no more difficulty in dissipating the still more menacing assemblage at Clontarf and in sending Mr. O'Connell and his associates to Newgate, than in dispersing an ordinary mob and committing its ringleaders to Bridewell. Nor did this exertion of courage and authority embarrass him even in Parliament; on the contrary, it strengthened his parliamentary position and facilitated the general measures of his administration.

And

And when at last that administration fell, it was not by *Ireland* (though an Irish Bill happened to be the nominal occasion), but by suicide.

There was, however, and there is another, a different, and a greater difficulty, which, though Sir Robert Peel did not, perhaps, at that moment allude to it, better deserves the generic designation of '*Ireland*'—the moral and social condition of the people—the '*Irish ulcer*,' as the *Times* calls it—which, though its depth and extent had not yet been exposed as they have since been by the terrible agency of pestilence and famine, must have created in any man of ordinary foresight, and in any Government alive to its true responsibilities, a more painful anxiety than any political embarrassment. The evil, indeed, is of so peculiar and complicated a character, that even now, when all are forced to admit the melancholy symptoms, few are agreed as to what may be considered as the real cause of the disease, and still fewer as to any specific remedy. Nay, we are prepared to find that of the two sources to which *we*, after long, painful, and, as we persuade ourselves, dispassionate consideration, are inclined to attribute the greatest share of the mischief—namely, first, some Celtic peculiarities of the national character; and, secondly, the influence of the Popish priesthood—we are prepared, we say, to find that all Ireland will unanimously contradict the first, and three-fourths of Ireland the second. Dr. Johnson, with that double-edged wit wielded by that strong common sense which he so eminently possessed, once said, when contrasting the mutual adhesion of Scotchmen with the mutual repulsion of the Irish, 'No, Sir, the Irish are a fair people—they never praise one another.' An opinion which they themselves express by a strange proverbial metaphor, which, like most Irish eloquence, is more remarkable for its force than for its precision or elegance—that, 'if you put one Irishman on a spit, you will easily find another to turn him;' but though thus well disposed to *roast* one another, they are very sensitive as to any reflections on their country; and an Irishman—the most intelligent, and in his own personal relations the most civilized—will not hesitate to deny, or if they are too notorious to be denied, to endeavour to palliate, and even defend, defects, errors—nay, barbarisms, of which he himself would not be guilty, and which he therefore patriotically resolves not to believe, and, if necessary, not to see. The first step, then, towards the regeneration—for that is the word—of Ireland is that nauseous but indispensable preparative to a course of alterative medicine—TRUTH. We are well aware of the difficulty of exhibiting so very unusual and unpalatable a draught—how hard it is to find the main ingredient—



ingredient—how difficult to persuade the patient to swallow it—and what a universal concert of expostulation, disgust, and even rejection is likely to ensue ! But sooner or later, if the patient is to be saved, the *truth* must be told ; and, if so, the sooner the better.

Not that the truth itself is new :—every authority from the dawn of Irish history has testified it—but all the authority of history, nay the evidence of our own senses, has been disregarded and stifled under national vanity and party-spirit. Mr. Moore and Mr. O'Connell, even while they are describing their country as having been degraded and debased under the brutifying oppression of a thousand years, still, with an inconsistency not unsuited to the subject, proclaim her

‘First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,’

and her people to be ‘the finest peasantry in the world.’ We do not pretend to comprehend exactly what is meant by the praise of ‘first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’ We take it to be equivalent to the claim that every lady has to that of angel, and to be of even less intrinsic value. As to the *finest* peasantry in the world, we shall see, as we proceed, but too much cause to doubt whether, on the contrary, impartial justice would not bestow on them a superlative degree of the opposite quality.

Let tis not be for a moment misunderstood : when we reject these mischievous exaggerations, we do not therefore deny an original and real substratum of good and even high qualities in the Irish character. The country itself is rich and beautiful—she has tracts of exceedingly fertile soil and regions of enchanting scenery which nothing can surpass. Her people, too, are clever, witty, good-natured, good-humoured, and, let us add, distinguished for purity in some of the most important points of morals, beyond, we think, any other people in the world. These qualities may be largely conceded to both the country and its inhabitants, and are the lights of the picture. But there are deep shades which we shall exhibit presently on better authorities than our own. We read—what indeed the extant pictures attest—that Queen Elizabeth in her old age forbade her portrait-painters to use any shadows ; and so modern Irish patriotism endeavours to exhibit the face of their country. They will not admit that there is any speck on her glorious orb, though they cannot but confess, and indeed complain, that she has been somehow, and for a thousand years, under an eclipse. We believe that there is not one of these Quixotic admirers of an imaginary Dulcinea who loves the real Ireland better than we do ; but the better we love the real Ireland, the more strong is our conviction of the duty of endeavouring

vouring to rescue her from the deplorable extremity to which she has been reduced, not more, we are satisfied, by the unexpected inflictions of Providence than by the extravagant, the almost incredible obstinacy, apathy, and perversity of her own people.

And why should *we* hesitate to tell the truth? The Irish patriots, as they call themselves, accuse *England* of all the misfortunes and miseries of Ireland. Even the other day, when we sent them ten millions of alms, they told us that it was only a paltry, ungracious, and forced restitution of a long series of robbery; and whenever they are driven to admit that there is anything wrong either in the habits or feelings of their countrymen, they compensate the reluctant avowal by charging it all on the selfish policy and jealous tyranny of England. Why therefore are *we* not to retaliate on such wild misrepresentations by statements of the sober truth? Why are we not to insist on a fact—notorious to all who are not blinded by national vanity or deceived by popular declamation and delusion—namely, that all of civilization, arts, comfort, wealth, that Ireland enjoys, she owes exclusively to England—all her absurdities, errors, misery, she owes to herself—and not accidentally, but by a dogged and unaccountable obstinacy in rejecting not merely the counsels, not merely the example of England, but in disputing, thwarting, and intentionally defeating all the attempts that England and Englishmen have, with most patient and prodigal generosity, been for nearly a century, and especially for the last fifty years, making for her advantage? This unfortunate result is mainly attributable to that confusion of ideas, that instability of purpose, and, above all, that reluctance to steady work, which are indubitable features of the national character; but also, no doubt, in a most important degree to the adverse influence of the Roman Catholic priests, who have always been jealous of any improvements or instruction, even in the ordinary arts of life, proffered by the Saxon, which they—not illogically, we must own—have looked on with apprehension as likely to diminish their own influence and as the probable forerunners of light and education in other directions.

The recent famine, however—like every infliction which comes from the chastening hand of Heaven—has brought with it some compensation in a most salutary lesson, which, if properly improved, seems destined to awake the conscience of Ireland herself, and to open the eyes of the rest of the world to the real state of the case. The measures of agricultural instruction which Lord Clarendon has sagaciously conceived and benevolently promoted (and of which we shall speak more largely by-and-bye) afford us a strong hope of a lasting improvement. It is true that  
attempts

attempts in the same direction have been made, for the last eighty or ninety years, in numerous localities all over the island by individual landlords, with no great immediate and very little permanent success; these, however, were insulated efforts, not always judiciously planned nor perseveringly followed up on the part of the landlords; and, for the reasons just stated, looked on with indifference—if not jealousy—by a priest-ridden people too well contented with their former slothful and squalid condition; but the famine and its accompanying scourge have, we trust, subdued that obstinacy, and prepared their minds for the public system of instruction which Lord Clarendon offers, and to which his skilful management has obtained, as it would seem, the co-operation of the majority of the Romish priesthood. We have much to complain of in Lord Clarendon's dealings, as the organ of the Cabinet, with the Romish hierarchy; but in this special case, where he was acting in a more individual capacity, and where the necessity of an early result was urgent, we are satisfied that he acted wisely and fortunately in seeking and obtaining the concurrence of the priests—without which no immediate, and probably no eventual, good could be done, particularly in the remote districts which called for his Excellency's first attention.

We are far from wishing our readers to accept without other authorities our estimate of the national character, which from the earliest period seems to have been a source of weakness to the empire and of wretchedness to the island itself. The exordium of Spenser's famous dialogue on Ireland, though somewhat antiquated in style, is unfortunately as true in substance to-day as it was 300 years ago:—

*'Eudoxus.* But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

*'Ireneus.* Marry, so there have bin divers good plottes devised, and wise councils cast already, about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the *fatall destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect*; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that hee *reserveeth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England*, it is hard to be knowne, yet much to be feared.'

Old Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, spent six months of 1619 in making 'a general surveigh of the whole kingdom;' and he reports:—

‘I found the goodness of the soyle more than answerable to mine expectations; the defect only remayning (not speaking of our colonies) *in* the people, and from them in the bosom of two graceless sisters—*ignorance and sluggishness*. True it is, to make a fit comparison, that the barbarian Moor, the Moorish Spaniard, the Turk, and the Irishman are the least industrious and most sluggish livers under the sun.’—p. 425.

And he proceeds to describe the ‘miserable and brutish fashion’ of their dwellings, which, however, seem hardly worse than a large number of them now are :—

‘Their fabricks are three or foure yards high, and erected in a singular frame of smoake-torne straw, green, long, prick’d tuiffe, and rain-dropping watles. Their halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and stables all in one, and that one (perhaps) in the midst of a mire, where in foule weather scarcely can they find a drye part; and their penurious food semblable to their neid condition.’—p. 429.

Dean Swift, one of the keenest observers of mankind, and one of the most zealous friends of Ireland, in a sermon on her condition, draws a picture that differs very little from what he would now see :—

‘In most parts of this kingdom the natives are from their infancy *so given up to illeness and sloth*, that they often choose to beg or steal rather than to supply themselves by their own labour. They marry without the least view or thought of being able to make any provision for their families; and whereas in all industrious nations children are looked upon as a help to their parents, with us, for want of being early trained to work, they are intolerable burdens at home, and a grievous charge upon the public, as appeareth from the vast number of ragged and naked children led about by strolling women, and trained up in ignorance and *all manner of vice*.—The farmers and cottagers almost throughout the whole kingdom are, to all intents and purposes, as real beggars as any to whom we give our charity in the streets.—Alas! the whole nation is almost reduced to beggary by the disadvantages we lie under and the hardships we are forced to bear; *the baseness, ignorance, thoughtlessness, squandering temper, slavish nature, and uncleanly manner of living of the poor Popish natives*, together with the cruel oppression of their landlords—I say, that in such a nation how can we otherwise expect than to be overrun with objects of misery and want?’—*Scott’s Swift*, viii. 124.

There are, however, two points in the Dean’s strictures on his countrymen here and elsewhere in his works, which we suspect to have been exaggerated—the personal immorality which he attributes to the poor, and the ‘cruel oppression’ of the gentry. He wrote in the neighbourhood of a most wretched suburban population, always the most dissolute portion of any nation, and under  
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the influence of a strong personal antipathy to Irish squires, of whom at that day a majority were particularly odious to him for some reasonable and for some unreasonable motives. At least if the Dean did not overcharge these two points, they—as his friend Lord Orrery remarks in a note on the passage—very rapidly began to correct themselves; for the personal morals of the poor (in many essential particulars) and also the paternal care of the higher order of gentry as to their tenants soon became very remarkable; but as the natural philosophers demonstrate that no force of tension can overcome the intrinsic gravity of the catenary curve, so it seems that no power that has, as yet, been tried in Ireland has been able to overcome the *vis inertiae*—the *insouciance*, *inconséquence*, and idleness of the Irish character. It is noticeable that in endeavouring to convey to our readers the most prominent features of the Irish character the *English* language fails us.

Arthur Young, the most pains-taking, candid, and judicious of agricultural inquirers, made what we may call a professional tour in Ireland in 1776, and subsequently a more protracted visit. Above forty years after Swift's Sermon, his description, the result of extensive personal observation, has the same leading traits:—

‘The manners, habits, and customs of persons of considerable fortune are pretty much the same everywhere—at least there is very little difference between England and Ireland. It is amongst the common people that we must look for those traits by which we discriminate a *national character*. The circumstances which struck me most in the common Irish were vivacity and a great and eloquent volubility of speech. *Lazy to excess at work*, but at play they show the greatest agility. Curiosity insatiable—hospitality to all comers, be their own poverty ever so pinching—warm friends, revengeful enemies, hard drinkers, and quarrelsome—great liars, but civil, submissive, and obedient.’—*Young's Tour in Ireland*, part ii. p. 75.

Besides this general description, he complains in almost every district that he visits of the striking absence of industry; and in some cases he observes that nothing but absolute *hunger will force them to work*. In the county of Wexford, however, he fell in with what he calls ‘a Saxon colony,’ the descendants of the first English settlers in Ireland; and here he sees a sudden change.

‘These people are *uncommonly industrious*, and a most quiet race. In fifteen or twenty years there is no such thing as a robbery. The little farmers live very comfortably and happily, and many of them are worth several hundred pounds. They all speak a broken Saxon language, and not one in a hundred knows any thing of Irish. They are evidently a distinct people, and I could not but remark that their features and cast of countenance varied very much from the *native Irish*. The girls and women are handsomer, having better  
features

features and complexions. Indeed the women amongst the lower classes in general in Ireland are as ugly as the women of fashion [the English race] are handsome. The industry of these [Saxon] people, as I have already mentioned in several particulars, is superior to their neighbours, and their better living and habitations are also distinctions not to be forgotten.'—*Ib.*, p. 82.

Mrs. Hall, visiting that same district in 1837, observes a peculiarity which we doubt whether she would have seen in any other part of Ireland:—

'I journeyed from Bannow to Wexford, a distance of sixteen miles, without encountering a single beggar, or even one who appeared to need alms.'—*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, i. 43.

Two or three gentlemen in Ireland introduced about the reign of George I. colonies of German Protestants (*Palatines*, as they were called) to work model farms for the improvement of their estates and the instruction of their native tenants, with some temporary success in the first point, but little or none in the second; and the isolated Germans, of whom Young saw some so late as 1776, have been long since overpowered and lost in the general laziness and misery.

'Their improvements have been ploughing with the wheel plough, which, with two horses, works easily without a driver. They brought in cars with *wheels*; there were only sliding ones before. They also sow all their potatoes in drills with the plough, and also plough them out, and this with great success—but nobody follows them!'—*Young*, p. 303.

Then follows (pp. 311-317) a detail of the superior industry, economy, agricultural produce, personal cleanliness, and comforts of these naturalized Germans, which afforded a marked contrast with the unhappy Irish who would not 'follow them.' Their hard-working women especially afforded a 'perfect contrast to the *Irish ladies*.' One of these colonies was established by Mr. Quin (ancestor of Lord Dunraven), on his estate of Adare, near Limerick. Mrs. Quin endeavoured to stimulate 'the Irish ladies' to imitate the industrious Germans:—

'Ever attentive to introduce whatever can contribute to the welfare and happiness of her Irish tenants, Mrs. Quin offered premiums to induce the women to make hay, cloaks, stockings, &c., &c.—but all would not do!'—*Ib.*, p. 311.

We need not make any special extracts from Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's exquisite illustrations of Ireland prior to the Union—they are in every one's memory, and have left impressions of the improvidence, thoughtlessness, and indolence of the Irish character, which, though exhibited in a fictive shape, have always  
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been recognised as exact copies from the life. Mr. Croker, in his 'State of Ireland, Past and Present,' published in 1807, when the only bias on his impartiality must have been in favour of his country, gives substantially the same picture that Young had done thirty years before. After sketching the general characteristics of the nation, he proceeds :—

'The condition of the peasantry was of late utterly and is still almost barbarous. In *agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert; hereditary indolence* would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is always more easy to induce them to take arms [in insurrections] than to cultivate the earth and wait on the seasons. *When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth,* or as willingly employ them in riot: *strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet!* Who will call this people civilised, or wonder that they are turbulent?'—*State of Ireland*, xxv.-xxvii.

In a lighter strain, but to the same serious and melancholy conclusion, is the more recent evidence (1838) of the elegant and kind-hearted Lady Chatterton :—

'It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland would prove that a mistake, . . . and that from *the strange character of its people* the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to Ireland, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, *common sense*. *It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense* and moderation in its inhabitants, and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. *Common sense*, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and *this occasions all other wants*. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin, in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer, in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back;—this is generally done by folding her cloak—her only cloak—round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways.'—*Rambles in the South of Ireland*, i. 18, 19.

And Mrs. Hall—Irish by birth, as Lady Chatterton is by adoption—is driven in the first pages of her 'Lights and Shadows of

of Irish Life' to exclaim on the absurdity of one of the peasantry:—

'*Irish all over!* The people here are constantly reasoning—like madmen—right from wrong principles—or like fools, wrong from right ones; and *are likely to remain so till a complete change* is made in their managing and management.'—i. 49.

Mr. Burness, a Scotch land-steward and practical agriculturist, who had managed the Duke of Manchester's estates both in Huntingdonshire and Armagh, and is therefore practically intimate with the agriculture of the three countries, computes from the statistical returns that a million of Irish labourers are employed on about one-third or at most one-half the quantity of arable land that is tilled in a much higher style by a million of British labourers in England and the lowlands of Scotland. He found too from personal experience that one Englishman did double the work of an Irishman; and that on the whole any assigned quantity of labour was dearer in Ireland than in England—although the Irish rate of wages was barely half that of England: 'and yet,' he adds—

'You will find this people stirring up one another by noisy declamations and clamorous complaint against the laws of the United Kingdom—the whole terminating in tumult and agrarian outrage.'—p. 13.\*

And finally, to bring down the evidence to the latest period, and from a quarter the least susceptible of any Anglican bias, hear what Mr. Owen Madden writes in 1848. After stating the great improvements effected in the south of Ireland towards the end of the last century by Mr. Anderson, a *Scotchman*, he says:—

'I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from scattering a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men self-reliant and enterprising. We are eternally told of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumults and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of *present apathy and of contemporary indolence*.'—*Revelations of Ireland*, p. 284.

We have selected, from a cloud of witnesses to the same general effect, this series of testimonials, because they come in succession, at intervals long enough to have exhibited improvement had any occurred, and from writers all of whom (except Lithgow) were partial to the Irish. It cannot be denied that they establish the

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\* Mr. Burness's book is small in bulk, but it contains an extraordinary condensation of details, all illustrative of the same general conclusions, and will well repay the attentive reader.



fact that natural indolence and sloth, reluctance to labour, lazy contentment with a beggarly, or worse than beggarly, mode of life, have been for three hundred years the peculiar characteristics of the Irish peasantry; and we take upon ourselves to assert that this natural disposition of the people, not corrected, but rather, we fear, encouraged by their priests, is the chief, and in itself an all-sufficient cause of the greater share of that wretchedness which has become a proverbial characteristic of the Irish nation.

We do not mean to deny that there has been a mischievous system of land-letting in Ireland—that many Irish landlords have partaken of the national characteristics of being impatient, improvident, and unjust—that the class of pseudo-landlords called middlemen were and are a grievous anomaly—that up to 1780 the rivalry of adverse commercial interests, and up to the Union the antagonism of distinct parliaments, fettered the productive powers of Ireland; but all these would have been insignificant and, at worst, temporary embarrassments if the people themselves had been by nature active and industrious. The Statute-book and the recorded debates of both Houses of both Parliaments are irrefragable evidences that there never has been any British minister who has not, apart from mere political questions, dealt frankly, and even kindly, with Ireland, and been earnestly desirous of raising her to a perfect equality with Scotland and England. If she has not attained that level—if Irish wretchedness be still a proverb—it is attributable to herself, to her own people, to their want of energy, and to either the baneful influence or culpable apathy of their priests, and not to either English Ministers or the English public.

Let us examine the case practically.

The recent failures of the potato-crops, which have given such an intensity to Irish distress, and created so great a curiosity and interest as to the causes and extent of the calamity, were not altogether unprecedented, nor by intelligent persons unforeseen. There have been in the present century several failures of the potato,\* and one particularly in 1822, in which, in addition to large public grants, there were private subscriptions from England amounting to 300,000*l.*, a sum so ample that there was a large residue above what was required. There was another alarm of the same kind, and similar demands, though to a smaller amount, on the public purse, in 1831; and in 1835, 1836, 1837; and again in 1839. But it was not by occasional alarms only, however frequent, that the Irish people, if they had had common foresight and industry,

ought to have been warned of the precarious position in which a potato-fed population must always stand. Under the most favourable circumstances the potatoes could never be preserved for a whole year. They generally, and that only with care, lasted about nine months. For three months the peasantry have always been put to their shifts to supply their place,\* and oatmeal—an equally indigenous production—was the cheapest and readiest substitute. This important fact, which every Irishman, gentle and simple, must know, which Arthur Young notices (*passim*), and which was the basis of his earnest recommendations of a better and more varied course of culture, produced no effect whatsoever on the general practice. No succession of crops—the same eternal reliance on the potato—the same miserable culture of a scanty oat—the land growing every year more exhausted, left the alimentary condition of the poor in Ireland worse, we are satisfied, in the year 1845 than it had been in 1745—certainly worse than it was in 1776, when Arthur Young offered his unavailing advice. Why, it may be asked, did not the gentry counteract and remedy this neglect? We might answer epigrammatically, that the gentry were Irish also; but the epigram would be in a vast number of cases unjust. In the first place, the peculiarity of the tenure under which the greater part of Ireland is held deprived the nominal landlord of much, and generally indeed of all, that influence and control which a real landlord might have over his tenants. Large tracts of forfeited lands were originally granted to a few great proprietors, who, unable to people or cultivate such extensive possessions, under-granted them at a fee-farm profit-rent to a more numerous class of undertakers—who again granted or sub-let for long leases to others—and so on till the land, burdened with so many profit-rents to various landlords, reached, through the hands of the last middleman or land-jobber, the real cultivator at an exorbitant rack-rent; and so rooted had this system become, that the poorest tenant who could obtain a lease became immediately a middleman in his turn, and hard as his own condition was, there were others always ready to find ‘in the lowest depth a lower still.’ Many of the earlier grants of these series were perpetuities—many that may in law be considered as middlemen are in fact independent landlords, paying only a kind of quit-rent—and there are sometimes two or three successive grants of perpetuities; there were also long leases, for lives, for years, and for both; and since the unfortunate grant of the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics, and the still more unfortunate adoption of the legal quibble by which leases for lives were considered as electoral freeholds, the Irish landlord was induced, for political purposes, to cut up

his land into miserable forty-shilling freeholds, and to part with it for one, two, or three lives—generally his own, his son's, and the tenant's. He thus not only lost all direct power over his property, but was even obliged to manage the tenant (and the worse the tenant was the more management he required) in order to secure his vote—which, however, of late years he never got unless through the favour of the Priests, in whom it may be truly said the whole of this *forty-shilling* franchise was for all practical purposes vested. This is now avowed by the organ of the priests:—

‘The priests were the real sinews of O’Connell’s fifty years’ war. They worked for him in every capacity; they were his field-marshal and his tax-gatherers. The priests were the men who carried the popular elections in spite of bent brows and impending ejections; and more than all, they were the men who wedded religion to agitation, and thereby infused a charmed life into the latter.’—*Nation*, 15th Sept., 1849.

It is quite clear that in such a state of things the real power, and therefore the moral responsibility of even the best landlords, were extremely limited; but notwithstanding these difficulties, we find a great number of landlords making very strenuous and in most cases judicious efforts to improve their estates and instruct and civilise their tenantry. A large proportion of Young’s pages is occupied with attempts of this kind; and we have already given two or three instances of their total failure, as far as regarded the improvement of the tenantry—‘*nobody followed them!*’ Two of these attempts, to which Young gave special attention and large commendation, are worth remarking.

Among the afflicting accounts which the daily papers present us from all parts of Ireland, from none (except perhaps from Skibbereen) have they been more distressing than from Westport. Now we find from Young, and we know from other sources, that nowhere in Ireland or England were there to be found more public-spirited, judicious, and liberal improvers than the landlords of Westport—the Earl of Altamont, in Young’s time, and his son the first Marquis of Sligo, who succeeded in 1781, and died in 1809. The latter was so zealous an improver, that he was about 1801 the founder and first president of a great agricultural institution called ‘The Farming Society of Ireland.’ Nor have we any reason to suppose that the late lord, the second Marquis, was inattentive to his estates and tenantry. Those noblemen were habitually resident at their fine seat of Westport, and created, indeed, the pretty and as it seemed thriving town adjoining; they introduced manufactures into the neighbourhood, and gave the best examples of and encouragement to agriculture, both by cultivation and favouring the export of corn, which they built ware-

houses

houses to store and a pier to ship—‘*but all would not do!*’ The *genius loci* has been too strong for the exotic industry they had produced; and Westport, even before she had become a focus of pauper wretchedness, was sneered at as a monument of the folly, as it is now termed, of improvements which the country is not prepared to imitate and support. In 1842 Mr. Thackeray found Westport desolate, though it had not yet become a lazaret-house.

‘There was a long handsome pier, and one solitary cutter lying alongside it, which may or may not be there now. As for the warehouses, they are enormous; and might accommodate, I should think, not only the trade of Westport, but of Manchester too. There are huge streets of these houses, ten stories high, with cranes, owners’ names, &c., marked Wine Stores, Flour Stores, Bonded Tobacco Warehouses, and so forth. These dismal mausoleums, as vast as pyramids, are the places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried—a trade that, in its lifetime, probably was about as big as a mouse. Nor is this the first nor the hundredth place to be seen in this country, which sanguine builders have erected to accommodate an imaginary commerce. Millowners over-mill themselves, merchants over-warehouse themselves, squires over-castle themselves, little tradesmen about Dublin and the cities over-villa and over-gig themselves, and we hear sad tales about hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.’—vol. ii. pp. 92, 93.

Mr. Thackeray’s sarcasm is too generally just, but in this particular instance we think he magnifies the original disproportion—at least we have reason to believe that about the beginning of the century Westport was a busy place, with no more commercial accommodation than there was immediate or probable use for.

The other instance to which we have alluded of calamitous failure on the part of improvers is the estate of Strokestown, recently infamous by the murder of Major Mahon, for the mortal offence of endeavouring to rescue his property from the hands of a pauper and mutinous tenantry, who would neither pay rent nor cultivate the land, nor permit others to do so. We find in Young that Mr. Mahon, the Major’s ancestor, was an active and judicious improver. He occupies a large share of Young’s favourable notice. He imported a ploughman from Suffolk to instruct the boys not only of his own estate, but of his neighbours’, in the art of ploughing—a notable desideratum, it seems; for, wonderful to say, it was only the day before Young arrived at Strokestown that he had found the farmers drawing their ploughs and harrows by their *horses’ tails!*

‘Indignant reader!’ he exclaims, ‘this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth. It is so all over Cavan.’—p. 170.

and, as he subsequently saw, in other parts of Ireland also.

‘Near Castlebar their husbandry is admirable! They have three customs which I must begin with:—

‘*First*, they harrow *by the tail*.

‘*Item*, they *burn* the corn in the straw without thrashing it.

‘*Item*, the fellow who leads the horses of a plough *walks backward* before them the whole day long; and in order to make them advance, strikes them in the face.’—*Young*, p. 209.

He adds, (p. 174.) that even in Fermanagh, close to the civilizing influence of the benevolent lords of Florence Court, the *ploughing by the tail* had been abandoned only seven years before his visit. To all which evidences of humanity and common sense among the ‘finest peasantry in the world’ may be added the practice of plucking the feathers of their live geese, and the tearing off, or rather tearing *out*, the wool from the backs of their live sheep, to save the trouble of shearing. Most of these things Young repeatedly witnessed in the year 1776, in a Christian country, where many who are still alive were then living—when Lord Plunkett was twelve and the Duke of Wellington seven years old—when the young Grattan and the mature Flood were wasting in obscure party squabbles the eloquence and energies which would have been better employed in endeavouring to render unnecessary such a disgrace to their country as a *statute law* against *ploughing by the tail*, *burning corn in the straw*, and *tearing out the wool of live sheep*.

It is true that those more gross and brutal barbarisms have now vanished; but have we essentially improved the moral condition of the people? They no longer, indeed, excoriate sheep or plough by the tail, but they murder landlords! Hear Mr. Thackeray:—

‘Look yonder at those two hundred ragged fellow-subjects of yours; they are kind, good, pious, brutal, starving. If the priest tells them, there is scarce any penance they will not perform—there is scarcely any pitch of misery which they have not been known to endure, nor any degree of generosity of which they are not capable: but if a man comes among these people, and can afford to take land over their heads, or if he invents a machine which can work more economically than their labour, they will shoot the man down without mercy, murder him, or put him to horrible tortures, and glory almost in what they do. There stand the men; they are only separated from us by a few paces; they are as fond of their mothers and children as we are; their gratitude for small kindnesses shown to them is extraordinary; they are Christians as we are; but, interfere with their interests, and they will murder you without pity.’—*Sketch-book*, i. 160.

It seems to be the fashion to say that the country is of late years wonderfully improved. The first greeting that any one who revisits Ireland after a few years’ interval receives, is the self-complacent question, uttered in a tone that challenges an affirmative

native answer, 'Do you not see a vast improvement in everything?' We confess that, with the evidence before us, we could hardly venture to give the expected reply, though we suppose that Irish friends would be scandalised at our hesitation.

Take, for instance, the main point of all—food. There is no hint, in all Young's voluminous details, that there had been of late years any want of food. On the contrary, he repeatedly notices, with a homely expression of satisfaction, that the poor, ignorant, and uncultivated people had '*always a bellyful*.' Now has that been the case in our day, even before the late positive famine? In 1838 Lady Chatterton deplored the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Cork being reduced to gather nettles for food (*Rambles*, ii. 121). In the month of August, 1842—three years before the potato-blight of 1845—Mr. Thackeray saw at Kilkullen, only twenty-two miles from the capital, on the great southern road—

'but few people, except a crowd round a meal-shop, where meal is distributed once a-week by the neighbouring gentry [cruel landlords!]. There must have been some hundreds of persons waiting about the doors. Going a little further, we saw women pulling weeds and nettles in the hedges, on which dismal sustenance the poor creatures live.'—vol. i. p. 44.

As he proceeded, he found matters still worse:—

'Throughout the south and west of Ireland the traveller is haunted by the face of the *popular starvation*. It is not the exception—it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and *starving by millions*. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin doors with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed "*for the hunger*"—because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a-foot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now must [*qu. neglect to?*] look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too.'—vol. i. p. 146.

Again: Young, in his extensive and accurate inquiries, found that almost every peasant, or, as he sometimes phrases it, 'every cabin,' had at least *one* cow, many *two*, some *three*—and this throughout the whole country. In one district in Cork he notices, as an exception to be regretted, that some cabins had *not* a cow. He even gives, from his own inquiry and inspection, numerical tables of the condition of the people on estates in three provinces.

He examined 22 '*haymakers*' at Mr. Bushe's, in the county of Kilkenny, and found each family, or 'cabin,' to have on the average—

'6½ souls; 1 cow; ½ a horse; 2 hogs.'—p. 72.

Two only had no animal.

On Sir Lucius O'Brien's estate in Clare, he examined 43 'labourers,' and found in each cabin an average of—

'6 souls; 3 cows;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  horses;  $9\frac{1}{2}$  sheep.'—p. 239.

Three only of 43 had no animal.

On Sir James Caldwell's estate on the borders of Fermanagh and Donegal, he examined 34 'labourers,' and found to each cabin—

'6 souls;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cows; and each sowed 5 gallons of flax-seed.'—p. 163.

One only had no cow.

We should be glad to believe that anything like this could be now reported of the labouring classes throughout Ireland.

Our readers may perhaps recollect the wishes we expressed three years ago in an article on French Agriculture (*Q. R.*, vol. lxxix. p. 232), that the Government would set about procuring returns of agricultural produce and stock in these countries, as had been done in France. We perceive with great satisfaction that Lord Clarendon has already accomplished this great and valuable work in Ireland, and very detailed returns for the years 1847 and 1848, obtained and ably classified, under his Excellency's directions, by Captain Larcom, one of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, have been laid before Parliament. In these returns we find an approximate account of the stock on the several denominations of farms in Ireland. These do not enable us to make a comparison with the particular estates mentioned by Arthur Young, nor do they distinguish *cows* from other *cattle*, but they indicate a great decrease in the average of cows given by Arthur Young, as may be seen by the following table, in which Young's statements are compared with the official averages of the counties in which his accounts were taken:—

Average of cows to each cabin—	Ar. Young.      Official Return.	
	1776.	1847.
Kilkenny . . . . .	1	$\frac{7}{8}$
Clare . . . . .	3	$1\frac{1}{8}$
Fermanagh . . . . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$

In these counties we see that the average is reduced since 1776 by above two-thirds; and, deducing from both authorities an average for the whole kingdom, the result appears to be, in round numbers, that in 1776 each cabin had two cows, and that in 1847 two cabins have but one cow. It may be said that in 1847 the progress of the famine had already diminished the number of cows: this is true; but we also find in these returns that the small *holdings* have been diminished in a greater proportion than the *cattle*; that therefore the *proportion* of *cows* to *holdings* was greater in 1847 than before the famine—and consequently that a  
comparison

*comparison* between the comforts of the poor in 1776 and 1845 would have been still more unfavourable to the latter.\*

We have also had the opportunity of obtaining the state of this case on an estate which has the general reputation of being the very best managed in the best part of Ulster, where there is not a middleman, and the farmers and labourers are supposed to be amongst the most comfortable in Ireland: on that estate we are informed that 280 cottier tenants possess but 75 cows.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, indeed, seem to bring us better tidings:—

‘Of late years a decided improvement has taken place amongst all classes throughout Ireland. In the year 1836 we made a tour in Ireland and another in 1840. The improvement in these four years was so *extraordinary as almost to exceed belief*: during our previous visit we noted *comparatively little alteration in the external aspect of the country or in the condition of its people from what we had known them twenty years ago*; but of late the move forward has been wonderful.’—*Hall*, i. 3.

We quite agree with the writers that this sudden advance within *four* years after a stagnation of *twenty* ‘almost exceeds belief;’ and we could therefore have wished that they had furnished us with a few specific and corroborative facts of so marvellous a change, particularly as we find in other parts of their work a good deal that seems to us of a quite contrary tendency; but there is one short phrase mixed up with this Utopian eulogy which tempers it very considerably, and brings it almost within the verge of credibility:—

‘The *very lower class*, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement.’—*ibid.* i. 3.

Now, this admission, from writers who honestly confess their reluctance to relate anything ‘discreditable to the majority of the people,’ may, we think, be fairly taken as a confession that this supposed improvement has not in any perceptible degree reached ‘the very lower class.’ But it is that ‘very lower class’ that constitutes the whole difficulty, and to which alone such inquiries as these apply. Everybody admits that the upper and middle classes have always been assimilated in some measure to the corresponding ranks in England. It is towards the mass of the people, who are unfortunately too justly comprised in the designation of ‘the very lowest class,’ that the public solicitude is, and ought to be, directed; and we see that even the good-natured Mr. and Mrs.

\* It appears by these returns, that in the last two years there has been a diminution of the smaller farmers in Ireland to the number of 71,137, and an increase of the larger ones of 3670.



Hall are obliged, after the bold and decisive statement of the improvement of *all* classes, to make the cautious, though somewhat Hibernian exception of the largest class of all—a class that certainly includes eight or nine-tenths of the people they profess to describe.

We attach very great importance to this point; because it is, as we before said, the fashion of the country—into which tourists are apt to fall—to believe, or at least to assert, that substantial improvements, agricultural and social, have been both rapidly and steadily progressing; and it is of vital consequence to know whether Ireland has really been progressing or deteriorating under her present system. Since the failure of the potato crop and the efforts made by many of the gentry, and especially the impulse given by Lord Clarendon's instructors, there has been, we have every reason to think, a visible though slight and partial improvement in agriculture. But of the general improvement, which we are told was so rapid *prior* to this infliction, we entertain very stubborn doubts, in every respect but one—a very important one, indeed, which we are glad to record—the increased temperance of the lower classes. In that respect there is, we are informed and believe, a manifest improvement, which, however, we can trace nowhere else; and, conceiving nothing to be so mischievous as the system of flattery and deception which cherishes the vanity and indolence of the people, we shall present our readers with some specimens of civilization and industry chiefly from the *pen*—we wish we could also avail ourselves of the *pencil*—of Mr. Thackeray, who visited Ireland a year or two later than that wonderful advance discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

We shall endeavour to classify a little our scattered materials; and first as to manners and habits.

The feature that we believe first and most remarkably strikes every stranger on entering Ireland is the habitual untidiness, the slattern negligence, or the perverse absurdity with which everything is done, or half done, or left altogether undone. At the Shelbourne (*sic*) Hotel—which, though it cannot spell its own name, advertises itself as 'the largest, best situated, and cheapest hotel in Dublin,' and which undoubtedly is in the most fashionable part of the town—the fastidious Englishman found it necessary to suggest that the room allotted to him should be washed—an operation which it had visibly not undergone for six months; and when the window, looking on the magnificent area of St. Stephen's Green—'the finest square in Europe,' says the advertisement—was raised to accelerate the drying of the floor, there was no way of keeping it open but by propping it with the *hearth-brush*—

*brush*—which of course in the month of July was not likely to be required for its proper duty at the fireside. (i. 32.) If Ireland could produce another Swift, a new *Sermon on a Broomstick* might be more practically useful than the old one, and the following explanatory passage would afford a text:—

‘The hotel is majestically conducted by clerks\* and other officers; the landlord himself does not appear after the honest comfortable English fashion, but lives in a private mansion hard by, where his name may be read inscribed on a brass-plate, like that of any other private gentleman.’—*Sketch-book*, i. 10.

In the whole town of Bandon Mr. Thackeray did not see one window that had not a broken pane; and a traveller of 1849 thought that even in civilised Belfast the broken windows of the upper floors, in some of the streets, were rather too numerous. The very railroads—whose essence it is to be punctual and perfect, and which must of course, in all their arrangements, present a contrast to everything else in Ireland—are not always exempt from the national influence. On the morning of Tuesday the 7th of August, 1849, the first-class passengers of the Great Southern and Western Railway, bound for Mallow, Cork, and Killarney, found, on emerging from the magnificent station in Dublin, that all the glass windows of all the first-class carriages had been removed. The morning was wet and stormy—the worst of the whole season—and the wind drove floods of rain through and through the carriages, so that the passengers were forced to *stop the windows with their own cloaks and greatcoats*; nor could this strange blunder be remedied till the arrival of the train at the Limerick junction—three-fourths of the whole way—where another carriage with windows was, after some slight\* delay, substituted by the superintendent; but this itself was, from standing by unused, in so dusty, not to say dirty, a state that some lady passengers declined the accommodation, and continued, as the day had grown fine, in their original damp seats. One of the travellers by this same train purchased at the book-shop of Messrs. Bradford and Co., in Patrick Street, Cork, a guide-book for that town, published by that respectable firm. By some accident the binder had omitted the three or four last leaves of the index—from A to half of L being present, the rest absent. On the purchaser’s remarking this circumstance, a dozen other copies of the work were obligingly produced, but they all had the same defect. Then followed the usual Irish expedient of a profusion of inconsistent excuses, and even defences of this deficiency, until at last the bookseller cut the matter short, and made the volume what he called *perfect by—tearing out* the two leaves, A to L: thus getting rid of the

the defect by getting rid of the index altogether; and he seemed rather surprised at his customer's being dissatisfied with the operation. We should hardly have ventured to repeat so strange an anecdote, if we were not able thus to specify the parties, the place, and the volume.

At a lodging-house kept by the 'pretty' and 'ladylike' widow of a merchant in Cork, we have a small but not insignificant incident related in Mr. Thackeray's lighter style:—

'One word more regarding the Widow Fagan's house. When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? "In a coal-scuttle, to be sure," says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

'No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

'“Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,” says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

'No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

'“Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatterly wetch!” says Snooks.

'Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!'—vol. i. pp. 155, 156.

Mr. Thackeray accompanies Mr. Martin, at whose castle he was staying, and a stipendiary magistrate, to a court of petty sessions at Roundstown in Connemara. The sessions room was furnished

'with a deal table, a couple of chairs for the two magistrates, and a Testament *with a paper cross pasted on it*, to be kissed by the witnesses and complainants frequenting the court.'—vol. ii. p. 60.

What a 'picture in little' of untidiness and neglect is this unseemly make-shift for the symbol so peculiarly revered by the people!—and that too when Testaments with a cross handsomely stamped on their cover are sold by numerous pedlars throughout the country for sixpence—nay, sometimes as low as three-pence.

At Skibbereen, which has since obtained so deplorable a notoriety, Mr. Thackeray happens to take a peep into some of the obscurer *penetralia* of his hotel.

'But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan the waiter's pantry is the most wonderful—every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh butter, tallow-candles, dirty knives—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown  
sugar,

sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap. No pen can describe that establishment, as no English imagination could have conceived it.'—vol. i. p. 172.

These may seem, and indeed in themselves are, very small matters; but are not all this dirt, negligence, and disorder in the domestic arrangements of an entire people, symptoms of the idleness and neglect in more important concerns which have produced an accumulation of human misery 'such as no imagination can conceive?' The disorganizing principle is the same, only that—

'Now a bubble bursts, and now a world.'

The following topics and scenes are of more serious import.

To an English eye the most startling and painful sight must be the houses and the dress, if they can be so called, of the lower classes. We need not describe the dwellings: most of them are no better than they appear in Lithgow's picture, many are worse. Even in Ulster, by the side of that magnificent road which has been constructed from Glenarm and Cushendall to Ballycastle, there are to be seen collections of hovels infinitely inferior to anything we can conceive of a Hottentot kraal. If here and there you detect something that makes a distant approach to comfort or to neatness, you will find on inquiry that they are under the immediate influence of some neighbouring *gentleman* or *lady*, or that there is an *Englishman* or *Englishwoman* in the neighbourhood, or that the owners are Protestants, or connected with the Police,\* or the Railroads. Anything like tidiness or comfort on the part of the native Irish is exceedingly rare.

Their dress requires a few more detailed observations. In the North, the men *who work* are tolerably well dressed, and all wear shoes. In the South and West the working men are poorly clad, yet still less ill than the women: but everywhere, throughout all parts, even in the best towns, and in Dublin itself, you will meet men and boys—not dressed, not covered—but hung round with a collection of rags of unimaginable variety, squalidity, and filth—walking dung-hills. That old peasantry, as it seemed to be, of the Irish peasants robbing the English scarecrows affords an imperfect idea of these frightful exhibitions. No one ever saw an English scarecrow with such rags; no English farmer's servant would touch them; and boys of ten or

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\* It is impossible to say too much of that admirable body the Police. Its influence not merely in keeping the peace, but in correcting and civilizing the habits of the people, is visible all around their establishments. The creation of this force is certainly the greatest boon that Sir Robert Peel ever conferred upon Ireland; and we trust due care is taken by the superior authorities to prevent any deterioration of its composition. None but men of irreproachable character and fair abilities should be admitted into it.

twelve years old are to be seen with a *tippet* of these loathsome shreds about their necks, and all below stark naked. No such sights as these are to be seen, we are confident, anywhere else on the face of the globe.

In the South and West the greater number of the women are wretchedly clad; sometimes they are almost as destitute of decent covering as the male apparitions we have just described: but throughout the whole country—even in the North—the vast majority of females are bare-footed. Nothing makes more effect on a stranger, or less, it seems, on the natives, than this, as the stranger thinks, humiliation of the gentler sex. We do not think it could have been so general in Young's day, for he mentions, as attracting particular notice, a barefooted girl: one with shoes would be now the exception. The Reverend James Hall, who travelled in Ireland in 1807, says that 'to be without shoes is not uncommon:' a phrase which evidently implies that bare feet were not then the majority, as they now indisputably are; and he notices, with some expression of surprise, a barefooted girl with a knot of red ribbons in a neat clean cap (*Trav. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 79). Such incongruities are now nothing remarkable. A friend of ours this summer met an otherwise decently dressed girl bare-footed; and on asking her why she did not wear shoes, she pleaded poverty—that she could not afford them: yet she had on a handsome red shawl, and a cap plentifully trimmed with lace. He also saw another damsel very smartly dressed, with a gay gown, a mock Cashmere shawl, a neat straw bonnet, and lace veil, a silk parasol, and bare feet!—but these instances were in the North. In the South and West, half the female person is often as naked as the feet; but amidst all this squalid exposure it must be said of the poor creatures that an inmodest word, look, or gesture is rarely to be detected, even among the most destitute. It is true that this absence of *chaussures* is not always the result of poverty, though it may be of economy: long habit has made it easier to them, and they certainly often carry their shoes and stockings in their hands along the roads, and put them on when they approach the town. Lady Chatterton tells us that her maids protested that they caught violent colds by wearing shoes; and an old woman at her Ladyship's gate had well nigh got her death by a fever, brought on by a pair of shoes and stockings in which she was over-persuaded in one cold winter to incarcerate her lower extremities.

This unseemly habit extends even into the best towns. In Belfast and Londonderry, for instance, half at least of the women that one sees in the streets are barefooted; but so inattentive does  
the

the mind become to what the eye is accustomed to, that when a late traveller happened to express his wonder at so general a deficiency of shoes and stockings in so civilized a town as Londonderry, a gentleman present, well acquainted with Londonderry, and quite incapable of any intentional inaccuracy, totally denied the fact, asserting that ‘such a thing might perhaps be seen in some country districts, but *not in the city of Londonderry.*’ On this downright contradiction between two such respectable eye-witnesses, *a poll was demanded*, and taken by reckoning the women that should pass a given window, in one of the principal streets of the city, in a given time :—and the result turned out to be in the proportion of *five* women with shoes and stockings to *fourteen* without. This was in August, 1849.

Nor is it, we regret to say, the ‘poor Popish natives’ only that exhibit this untidiness. Many of the public edifices and monuments, for which the higher classes are responsible, are in a state of discreditable unfinish or neglect. Several of the architectural façades of principal churches in Dublin have stopped short at the lower story. A Palladian fountain was erected in Merrion-square, after the style of those in Paris and Rome—but it *never was supplied with water*; and, says the Guide-book, ‘has been shamefully mutilated.’ By a singular coincidence this *waterless* fountain was dedicated to a deceased Lord Lieutenant, with this appropriate inscription :—

‘His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
‘*Munere!*’

The great Wellington trophy in the Phoenix Park has been, for thirty years, waiting for its statue. The celebrated statue of King William, ‘of glorious and immortal memory,’ in College Green—the idol of the Orangemen and the abhorrence of the Papists, concerning the painting of which there is an annual squabble—is, the Guide-book tells us, of *bronze*, but we suspect it must be of lead—not from their painting it, but because the material, whatever it be, of the limbs of both the hero and his horse has so given way as to require being shored up by a block of wood, though not so as to prevent the whole group exhibiting a most ludicrous specimen of distortion. Another similar statue of King George II. on the Grand Parade of Cork is certainly lead, and still more portentously dislocated; and the gay colours in which both these works of art are painted give additional effect to the paralytic deformity. Now that the Corporations have become Papist, we are not surprised that they should willingly maintain such libels on the Protestant Kings; but we wonder that loyalty and common sense do not step in either to restore the figures to something like a shape, or to remove them altogether.

All

All through the country Mr. Thackeray noticed the florid architecture and large dimensions of a crowd of Roman Catholic chapels, churches, and cathedrals, which are in different stages of erection—but he did not, we think, see a single one in town or country completed, nor is there any likelihood that there will be either funds or perseverance enough to finish a tithe of what are commenced.

Of the posting-stage, called the *Royal Oak*, on the most frequented thoroughfare in Ireland, and in the remarkably civilized county of Carlow, Mr. Thackeray relates—

‘As we stopped for a moment in the place, troops of slatternly, ruffianly-looking fellows assembled round the carriage, dirty heads peeped out of all the dirty windows, beggars came forward with a joke and a prayer, and troops of children raised their shouts and halloos. I confess, with regard to the beggars, that I never yet have had the slightest sentiment of compassion for the very oldest or dirtiest of them, or been inclined to give them a penny; they come crawling round you with lying prayers and loathsome compliments, that make the stomach turn; they do not even disguise that they are lies; for, refuse them, and the wretches turn off with a laugh and a joke—a miserable grinning cynicism that creates distrust and indifference, and must be, one would think, the very best way to close the purse, not to open it, for objects so unworthy.’—vol. i. p. 69.

Similar specimens of what he calls the ‘moral aspect’ of the people occur in all parts of the country; for instance, at another posting-stage, in the county of Kilkenny:—

‘A dirty, old, contented, decrepit idler was lolling in the sun at a shop-door, and *hundreds* of the population of the dirty, old, decrepit, contented place were employed in the *like* way. A dozen of boys were playing at pitch and toss; other male and female beggars were sitting on a wall looking into a stream; scores of ragamuffins, of course, round the carriage; and beggars galore at the door of the little ale-house or hotel.’—vol. i. p. 77.

And again at Cork:—

‘As the carriage drove up, a magnificent mob was formed round the vehicle, and we had an opportunity of at once making acquaintance with some of the dirtiest rascally faces that all Ireland presents. Besides these professional rogues and beggars, who make a point to attend on all vehicles, everybody else seemed to stop too, to see that wonder, a coach and four horses. People issued from their shops, heads appeared at windows. I have seen the Queen pass in state in London, and not bring together a crowd near so great as that which assembled in the busiest street of the second city of the kingdom, just to look at a green coach and four bay horses. Have they nothing else to do?—or is it that they *will* do nothing but stare, swagger, and be idle in the streets?’—vol. i. p. 100.

This

This was in the best part of the town—but worse was behind—imperfectly seen, but significantly shadowed forth:—

‘I have mentioned the respectable quarter of the city—for there are quarters in it swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odours and rags and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, *only the priest*, can penetrate. *I asked a Roman Catholic clergyman of the city to take me into some of these haunts, but he refused* very justly; and indeed a man may be quite satisfied with what he can see in the mere outskirts of the districts, without caring to penetrate further. Not far from the quays is an open space where the poor hold a market or bazaar. Here is liveliness and business enough; ragged women chattering and crying their beggarly wares; ragged boys gloating over dirty apple and pie-stalls; fish frying, and raw and stinking; clothes-booths, where you might buy a wardrobe for scarecrows; old nails, hoops, bottles, and marine wares; old battered furniture, that has been sold *against starvation*. In the streets round about this place, on a sunshiny day, all the black gaping windows and mouldy steps are covered with squatting lazy figures—women, with bare breasts, nursing babies, and leering a joke as you pass by—ragged children paddling everywhere.’—vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

The ‘leer,’ however, we believe, is less frequently immodest than the rest of the exhibition would lead one to expect. And a little further on, near that famous—is that the proper term?—Skibbereen,

‘There was only one wretched village along the road, but no lack of population; ragged people who issued from their cabins as the coach passed, or were sitting by the way-side. Everybody seems sitting by the way-side here: one never sees this general repose in England—a sort of *ragged lazy contentment*. All the children seemed to be on the *watch for the coach*; waited very knowingly and carefully their opportunity, and then hung on by scores behind.’—vol. i. p. 174.

A later traveller—one of the present season—assures us that at Millstreet—the stage where the Killarney coaches change horses—there is so formidable an array of beggars of all ages, both sexes, and infinite varieties of filth and impudence, that it is necessary on the arrival of the coaches to have the armed Police drawn out to form a circle for the personal protection of the passengers. This takes place as often as the coaches pass, and this process of attack and defence seems to constitute in fact the only business of the population and the regular duty of the police.

And be it not forgotten, that Mr. Thackeray’s sketches—from which the later accounts do not at all vary—were made three years before the potato failure in 1845, to which is now *altogether* attributed



attributed an extent of misery which, there is abundance of evidence to show, was before that visitation already at a height which appeared incapable of increase. Public patience has been wearied, though public charity has not been exhausted, by special appeals from *Skibbereen* and its neighbourhood; but the pictures just copied incline us to regret that some of the zeal now so importunate in begging relief from strangers was not at an earlier period more successfully directed to the improvement of the domestic economy and habits of the people.

When such scenes as these are so flagrant as not to be denied, the Irish patriots turn round upon us, and lay all the blame, *first*, on the misrule of the English government; *secondly*, on the want of Capital and encouragement to native industry; and *thirdly*, on the neglect and tyranny of the Landlords. We have already answered, with more seriousness than such an imposture ought to have required, the charge of English misrule. Let us now consider the two latter topics.

Ireland, we are told, wants Capital; but what generates capital? Capital does not grow spontaneously, and cannot be violently transplanted. It is produced by industry—augmented by economy—consolidated and vivified by domestic tranquillity and legal security. If then Capital has not been more largely generated and accumulated in Ireland, it is because Ireland has been deficient in the required conditions of industry, economy, and internal security. Again, we say it is her own fault that she does not create capital, and it is further her own heinous fault that capital does not flow in upon her from England, the greatest capitalist in the world, who, when she does occasionally venture her capital in Ireland, finds it rendered unproductive by the idleness, or unsafe by the turbulence, of the people. What sane man would venture to purchase the blood-stained lands of Lord Norbury or Major Mahon? But even when capital is applied, it seldom produces the results that might be expected. We have already noticed some remarkable failures in the outlay of capital—a hundred more could be cited. In the populous and fertile neighbourhood of Carlow,

‘Here and there was a country-house, or a tall mill by a stream-side: but the latter buildings were for the most part empty—the gaunt windows gaping without glass, and their great wheels idle. Leighlin-bridge, lying up and down a hill by the river, contains a considerable number of pompous-looking warehouses, that looked for the most part to be doing no more business than the mills on the Carlow road, but stood by the road-side staring at the coach, as it were, and basking in the sun, swaggering, idle, insolvent, and out at elbows.’—*Thackeray*, vol. i. p. 66.

Yet in Arthur Young's time these very mills were not thought too pompous, and were then in busy work under an active and intelligent proprietor. Again:—

'A good number of large mills were on the noble banks of the Bandon river; and the chief part of them, as in Carlow, *useless*. One mill we saw was too small for the owner's great speculations, so he built another and larger one; the big mill cost 10,000*l.*, but a lawsuit being given against the mill-owner, the two mills stopped,' &c.—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 162.

At Waterford, not long since a place of considerable commerce,

'The view of the town, from the bridge and the heights above it, is very imposing; as is the river both ways. Very large vessels sail up almost to the doors of the houses, and the quays are flanked by tall red warehouses, that look at a little distance as if a world of business might be doing within them. But as you get into the place, not a soul is there to greet you except the usual society of beggars, and a sailor or two, or a green-coated policeman sauntering down the broad pavement. We drove up to the Coach Inn, a *huge, handsome*, dirty building, of which the discomforts have been pathetically described elsewhere. The landlord is a gentleman and considerable horse-proprietor, and though a perfectly well-bred, active, and intelligent man, far too much of a gentleman to play the host well, at least as an Englishman understands that character.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 81.

Here we see capital has been at work, and built mills and warehouses, and 'huge, handsome' inns, which idleness and carelessness fail to utilize. We have the picture of a shopkeeper in this same city of Waterford, which sufficiently explains why the capital sunk in the great warehouses has not fructified:—

'The quays stretch for a considerable distance along the river—poor patched-windowed, mouldy-looking shops forming the basement-story of most of the houses. We went into one, a jeweller's, to make a purchase—it might have been of a gold watch for anything the owner knew; but he was talking with a friend in his back-parlour, gave us a look as we entered, allowed us to stand some minutes in the empty shop, and at length *to walk out without being served*. In another shop a boy was lolling behind a counter, but could not say whether the articles we wanted were to be had; turned out a heap of drawers, and could not find them; and finally went for the master, who could not come. True commercial independence, and an easy way enough of life!'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 82.

Can we wonder that the capital vested in that goldsmith's shop did not accumulate? In Cork Mr. Thackeray found the half-a-dozen public buildings that he saw—commercial, literary, or religious—

'*spacious and shabby* beyond all Cockney belief; . . . and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such institutions. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust and cobwebs; but *indolence* leaves them to accumulate, and *imprudence* will not calculate its income, and *vanity* exaggerates its own powers, and the fault is laid upon that tyrant of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures; swaggering beginnings that could not be carried through; grand enterprises begun dashingly, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 141.

Why is it that Irish Quakers thrive and make capital? Why is the village of Ballytore an oasis in a desert? Simply because the Quakers are thrifty, orderly, and industrious. Why, asks Mr. Thackeray,

'Why should Quaker shops be neater than other shops? They suffer to the full as much oppression as the rest of the hereditary bondsmen; and yet, in spite of their tyrants, they prosper.'—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Why have Fermoy in the south and Westport and Rutland in the West, and so many other extensive outlays of capital, utterly failed—in some instances without leaving a trace behind—while many similar undertakings in the North have been successful—at least comparatively successful? The Celt—no very great producer of anything but hungry mouths—is worst of all at improving capital, and he craves after a thing which he does not know how to use when he happens to get it. But it is really ludicrous to hear the way in which the want of it is pleaded in excuse for the most incomprehensible negligence. When an observation was made by a very recent English visitor to an Irish gentleman of a certain farm's being overrun with weeds and its fences broken down in a way that it would not be found in England: 'Ah yes,' it was replied; 'you are rich enough to do those things in England—you have capital!'—though there were as many women and children idling or begging in the streets of every neighbouring village as would have weeded such a farm in a week, and men loitering and gaping about with *their hands in their pockets* enough to have repaired the fences in a fortnight.

We heartily wish that we could have faith in any of the schemes which have been propounded for *forcing* capital into Ireland, but that, as we shall have to repeat by and bye, being hopeless, the next best thing is to inculcate—as we are now endeavouring to do—that tranquillity alone can attract and industry alone increase it.

The complaints against the Landlords are little better founded.

There

There can be no question but that there have been what are called bad landlords: though on the precise value of the terms 'good' or 'bad,' as applied to landlords, there may be sometimes a great difference of opinion. A gentleman who may unfortunately entertain a partiality for the observance of the almost obsolete festival called Rent-day, or who objects to having half-a-dozen other landlords on his estate; or who—being, *vitio parentum* perhaps, overrun with a swarm of paupers and squatters—wishes to transform them into labourers, is often popularly stigmatized as a bad landlord, and murdered accordingly; while his neighbour, 'Sir Condry Rackrent,' who lets everything go on in the old way, and by a lazy facility at first, generally followed by a blind greediness, ruins himself and his tenants, passes for a good one. There are, no doubt, many poor and some injudicious landlords, who, in an economical and statistical sense, may be justly called 'bad;' and, as we have before hinted, landlords are not altogether exempt from the failings which are supposed to be characteristic of the country; but we believe that, generally speaking, the Landlords of Ireland—who have their estates in their own power, and as far as they can be held responsible for the welfare of their people—are, in the true sense of the word, as good landlords as any in the empire. It is, indeed, not to be denied that over a great part of the country an erroneous system of management has, as we have shown, long—even from the earlier times—prevailed; and principally as to the tenures by which both estates and farms have been held: but the mischiefs were rather in the system of middlemen and in the practice of paying the labourer by potato-patches than in any personal exaction or severity on the part of the head landlords. The only serious error that we think can be fairly charged on them as a body was the ambitious creation of the forty-shilling freeholds, which, though the reverse of oppressive to the occupying tenant, and, in fact, very popular, were exceedingly detrimental both to agriculture and general good order, and cramped in a mischievous degree the landlord's power of improving either his tenantry or his estate.

Mr. Thackeray touches popular complaints against the landlords, and the real neglect in another more influential body, with his usual intermixture of pleasantry and good sense:—

'You see people lolling at each door, women staring and combing their hair, men with their little pipes, children whose rags hang on by a miracle, idling in a gutter. Are we to set all this down to absenteeism, and pity poor injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was  
blown

blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself. People need not be dirty if they are ever so idle; if they are ever so poor, pigs and men need not live together. Half an hour's work, and digging a trench, might remove that filthy dunghill from that filthy window. The smoke might as well come out of the chimney as out of the door. Why should not Tim do that, *instead of walking a hundred and sixty miles to a race? The Priests might do much more to effect these reforms than even the Landlords themselves.*'—vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

This last suggestion, which touches the most important topic of the whole case, we shall return to; but as to the landlords, the fact, we believe, is, that many of them possess neither the legal power nor pecuniary means of improving the domestic habits of reluctant and intractable tenants; that some few perhaps may not be sufficiently persevering in that thankless duty; but that others, who had the means and the will too, and who did accomplish momentary successes, have become dispirited by the little benefit, and sometimes by the absolute failure, of their benevolent endeavours. Those who have the means of comparing the present surface of Ireland with Arthur Young's descriptions will discover very slight traces of the majority of those extensive and often costly improvements which he records. We could produce, in addition to a few that we have already incidentally mentioned, many melancholy instances of this relapse; and even where particular estates, by the efforts of a succession of persevering landlords, have attained a more permanent improvement, it is strange to see how little effect their example has on their neighbours. There are to be seen close to a comparatively well-managed and prosperous estate, farms in the most deplorable condition, while the inhabitants of the latter seemed wholly unconscious of the difference. We are tempted to give a remarkable—if not instance, at least indication—of this spirit of indocility. No persons in Europe were more famed for the forcible lessons which they administered to their idle and careless countrymen than Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. Their joint 'Castle-Rackrent,' published just half a century since, and Miss Edgeworth's subsequent novels, afforded, as we have before said, pictures of Irish habits and character which excited a strong sensation wherever the English language was read; and we thought that, for a time at least, the fine raillery and excellent sense of those works produced some amendment among the upper classes in Ireland itself;—but it never reached the lower—nor did the writers' constant residence at and assiduous attention to their own estate at Edgeworthstown produce any

any visible effect on their neighbourhood. In 1845, Mr. Howitt—a fair witness, at least, in this case—made a reverential visit to Miss Edgeworth, and was, no doubt, very well disposed to give all credit to the influence of his amiable friend in her own peculiar sphere. His account of this visit acquaints us that the country and the people wore all along the road from Dublin to Edgeworthstown a very poor aspect; but—

‘The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amusing display of trowsers without legs, waistcoats without buttons, and coats which were *not patched*, but a matting of patches, all loose at one end, like a rude imitation of feathers.’—*Howitt’s Journal*, vol. iii. p. 89.

Then follows, at more length than we have room for, a description of the squalid and mendicant propensities and ready wit of the natives, who crowded the roads to loiter, to stare, to beg, and to gibe. He proceeds:—

‘The country is little enclosed, and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to *want every human assistance that land can want*,—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amidst occasional displays of corn harvests and potatoes there were abundance of what would be capital pigsties, but were very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins—of *weeds, thistles, ragwort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested!*’—*Ibid.*

Such was the neighbourhood of that residence whence so much instruction had been poured out on, as it seems, an ungrateful soil; and such, we are sorry to be obliged to add, is a true picture, as far as our means of information extend, of the *whole* of what is called the *cultivated* surface of Ireland—that is, of all that is not either gentlemen’s demesnes or bog and mountain. Mr. Skilling, himself an Irishman and a professional and official agriculturist, whose little volume contains a great deal of striking fact and sound good sense, bears sad witness to this universal neglect:—

‘*Suffering the land to be overrun with weeds* is an egregious error, which, without argument or proof, will be admitted by every individual in the country, possessed of the sense of sight. *It is confined to no locality; it prevails east, west, north, and south*: wherever the land is cultivated, and no matter what may be the description or quality of the crops, the weeds are found also in abundance, disputing the sovereignty, and often with complete success. It appears that the people have become *so accustomed to weeds and dirt*, that the idea of clean land has never entered their mind; indeed they seldom see an example

example of such, and have learned to recognise the right of the weeds to a share of the soil and manure.'—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, p. 162.\*

Let us return to Edgeworthstown. Mr. Howitt proceeds to tell us that the family mansion itself is 'a large, fitting, squire's house,' situated in a small park, which makes you 'forget all *the dreary wastes around*'—the dreary wastes being, as he had just said, a most fertile country. But—

'At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but found there was no such thing to be had; a mutton-chop was the highest point to be reached. The waiter said there were no cattle killed at Edgeworthstown, they get all their meat from Longford [between eight and nine miles], and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England, in any place dignifying itself with the name of a town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty.'—*Howitt*, p. 91.

Mr. Edgeworth, the then owner of the estate, was, Mr. Howitt adds, 'a Liberal in politics.' Mr. Howitt himself is something more; and we are entitled to ask whether this mendicant population—this ill-titled land—this impoverished inn on one of the great arterial highways of Ireland—is to be attributed to a Tory or an absentee.

The, as we think them, inapplicable theories about Capital, and the unfounded imputations on the Landlords, have received some countenance from the proposition made by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 5th of March last, for '*the plantation of Connaught*,' after the (supposed) model of the plantation of Ulster in the reign of James I., which the Ministry greedily embraced, and have even, by the enacting of some of Sir Robert Peel's preliminary suggestions, set about executing. Sir Robert Peel's ability will never be called in question, and of all our statesmen he certainly ought to be the best acquainted with Ireland; but we confess that we have no faith in this scheme, and that we can scarcely even concede it the merit of being plausible.

In the first place, the bases—literally the *groundwork*—of the two schemes are wholly and irreconcilably different. King James had to deal with a tract of country nearly *depopulated* in fact, entirely *forfeited* by law, of which the absolute and exclusive property and possession were already in the Crown, and which the Crown might—as it did—dispose of how it pleased,

\* We are glad to hear that Mr. Skilling has lately been appointed to the Professorship of Agriculture in the Queen's College, Galway.

without any kind of question, counter claim, or compensation. *That* was properly called the *Plantation of Ulster*.

On the contrary, Connaught is in the legal possession, not merely of its landed proprietors, but, in many instances, of a series of sub-proprietors, each having valuable interests in the soil; over which, also, jointured wives, portioned children, and more chronic encumbrancers, judgment creditors, trustees, and mortgagees, have present or reversionary interests. It is, moreover, covered with what we may call, in number though not in industry, a *swarm* of occupiers, each of whom has, or fancies that he has, a personal interest in the land—of which he is—or at least used before the repeated potato failures to be—passionately, even madly, tenacious. In this state of affairs—in every point the direct, the notorious reverse of the former condition of Ulster—we do not understand how a new *plantation of Connaught* can be a remedy for its being already *so thickly planted* that the inhabitants are starving and stifling each other. To talk of *plantation* when *eradication* is rather meant, seems to us a strange misapplication of terms. But let us pass from words to facts. How is this plantation, eradication, or whatever it may be called, to be effected? Sir Robert Peel would begin with the proprietors. He tells us, in substance, that ‘their properties are so encumbered that they are all inextricably ruined, and of course have no capital to restore their property to a productive state; added to which, the indefinite poor’s-rate would ruin them over again and for ever, even if they were not ruined already.’ We might safely deny the universality of this picture. There are many unencumbered estates in Connaught; many gentlemen with competent capital; and many more very far from being ruined, or even otherwise distressed than by the recent pressure of the potato failure on their tenants—for we believe the distress on unencumbered estates will be found much the same as on those of their mortgaged neighbours. But be it admitted that there has been amongst the country gentlemen of Ireland a great deal of improvidence, and that they lie under a formidable weight of encumbrances; nay—for the argument sake, let us go still further, and suppose that every estate in Connaught is a mere ‘Castle-Rackrent.’ How is all this to be remedied? Sir Robert Peel answers:—

‘If you choose to leave the present proprietors in possession of their properties, entitled to a nominal rent, encumbered with debt, with every discouragement to exertion, and the land so encumbered with charges and arrears of rate that it is impossible to find either a purchaser or an occupant, then I see no hope for the salvation of Ireland; but if, through Government or Parliament, you can establish some  
*intermediate*



*intermediate agent* to get *temporary possession*—on *equitable terms*—of property in a hopeless state of encumbrance, and then can arrange for the re-distribution of it, then I should see some hope of improvement.’  
—*Hansard’s Debates*, Mar. 5, 1849.

This reads to us very like a confiscation of the estates of all the landowners in Connaught! Seize them into the *temporary possession* of a Government Commission, and then re-distribute them to new proprietors—all on *equitable terms*! The old Equity processes have a bad name, and indeed are accused of having had a main hand in producing all this Irish misery—but this *New Equity* seems to us much more formidable. Let us see how, at the very best, it must work. The poor proprietor, treated as a culprit, would be easily dealt with on *equitable* considerations. ‘Your estate,’ the Government Commissioners will tell him, ‘is *nominally* worth 1000*l.* a year; but it is jointured, encumbered, and mortgaged to the extent of 900*l.*; the rates already exceed 100*l.*; you are, therefore, already worse than nothing—future rates will make that depth deeper still, and of course you have no interest whatsoever in the land, nor any possible extrication but to get rid of it altogether. The Government, in their charity and benevolence, will do you the favour of taking it off your hands; in strict *equity* you should give us a bonus for relieving you;—we, as you have nothing to give, shall not urge that point—but, having proved that you suffer no loss, we must tell you that you are *in equity* entitled to no compensation.’ So the squire will descend at once from the mansion to the poor-house. This may seem a monstrous supposition—and so indeed it is—but we know not how else the scheme could be worked out, nor what else the proviso about *equitable terms* can mean. But let us put aside all consideration of the landlord, and let us suppose the Government Commission in ‘temporary possession’ of the estate; how is the matter mended in *any respect*, unless indeed it is alleged that the squire is more comfortable in the poor-house than he was at home? The encumbrances still survive—the mother’s jointure, the sister’s portion, and, above all, *Jason M’Quirk’s*\* and Baron Rothschild’s mortgages cannot even in *equity* be confiscated; the rates, too, must be still paid; in addition to these, there will be a new system of agency and superintendence (rather costly articles under such circumstances) to be provided for; and as one of the great grievances is the exorbitant rent exacted by the landlords, the tenants, triumphant in the fall of the old Saxon squire, will look, and perhaps more than look, for some reduction of rent—as well

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\* \* \* The money-lender and mortgagee in ‘Castle-Rackrent.’

as for some advance of *capital*, absolutely indispensable, in Sir Robert Peel's judgment, to the culture of the soil. Even if the old rents should—contrary to the hypothesis—be duly paid, it is clear that the Commission would soon be—however *temporary* their possession—in a rather worse state of insolvency than the ex-squire.

How long that temporary possession and its concomitant and accumulating insolvency might last, does not appear to have been calculated. We fear the Commission would not find very early purchasers; and can any one imagine the confusion, the plunder, the dilapidation, the anarchy, the misery, the desolation that would follow the vicarious administration of any considerable extent of landed property in such circumstances? Look—if any illustration of this point be required—look at the Royal or rather the Government estates in Ireland, models, indeed, of mismanagement and misery. But as, according to the proposed plan, the estates are to be sold clear of all encumbrances and arrears, it is possible (though not very likely) that the Commission may be able, now and then and here and there, to find a purchaser. But at what rate—if, according to the hypothesis on which the whole project is built, the land is already encumbered for more than it is worth?—Can it be hoped that a price will be obtained for it sufficient to pay off those encumbrances, already—without the interventional expenses of the Commission—exceeding its value? Or does the new Equity contemplate an entire repudiation of the debts of the estate, or only a confiscation *pro ratâ*? Or if not, from what new fund are the encumbrancers to be satisfied?

But supposing that the purchase-money should be enough to meet these demands, we have still the unfortunate landlord himself confiscated and his posterity disinherited, and for what offences? Perhaps for those of his father or grandfather—perhaps (and there are several such cases) for encumbrances created for the improvement of the estates! And are there no English estates mortgaged—are the country-gentlemen of England universally clear of personal or ancestral improvidence? Are they never in difficulties, and can they never get out of them without a bill of confiscation and the usurpation of a Government inquisition? Is it not notorious that, if there are some English examples as bad as the most reckless Irish squire, there are happily others in which strict economy and self-denial have retrieved such errors, and restored estates that were looked upon as desperate, to a flourishing condition? Have we not seen also accidental increases of value—and, if Dr. Kane's book be of any authority, is not Ireland full of 'Industrial and Agricultural Resources?' Why are the

the Connaught gentleman and his posterity to be cut off at once from all the prospects of good management and all the chances of good fortune?

Let us pass over all these hardships, and, as we firmly believe, insurmountable difficulties, and suppose the new proprietor—the regenerating *capitalist*—installed at Castle-Rackrent:—what security have we that he may not have sunk all his capital in his purchase, and be therefore no more a capitalist than his unfortunate predecessor? But—however that may happen to be—for whatever capital he sinks in the purchase or employs in useful improvements, he will expect a fair return regularly paid. Is a stranger of the capitalist class likely to be a judicious improver in Connaught, and what would be his prospect of having the interest of his capital regularly paid in the shape of rent? Is such a person likely to reside there, or if he did, could he venture to distrain for his rent? And how in fact could this man of Manchester and Leeds—or even supposing the rare case of an agricultural capitalist—how could he hope to be more acceptable or more successful than those liberal and amiable landlords whose blood has already stained the soil and the name of Ireland?

But there is another branch of the project, that is meant, we suppose, to obviate this latter objection—the capitalists may, it seems, be absentees, and so, safe from assassination. What! absentees! This regenerating scheme to end in a fresh creation of absentees! So it is—and absentees—safe indeed from the murderer's bullet, which cannot injure a body corporate—but of the very worst class for any agricultural management or improvement. The grand hope has been, it seems, that joint-stock companies, and especially that the Corporation of London, already great absentee proprietors under King James's plantation of Derry, would commit themselves largely in this Connaught scheme. We very much doubt their doing so, and hope for the sake of Ireland and themselves that they may not. We believe the cases of the London Companies and their estates in Derry have been very much misunderstood or misrepresented. The truth is, that though their lands have been managed with a liberality on their parts which nobody *purchasing* an estate could afford, and on the part of their agents with singular ability and fidelity, they are yet reproached with being '*the worst of all absentees*' (Hall's *Ireland*, iii. 227): and this not from any fault of theirs, but from the anomalous nature of such a system, which we are convinced it would be highly impolitic to introduce *de novo*, even if all Connaught were desolate and clear for its reception.

Sir Robert Peel adduced in support of his project the instance of the Martin-estate in Connemara. Now Connemara is the very  
case

case that we should cite against this speculation. That estate is already on sale, and just as open to capitalists as if it had passed through the 'temporary possession' of the Government Commission; but, says Sir Robert Peel:—

'I doubt whether any person will purchase that property without the intervention of a third party.'—*Ibid.*

We cannot conceive why the intervention of a third party—that is, the Government—should be required in such a case. We understand (though we expect no advantage from) a Commission to clear titles and obviate legal difficulties; but we cannot see why they should take 'temporary possession' of the estate, and we strongly suspect that, so far, this new office will be a sinecure.

Not less curious, in our opinion, was Sir Robert Peel's subsequent proposal to guarantee properties so to be disposed of, from 'the uncertainty of the amount of poor-rates.'—*Ibid.*

In enumerating the reasons which should force a landlord to part with his estate, he had dwelt strongly on the uncertain but probably increasing amount of an indefinite poor-rate; but now, when he comes to urge on the capitalist reasons for buying the estate, he offers to guarantee *him* against that uncertain and indefinite increase. This seems to us not quite logical, and hardly fair play. The House of Lords, however, threw out the clause on the obvious ground that, unless you could limit the amount of distress, you could not with common sense pretend to limit the amount of relief. The question was well nigh making a rupture between the Houses—but by good luck the Ministers were anxious to get the session closed, and the Queen was anxious to get to Scotland for the grouse-season, and common sense was permitted to prevail—and so, we suspect, will have ended the *Plantation* of Connaught.

To wind up this long, but surely not uninteresting episode, we must add one very singular fact, most curiously relevant to the principles and the locality that we have been discussing. We find in the invaluable treasury of Arthur Young that this very same estate of Connemara had been in his day the scene of an experimental agricultural improvement and colonization, with something of the same general object that Sir Robert Peel proposed, but on, as we think, much sounder principles. The landlord of that great property was in 1776 Mr. Robert Martin, father of Mr. Richard Martin and grandfather of the late proprietor. Mr. Robert Martin, besides being in his own person an improving landlord, made an extensive and spirited effort to introduce knowledge and capital from more distant quarters. Young writes:—

'Mr. Martin has let 14,000 Irish or 22,000 English acres to Mr. Popham

Popham for three lives at no rent at all, and then for three more lives at 150*l.* a-year, and after them for sixty-one years certain at the same rent of 150*l.* And Mr. Popham has some men from *England and Leinster* already at work at improving,'—p. 229.

Here indeed was the experiment of a *plantation* in its best shape—a rational attempt to introduce '*new blood*,' as it has been ominously phrased, into Ireland on more liberal terms than any *purchaser* could afford to give—rent free for three lives, and—reckoning the chances of three lives at forty years—at less than 2*d.* an acre for one hundred more—and what has been the result? All that we can say is, that we have made local inquiries and looked through some statistical accounts of Connemara, and have not found a trace of Mr. Popham or his improvements, and Connemara is still the same or probably a more desolate and dangerous field for those '*new-blood*' experiments.

The great weight that is naturally given to Sir Robert Peel's opinion, and our own anxiety for the amelioration of Ireland, have induced us to pay more attention to this proposition than it is, we believe, intrinsically worth; and we must add that in our unfavourable opinion of it we conceive ourselves to be fortified by Sir Robert Peel's own authority, who, in the many and arduous years that he conducted the government of Ireland so honestly and ably, never made the slightest approach to any remedy of this nature.

Without wasting time in endeavouring to analyse all the component parts of the great and complicated Irish 'difficulty,' we think we may venture to assume that the intensity of the present distress, as well as the general, and we may say normal, state of destitution in which the poor have been for so long a space of time, arises, in the first and greatest degree, from their own indolence and ignorance in all agricultural pursuits—indolence under the strongest stimulus to exertion, and ignorance under the most urgent offers of instruction. Mr. Skilling, to the practical good sense and truthfulness of whose work we again appeal, gives us an epitome of the whole case of the Irish farmer in the following remarkable paragraph—the more remarkable as being from a practical, sound-headed Irishman:—

'Without knowledge and discipline, man is an indolent animal, and his sagacity is perpetually on the rack to find out *plausible excuses for his neglect*. With our Irish farmer this is particularly the case; procrastination is his great enemy; he has always some difficulty to contend with, or insurmountable obstacle in his way,—these difficulties and obstacles, in a majority of cases, his own creation. "He is rack-rented;" "he wants capital;" "his land is poor;" the "seasons unpropitious;" "his crops fail;" "the laws are adverse, or not sufficiently protective;"

protective ;" "the Government is hostile to his interests ;" he blames every body and every thing *but himself*, and his grievances are magnified and trumpeted forth on all occasions. But it is our duty to pause, and, if possible, determine where the blame rests, and whether these complaints are well founded. *His land is highly rented* ; yet he will take more of the same quality, and at the same price, if he can get it ; and he will injure or persecute a neighbour should he offer to take a portion of his trouble off his hands. *He wants capital* ; yet he will not put in requisition the parents of all capital—his hands and his soil. *His land is poor* ; yet he will not take the proper means of swelling his dung-heap—increase the quantity and house-feed his cattle. *The seasons are adverse, and his crops fail* ; yet he will not take the proper steps to counteract bad seasons—drain and deepen his land. *He calls for, and waits on new laws* ; like the waggoner in the fable, he lies in the slough and calls upon Jupiter. Thus, then, it will be found that all this formidable list of grievances—these crying evils, with a host of auxiliaries which we have not mentioned, arise from two simple causes—the man's own *ignorance* and *indolence*. These opinions and sentiments may be unpalatable to the great majority of the farmers of Ireland, but we wish to state facts, not to flatter prejudices.—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, pp. 46, 47.

We do not believe that there is any other people in the world who, after so severe a trial from the hand of heaven and such ample help from the hand of man, would have permitted themselves to be again for the *fifth* season exposed to absolute starvation, from which a moderate degree of industry and common sense would have, in a considerable degree, if not wholly, guarded them. We admit on behalf of these poor people that the fault is not exclusively theirs. The interference of the Government in the first two seasons of the famine, well meant we cannot doubt, was incomprehensibly injudicious and incalculably mischievous. The people were starving from a special agricultural failure—the obvious precaution for the next year was a better and safer agricultural process. But no—the remedial measures of two successive Governments were to discourage and paralyse agriculture altogether. The obvious salvation of Ireland depended on the production and habitual use of bread corn. Sir Robert Peel met that by an immediate and prospective, and, as he tells us, eternal discouragement of the culture of bread corn in Ireland ; and Sir Robert Peel's Whig successors followed up the blow by a system—we beg pardon—by a *chaos* of measures of which the only consistent or intelligible principle was the mischievous one of diverting the people from the only safe and permanent resource—the cultivation of their land. They first began by that magnificent waste of money, destruction of public property and demoralization of the people—the road-mending and road-making scheme, which ruined every

every road and every neighbourhood to which it reached. They then threw away with disdain the opportunity which it seemed as if Providence had specially put into their hands to meet this peculiar emergency—that of assisting the railroad companies in local employment of the poor; an opportunity, we say, that seemed specially providential—for the work could have been carried *ad libitum* into the remotest districts—not as a job—not even as an expedient, but as a rational and profitable anticipation of work that sooner or later will and must be done; but it was proposed by their political opponent Lord George Bentinck, and this greatest and most opportune of public benefits was sacrificed to a miserable party jealousy. The objection, or rather the pretence that Lord George's proposition went to the excessive extent of sixteen millions, was at best a question not of principle, but of degree—and practically it was utterly futile; for though Lord George, in his high-minded frankness, thought it fair to state the whole amount that could *possibly* be required for *all the railways in Ireland*, it was not necessary that any such sum should be voted at once; the sixteen millions might have been spread over sixteen years, and no more voted any year than should be absolutely necessary to keep the population in work; and nearly as fast as the successive grants were employed they would begin to carry interest back into the Treasury. The expediency of this admirable idea the Government afterwards acknowledged by advances to particular railroads, which have been of the greatest advantage to the adjacent counties, and no one can now witness the few railroads in progress in Ireland without being struck with the altogether different aspect of the labouring classes in their vicinities. A friend of ours who lately saw a good deal of Ireland assured us that neither in the North nor the South did he see anything resembling active and English-like industry and *bonâ fide* labour, except by the sides of the railroads in construction.

Having thus rejected the railway proposition, the Government were driven, after some other futile palliatives, to the last fatal resource of out-of-door relief to able-bodied paupers—the very pabulum of the specific disease of apathy and indolence under which the country was languishing; and the reports of Lord Clarendon's missionaries—witnesses in this case above all suspicion—shall tell us both the prevailing disposition of the people, and what the result of this most unfortunate policy was, and, we are sorry to say, still is.

The Report\* from the county of Galway states:—

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\* By one of those strange errors for which Ireland is so remarkable, the *date of time* is omitted from the first set of these Reports published by the Society, but they were all, we presume, in the autumn of 1847.

‘In the neighbourhood of Clifden, I must say that the state of the farming classes was most afflicting; and little or nothing could be done with them in the way of instruction. They had just commenced giving out-door relief, which appeared to distract them entirely, and brought them flocking into Clifden, day after day, in search of food; *neglecting their lands and duties*. Many of them are throwing up their land in despair, seeing that they can do nothing with it, and running wild after the food; *every thing is neglected*. With few exceptions, *no one is working his land* about here; and I found it hopeless to think of making any impression on them.’—*Report*, p. 80.

‘I spent near a week in that wild and desolate district west of Oughterard, and the tillage-land and whole villages of roofless houses were everywhere deserted by those who *went in search of the out-door relief*.’—p. 81.

From Donegal the *Report* runs:—

‘The poor want also to be roused from their long-continued habits of apathy and indolence.’—p. 82.

‘I have spent the last four days travelling from Glen Columbkil to Gweedore, and through all that vast district I *did not see a single spade, much less a plough*, at work, except at Lord George Hill’s and Mr. Forster’s, who are patterns to landlords in the way of improvement. The farmers in this part of the country are hardly able to profit by my advice; they are on the extreme verge of destitution; they never think of turning or digging their land before March; and *last year they neglected it entirely, by running to the roads and public works*, but they expressed themselves now sorry for having done so.’—p. 83.

And again—

‘The arable land, if well treated, possesses most productive qualities; still, *though the rent is only nominal*, yet, from the defective state of husbandry, and the *indolence and want of industry* of the inhabitants, the ground is overrun with weeds, and the occupiers in the lowest state of destitution. By having their *attention turned so incessantly to the roads last winter*, they treated their lands with more than usual neglect, and now they are suffering for it. When reasoned with on the subject, they invariably said, “Surely it is not our fault! When the potato failed us suddenly, we were so puzzled that we didn’t know what to do. We got no advice or encouragement but to *go on the roads, and ’tis now we are paying for it*. If we had only been told how to dig the land, and grow turnips last season, instead of to break stones, we would not now be so bad off as we are.” This was their constant story.’—p. 84.

Here, even under a *nominal* rent, the indolence and want of industry of the people reduced them to ‘*the lowest state of destitution*.’ What will those who lay so much blame on hard landlords and high rents say to this decisive contradiction?

It was the same in Mayo:—

‘Three-



‘Three-fourths of the land from Claremorris to Crossboyle and Ballylindine is sadly neglected. The people, I need hardly say, are in a corresponding state of neglect and destitution. Much of this arises from want of mutual co-operation and exertion; they all appear to be watching each other; *looking out for Government or any other aid, anything, in fact, but turning their minds and their labour to the land.*’—p. 91.

And in Galway:—

‘The waste of labour everywhere is melancholy. I saw upwards of seventy able-bodied men breaking stones on the public roads. The overseer said they could just as easily have dug two acres a day of the neighbouring land which *was lying idle and neglected*, if their labour was only applied to it.’—*Ibid.*, p. 113.

Nor was it better in Munster. The Report from Clare states:—

‘The tenantry of the late Francis Gore confessed that they had lost *much time by looking for public works* and assistance everywhere last year, *instead of sticking to their land*, but they saw their error now, though late.’—*Ibid.*, p. 94.

And so it was everywhere; all the measures of the Government favoured, and indeed would have created if it had not existed, the apathy, the indolence, and the desultory and desponding spirit of the people.

We have often heard this indolence denied, and a triumphant appeal has been made to the industry of the Irish in England. The fact is in some degree true, but the inference not at all. There are, no doubt, exceptions, and large exceptions, to every national character—there are improvident Scotch, lazy English, and industrious Irish—and those industrious Irish find the best market for their industry in England, where, after all, their industry is not very regular or persevering; it often flags, and would flag still oftener, but that the habits of this country will not tolerate idleness, and the Irish must either work, or starve, and be sent back to their own penal settlement. But this is not all: we believe that *money payments* have a kind of galvanic effect on most men, and in a peculiar degree on the Irish labourer. In Ireland the agricultural labourer is very rarely paid in coin by his usual master or employer; he is usually furnished with a potato patch and a cabin, for which he is bound to give so many days’ work:—

‘Labour is usually paid for with land. *Working days of Roman Catholics* may be reckoned 250 in the year, which are paid for with as much land as amounts to about 6*l.*, and the good and bad master is distinguished by the land being let at a high or a low rent.’—*Young’s Tour*, p. 240.

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That is, as Young subsequently and frequently explains, a good master would estimate the value of the tenant's labour at 6*d.* or 8*d.* a-day—a bad one, at only 5*d.* or even 4*d.* We have no distinct information as to what modification of these rates the change of prices and times may have introduced, but we believe that when work is done by independent labourers the scale is now from 8*d.* to 1*s.* a-day: the principle, however, of this worst species of truck system—of paying for labour in land—is still, except as far as the potato-blight may have disturbed it, a common practice. It is obvious that such a mode of remuneration—always distant and problematical, never present and tangible—would act apathetically on minds even more naturally industrious than the Irish. We suspect that even the busy intellects of English Lawyers or Doctors would not long resist the lazy influence of such a system of *set-offs* against fees.

The utter ignorance in which the Irish peasantry remain, even after the severe lessons of the last four years, of a *money-value* for their labour, is strikingly exhibited in some of the Reports:—

‘When I explained to them how they could easily, by garden culture alone, and a proper system of successional crops, make their ground yield as much vegetables as would feed their families, and be worth ten shillings a perch yearly, *they seemed astonished.*’—p. 82.

‘Their English employer, Mr. Russell, of Dunlewhy, county of Donegal, also confirmed what I said, and stated that he had not a man in his employment upon whose labour, judiciously applied as it now was, he had not nearly two shillings a day profit. This plain statement, thus corroborated by their employer, though against his own interest, [cruel, selfish Englishman!] appeared to make a great impression on them, and to give them an idea of the *value of their manual labour and exertions, which they never had before thought of.*’—pp. 83, 84.

And that the *money-payment* is the most powerful antidote to their indolence appears in a variety of instances. Arthur Young says—as the still earlier authorities had said—that ‘nothing but absolute hunger would make them work;’ and we find in the Reports from North to South such statements as these of alternate indolence and industry, and their causes:—

In Donegal—

‘the people are most backward and indolent in working for themselves and on their own lands, but willing enough to *work for strangers for any sort of payment.*’—p. 85.

In Cork—

‘I regret to say, that the farmers here show the greatest unwillingness to exert themselves; they require to be roused and excited, and *are all shirking the labour on their own lands.* One gentleman told me he had a farmer working with him *as a labourer*, who owned forty acres

of land. He had done nothing with it last year, and less this year. Anything in fact but exertion on their own holdings. The consequence is, that all the country between this and Dunmanway looks poor and neglected in the extreme: you see two houses in ruins for one that you see standing or inhabited.'—p. 111.

We therefore conclude that one of the first things to be done for overcoming the natural indolence of these people is a system of *money-payments* for labour. It is, as we know even by our experience in England, the only safe security for agricultural or indeed any other industry; and we are glad to find in the Reports a remarkable instance of what we hope may turn out to be a successful adoption of this principle:—

'I found a large collection of people hard at work on the Earl of Lucan's estate, who had been obliged to *give up their small farms*, and were now fully employed by *him as labourers* in levelling, clearing, draining, and preparing the land for sowing, in the most approved manner.'—p. 92.

Whether the potato is to continue the staple food of the people or not—we consider the introduction of a system of money-wages as of the most vital importance. Nothing else, we are satisfied, can create habits of regular industry, or place them beyond the frequent inflictions of famine. They must be taught to go to market *with* their produce—and *for* their food. If produce be cheap, so in general will food be—if food grows dear, it is because produce has risen and wages will rise; and thus, by a grand sliding scale, work and sustenance will eventually, after some short oscillations, compensate and counterbalance each other. Whereas the man who lives upon his own produce must die, as the Irish have been doing these three years past, if that produce happen accidentally to fail. It is now therefore that a great and general effort should be made to introduce money-wages into Ireland, and eradicate the lazy reliance on the domestic potato-culture. The recurrence of the blight this year, which now seems beyond doubt, should, and we hope will, afford an additional stimulus to a more varied and safer system of agriculture and aliment. We are not of those who fear, and still less of those who hope, that the potato may never thrive again. We cannot despair to that extreme of either vegetable or human nature. Providence will not extirpate one of its most valuable gifts, and Ireland, it is to be hoped, may be taught so to use that gift as to derive from it plenty and comfort, instead of famine and ruin. The result of all this is, that the salvation of Ireland—its regeneration—its very existence, depend not on political, nor legal, nor even on administrative experiments, mis-called reforms, but on the first and most urgent, and we had almost

almost said exclusive, duty, the agricultural improvement of both the people and the land. They are inseparable ; either will produce the other, and the same processes will put both the land and the people into what the English farmers emphatically call *better heart*.

This is no new doctrine : it has been inculcated by every writer from the earliest days down to our own, but hitherto almost in vain. Spenser's first statement on this point is remarkable :—

‘The first thing, therefore, that we are to draw these [the Irish peasantry] into ought to be husbandry—husbandry being the nurse of thrift and the daughter of industry and labour. To which end there is a statute in Ireland (25 Hen. VI.) already well provided, which commandeth that all the sonnes of husbandmen shall be trained up in their father's trade: *but it is, God wot, very slenderly executed.*’—*State of Ireland*, p. 247.

We have already alluded to the efforts which have been made for a century back by individual gentlemen at agricultural improvement, and we have had to deplore the little permanent advantage of so many benevolent and at first promising attempts. We should therefore have very small confidence in a better result nowadays—if the circumstances continued the same. But the circumstances of the people are essentially changed for the *better*—and for the *worse*—but both in favour of amendment:—the first is, that there is certainly a greater spread of information on such subjects, which is attributed, not without reason, to the increased intercourse of the lower orders with England and the English ; and the latter is that successive failure of four—we fear we may say five—potato crops, which has completed the ruin of the poor, broken down their confidence and reliance on the lazy root, and disposed them to take an entirely new view of their condition and prospects. We have received, on the authority of one of the most distinguished, intelligent, and influential friends of Ireland, the following statement, which will, we believe, very much surprise any one who remembers Ireland only five years ago :—

‘The expulsion of landlords and the appropriation of the land by the occupiers used to be a favourite topic with all agitators ; but very little of that has been heard of late, and no one who has not made extensive and accurate inquiry can be aware of the change that has taken place in the last three years on this point. *With the loss of the potato has disappeared the intense desire for land, which is no longer with them the first necessary of life ; and everywhere the peasants, and even some who call themselves farmers, would thankfully relinquish their three or four acres in return for regular money-wages, and become, what they ought to be, labourers with allotments of a quarter of an acre.*

This is the best news we have heard out of Ireland for half a century, and every effort should undoubtedly be made to encourage and extend so happy a revolution of opinion. The most—if not the only—effective engine of encouragement to this feeling is such agricultural instruction as shall teach the peasantry that the substitution of a variety and rotation of crops, in lieu of the old and worn-out potato-system, will not only largely increase the produce of the soil, but assure to themselves in regular money-wages a degree of comfort that they never have had—nor could have, even if the potato were never to be blighted.

A regular system of agricultural instruction should be established in Ireland; and, under the circumstances of that country, this can only be effectually done by the intervention of the Government. A few gentlemen have had for some time past professed agriculturists attached to their estates, but Lord Clarendon has the merit of having first thought of a general system of itinerant official instructors. The urgency of the case he had to deal with, the exiguity of the means in his hands, and, we may add, the absence of anything like coercive authority, obliged him to make his experiment on a narrow and temporary scale. Its success and practical utility, however, as far as it has gone, will, we trust, induce the Government and the Legislature to give permanence and extension to what Lord Clarendon has begun almost, as it seems, in his individual character. But before we enter into any further details on that subject, we are desirous of calling our reader's attention to some institutions for agricultural instruction which preceded the potato failure, and, of course, Lord Clarendon's intervention, but which have been or may be made auxiliary to it.

The earliest agricultural school that we remember to have heard of in these countries is that of Templemoyle, about six miles from the city of Londonderry; and as this school has been, we believe, made the example of some, and may be, we hope, of many others, we shall say a few words on its advantages, and shall also notice some errors which, we think, ought to be amended there, and avoided elsewhere.

It was founded in the year 1827 by some public-spirited gentlemen, who, after a short and favourable experiment on a small scale, removed the establishment to its present more extended site, where they hired from the Grocers' Company in London, the proprietors of the surrounding estate, 172 acres of indifferent land at about 10s. an acre. Here they erected buildings for the residence and accommodation of masters, pupils, and attendants, with suitable offices for the farm; and here they professed to educate seventy young men in a complete succession of agricultural work  
and

and knowledge, from the lowest manual labour to the nicer practices and higher considerations of the art; and, at the same time, in arithmetic, algebra, elementary mathematics, and the theory and practice of surveying—in short, in all that would fit their pupils for the ultimate object proposed, of making them superior agricultural servants—bailiffs, and land-stewards, by whose acquirements individual estates might be benefited, and a general system of good cultivation and management diffused through the country at large. The necessary capital was raised by donations from the Grocers' and another of the London Companies and some Agricultural Associations, and by 130 shares of 25*l.* each from private subscribers; and the current expenses are defrayed by a few private subscriptions—10*l.* a year from each pupil—and therewith, *we presume*, the produce of the farm. The idea was admirable, and the interior management seems to be excellent; but the result, though considered brilliantly successful in Ireland, where even half successes are very rare, seems to us, as plain men of business, not quite so satisfactory.

The following is the Return of the ultimate disposal of 427 youths who passed through this *Agricultural Seminary* from its foundation to 1843:—

Employed at home in agricultural pursuits . . . . .	173	Brought forward . . . . .	220
Land-stewards . . . . .	36	Shopkeepers . . . . .	13
Land surveyors . . . . .	2	Clerks . . . . .	11
Assistant land-agents . . . . .		Schoolmasters . . . . .	4
Assistant county-surveyors . . . . .	2	Employment unknown . . . . .	78
Gardeners . . . . .	3	Emigrated to America or the colonies . . . . .	93
Agriculturist . . . . .	1	Deceased . . . . .	8
Master of an agricultural school . . . . .	1		
		Total . . . . .	427
Carried forward . . . . .	220		

It appears by this table, that out of 427 pupils, only 220—little more than one-half—have in any degree fulfilled the original object of the institution; and that, of these, the number that have attained anything like the *superior* agricultural position for which they were *all* designed has been but 46; while, on the other hand, we find the alarming numbers and designation of '78—*employments not known*' and '93—*emigrated to America or the colonies*;' making a total of 171—or *two-fifths* of the whole number—lost to the purposes for which they were educated. And here we have a remarkable instance of that unfortunate peculiarity of the Irish character which we have so often had to regret—and which it seems the most intelligent and sober-minded men (even in grave and cautious Ulster) cannot escape—of palliating and defending mistakes and failures, instead of endeavouring by an honest confession and vigorous resistance to check and correct them.

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This large diversion of so many of the pupils from the professed objects of the institution is held out in the Report of the Committee as a most auspicious circumstance.

‘The distribution of the pupils after the termination of their schooling is deserving of particular attention, as affording *evidence of the extent of its utility*;—and here there will be found a *more varied application of their acquired knowledge than might have been anticipated*; for—although the seminary was originally designed for the education of young men destined for agricultural pursuits—several individuals have availed themselves of the advantages derived from the course of instruction there pursued to qualify themselves for other avocations.’—*Report*, p. 11.

Thus, by a legerdmain at which Ireland is so conspicuously dexterous, the abuse of an institution becomes its prominent title to support and approbation. What would be thought, in *England*, of a *marine* society for the education of youths for the superior duties of the mercantile navy, which should *boast* that, out of 427 boys, they had produced but 46 masters and mates and 176 common seamen—while 28 had enlisted in dragoon regiments, 78 had gone the Lord knows where, and 93 had entered the *American* service? Yet this would be a parallel case. Would it not have been better if the Committee had candidly stated its regret—not its satisfaction—at so extensive a departure from the professed purposes of the establishment? It is obvious that they cannot prevent occasional deviations, nor exercise any direct control over the ulterior pursuits of their pupils; but, instead of applauding, as ‘*evidence of the extended utility of the school*,’ what, if persisted in, will destroy its *special* utility, they should rather have recommended to the subscribers a more scrupulous selection of nominees, and have inculcated in the future management of the school itself a more vigilant endeavour to cultivate an *agricultural* disposition among the pupils, and to release, in good time, from the institution those who may be visibly disinclined or unfitted for that walk of life.

We are very far from undervaluing the addition of even 46 intelligent superintendents, or of 173 practical agriculturalists of secondary qualifications, in a country so much in need of instruction—but we think that it is but a scanty harvest *housed* compared with what was *grown*. Nor are we quite satisfied with the financial results as given in the Committee’s Report. The expense of the establishment (exclusive of any allowance for interest on capital) is about 940*l.* a-year, while the produce of the farm *sold* is stated at less than 170*l.* The capital expended seems to have been about 6000*l.*, which, at the moderate interest of 4 per cent., must be charged at 240*l.* per annum, so that, *on the face of the account*, it would appear that this model

model farm costs 1200*l.* a-year, and produces only 170*l.* This, we conclude, can only mean that 170*l.* worth of produce was sold *over and above what was consumed in the establishment.* But if this be so, is it not a more than Hibernian mode of exhibiting an account to omit so important an item? And it seems the stranger when we find on the debtor side of the account 150*l.* charged for beef and potatoes *bought*, and no credit taken on the other for any beef or potatoes, or indeed any other aliment, *supplied* from the farm. These may seem to some readers small criticisms, or at best uninteresting details, but we think them very curious exemplifications of the mode in which business is done even in the best parts of Ireland—and they lead us to regret that, of the eleven *clerks* which the seminary has turned out, it had not retained one or two to exhibit its own accounts in a more intelligible shape, and to show to its patrons and the public whether there is any and what degree of farming profit to be made by the improved processes of Templemoyle. We have heard privately, as well as from Mr. Thackeray (*Sketch Book*, ii. 292), that the institution is thriving and very popular, and we heartily wish it in its strict agricultural character still greater success, and that so laudable a design may find proselytes and imitators in every county in Ireland. To which good ends we hope and believe we are contributing not more by applauding the design than by warning the benevolent managers of Templemoyle of the danger of its degenerating from its original object, and of the expediency of showing, as distinctly as the case will admit of, the practical results, in point of produce, of the system they teach; and above all we would warn them against the error so common on the other side of the Channel, of mistaking—as the passage we have quoted seems to do—failure for success and loss for profit.\*

But Templemoyle and such institutions could at best have but a limited and gradual effect; there is need for a more extensive and more powerful impulse and influence—something of a wider school for both landlords and tenants. These have been heretofore attempted with no remarkable success. There is an old institution called the ‘Dublin Society,’ which has been long employed in developing the industrial resources of Ireland, but neither its sphere nor its means have been sufficiently large, nor, as it would seem, the organization sufficiently active, to wrestle with such extensive and inveterate agricultural mismanagement. There was also, as we before mentioned, a general ‘Farming Society of Ireland,’ promoted chiefly by the first Marquis of Sligo, whose well-meant

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\* Our alarm for the agricultural character of Templemoyle is not allayed by finding that at the last Annual Examination (6th Sept.) 160 prizes were awarded in the literary classes of the school, and 6 only in agriculture!



and well-judged, and for a time successful efforts at improvement are now only reproachfully remembered by their ruins (*ante*, p. 517). Of this Society we read in a 'Picture of Dublin' (1821):—

'The happy results of this excellent institution are the best proofs of the wisdom, zeal, and perseverance with which the Committee have managed the business of the institution. A parliamentary grant of 5000*l.* a-year, with several subscriptions and donations, constitute the funds of this Society, and the salaries of its officers and servants amount to 1000*l.* a-year.'—*Pict. of Dublin*, p. 192.

What has become of this 'excellent Institution'?—We know not. Perhaps the last item subjected it to the scythe of public economy, and doomed it to the fate of so many other fruitless attempts at the improvement of Irish farming. But in 1841 there appeared a new Association—destined, we hope, for a long and happy existence. The readers of 'The Irish Sketch-Book' will recollect with pleasure and respect a certain 'Mr. P——,' dwelling at a place called 'H——,' whose house, farm, and establishment afforded so striking a contrast with all that Mr. Thackeray saw elsewhere in Ireland, and in whose company and carriage, driven by the good-humoured owner four-in-hand, was accomplished the journey from Dublin to Cork, the details of which are so amusing and, as we think, so instructive. This gentleman was Mr. Purcell of *Haberstown* in the county of Kildare, an eminent mail-coach contractor and a farmer on a large scale; and he and his place well deserved the minute and lively portraiture by Mr. Thackeray, which we are sorry not to be able to quote *in extenso*. Mr. Purcell was, we are informed, a self-educated man, of a clear head and good understanding, with great industry and perseverance. He early saw in theory, and soon reduced into practice, the means by which alone individuals and nations can prosper; and after having given in his own case an example of prosperous farming, he, towards the close of 1840, set on foot 'The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland;' in the prospectus of which the most important object was the establishment of *Schools* of practical agriculture. How far that was carried out we know not—we fear not far—though the parent society had in 1845 one hundred and ten provincial offsets. Mr. Purcell died in 1846; and we are informed that the Society seemed likely to suffer by his loss, when—fortunately we hope for the eventual improvement of Irish agriculture—Lord Clarendon became, as Lord Lieutenant, Vice-Patron of the Society. Never, we suppose, was any man called so suddenly to such arduous duties as the state of Ireland at that moment imposed on the new Lord Lieutenant; and the at once absurd and mischievous legislation which he had

to carry into execution aggravated all the difficulties it was meant to alleviate. We are glad—however we may differ from his Lordship's political views—to concur in the approbation, so general both in England and Ireland, of the ability, discretion, and conciliatory temper with which, in all that fell within his own personal responsibility, he has conducted himself throughout this terrible and protracted crisis. But the most important, as we think, of his proceedings, was the simple, yet, we may almost say, grand idea of meeting the agricultural danger by the immediate application of agricultural instruction. Such institutions as Templemoyle, had there been one in every county, and the 'Schools' contemplated by the Agricultural Society, if in full operation, could not have helped the present emergency; but just at the close of the harvest of 1847—the critical time when English farmers begin to prepare for the next year's crops and Irish farmers do nothing at all—Lord Clarendon had the lucky thought of sending out to some of the most distressed districts agricultural instructors to exhort the poor people and give them practical lessons in preparing such species and modes of culture *as might tend to relieve them from their exclusive dependence on the precarious potato*. Lord Clarendon very judiciously determined on making the Agricultural Improvement Society the medium of this experiment, and on the 23rd of September, 1847, he addressed a letter to the Duke of Leinster, its President, in which, after stating his general object, he enters into a short but comprehensive view of the means of communicating this instruction in the first instance throughout Munster and Connaught, where it was most urgently necessary, by itinerant practical lecturers in communication with the local Agricultural Societies and the neighbouring landed proprietors.

Our readers who recollect the millions so injudiciously squandered in Ireland in that year, will wonder at the difficulty that Lord Clarendon had in providing the very modest sum necessary for his first experiment.

'For carrying out those objects, there will, of course, be funds required; and I believe that for so much as may safely be undertaken on the present occasion, the sum of 300*l.* will be required. I am aware that the Agricultural Society possesses no funds applicable to this purpose; and unfortunately, in the present condition of the public revenue, *it would be in vain to look to the Government for any grant*. I cannot, however, believe that for carrying out so important and so beneficial an object, as diffusing that agricultural knowledge upon which the very safety of the country now depends, the noblemen and gentlemen, who, under your Grace's presidency, have already done so much, would hesitate to give their pecuniary assistance. I shall with pleasure myself contribute the sum of 50*l.*, which I shall place in your hands,

hands, provided the residue be made up by your Grace and others, and applied to the purposes that I have suggested in this communication.'—*Transactions*, p. 65.

'*In vain to look for 300*l.* to the Government*'—that Government which was wasting hundreds of thousands on public mischiefs, mis-called public works, and which was, that very season, worse than wasting ten times 300*l.* in plans for disfiguring one House of Parliament with the monstrosities of what they call *art*, and for poisoning the other with farcical quackeries of ventilation. The pecuniary difficulty, however, was got over by the subscription suggested by Lord Clarendon, and by a sum of 350*l.*, the balance of 500*l.* which had been advanced to the Agricultural Society by Lord Heytesbury, who, during his Viceroyalty, had already seen the value of that Institution, and now willingly placed that sum at its disposal for this new object. Thirty noblemen and gentlemen followed Lord Clarendon's subscription of 50*l.* with various sums amounting to about 1000*l.*; and when Lord Clarendon found that the subscription—including Lord Heytesbury's—only amounted to something short of 1500*l.*, he at once guaranteed 1000*l.* more. With these means twenty-nine or thirty practical Instructors were immediately despatched into as many of the most distressed districts of the West and South—and with, as far as we can at present judge, the happiest effect, and at no greater expense than in 1817, of 340*l.*; and in 1818, of 498*l.* Never, we can venture to assert, was so great a prospect opened at so small an expense. Our readers have already seen, by our former extracts, the state of apathy and despair in which the Instructors found some of their districts. We must now, in order to give them any adequate idea of the real state of Ireland, exhibit a few instances, from different localities, of their agricultural condition. The people did not even know how to dig their ground.

'Saw them only digging the furrows and shovelling the clay on the ridges; but I made them go to the brow of the ridge and dig it *into* the furrow, and cut it all through, and give the entire soil the benefit of the exposure; and when they saw I was right, they took it kindly, and promised to commence [—in the year 1847!—] a proper system of cultivation.'—*ib.* p. 73.

'I saw one man digging his stubbles about *four inches deep*; asked him "why he didn't go deeper?" and he said, "there wasn't a man in the townland was giving his land such a digging." I then dug some for him, and turned up some new soil, six inches under that he was scribbling at, *rich loamy earth, that he never had disturbed before.*'—p. 74.

'I also instructed the labourers *how to hold their spades or forks*, and to dig the land deeply and properly; . . . and I took the spade in my hand and *showed them how to use it*, and to *turn up acres of fine new virgin*

*virgin soil, which never saw the light before.* They appeared civil and thankful for my advice, and took it kindly.—p. 75.

And so every where: one of the Instructors adding, ‘that the very construction of their implements is calculated to prevent such labour.’ (p. 109.) Could it have been imagined that in the district of Lismore, on the fertile banks of

‘Sweet Avonduff, which of the Englishman  
Is called Blackwater,’

studded with the residences of noblemen and gentlemen in a profusion unequalled, we believe, in any other similar space in the empire—could it, we say, be believed that in this vale, which may be almost called the garden of Ireland, the people did not even know how to plant cabbages!

‘They listened civilly and attentively, and when some of them complained of want of food, I showed them that if each of them only planted a few cabbages in time, they would be turning up for them in a few weeks, and afford them and their families immediate relief, until the other things come in; and it was gratifying to see them in the evening, returning from the fair of Ballyduff, with large bundles of cabbage plants on their backs, and stopping me all along the road to give them advice respecting them.’—p. 104.

As to agricultural processes, the foregoing extracts sufficiently describe their lazy and superficial preparation for the eternal harvest of potatoes and oats. And then, when harvest is gathered in, weeds and all, in a most slovenly way, the whole country seems to go to sleep for the winter, and nothing whatever is done with the land till March or April following, when the same wretched system of ‘scribbling’ the surface for scanty crops is renewed. (p. 84 *et passim*.)

Politicians, partizans, and *littérateurs* write tirades on what they call the monster evils and monster miseries of Ireland. Here are—as we are forced to say at every step—here are the real monster evil and misery:—indolence and ignorance—and now starvation. Every candid writer and thinking man had seen this, though in most instances as through a glass darkly; Englishmen, suspecting their own imperfect acquaintance with the country, hesitated to exhibit the whole truth—the Irish, blinded by their nationality, would not see it—or, when it forced itself upon them, either intrepidly defended the error or threw the blame on *Tenterden steeple* or any other scapegoat. It was reserved for Lord Clarendon to make an authoritative exposure of the evil, and to apply something of an authoritative remedy to the disease.

Is it also reserved for him alone to be successful? The failure of so many attempts in so many quarters and on so many scales—some of the most promising of which have hardly left a wreck behind—

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is a great discouragement ; but when we recollect that this is the first time that the failure of the potato itself—the root of most of the evil—has left an opening for improvement ;—that this is the first time in which instruction has been brought into actual contact with the actual labourer—carried into the field to him, like his food, and more invigorating than his food—and when we find that the reports, which we have seen up to the 1st of September, all concur in stating a considerable advance in cultivation, and an extent of turnip, bean, mangel, and swede crop that will be sensibly felt in any circumstances, and most valuably if there should be, as we fear, any extent of potato failure :—when, we say, we consider all these facts, we cannot but indulge a hope that a happier day has dawned upon Ireland, and that a larger (but not otherwise more expensive) system of agricultural instruction may be permanently established and diffused, not through a few southern and western districts alone, but over the whole country—for though the cultivation of Connaught and Munster is pre-eminently bad, parts of Ulster and Leinster are little better, and, in truth, there is no part of the island, of which we have any knowledge, that is not open to incalculable improvement.

Very much, however—more than we are willing to think of—will depend on a circumstance already slightly alluded to, but deserving of the gravest and most anxious consideration—the co-operation of the Roman-Catholic Clergy. Lord Clarendon's missionaries seem to have been, as we have already intimated, selected and instructed with the object of conciliating the priesthood ; and, generally speaking, they appear to have been well and in many cases cordially received by them ; but we think we see indications that this feeling was not universal, and we confess our apprehensions that the project is too tranquillizing, too civilizing, too likely to improve the self-reliance and personal independence of the peasantry, to be really grateful to the large body of clerical incendiaries who have hitherto exercised and do still exercise so vast an influence in Ireland.

We very reluctantly admit such apprehensions, and, strong as they must be in every mind that knows anything of Ireland, we should on this occasion have suppressed them—but for a new and remarkable feature which has now been added to the case, and as to which these reverend gentlemen must, we think, accept a large share of responsibility—we mean the dishonest and outrageous removal of the crops in order to avoid the payment of rent and rates. This practice, revived from the old Whiteboy time, has within the last few weeks prevailed to a disgraceful and—with regard to the spirit that prompts or *permits* it—we may say alarming extent.

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It seems that, by a strange defect in the law, this robbery, for such it really is, cannot be legally stopped on a Sunday, and it is on the Sabbath therefore that these outrages are committed with impunity; but will any man believe that the Priests, who on other occasions are so ready to proclaim their undoubted influence over their flocks (*see* the extracts we shall give hereafter from the *Nation*), could not, if they chose it, prevent this audacious profanation of the Sabbath? If they tell us that the people will not obey them in this matter, they will force us to conclude that their boasted power is only for mischief, and that they are impotent for good.

We have expressed our unwillingness to attenuate in any degree the praise that Lord Clarendon's *civil* administration eminently deserves by any criticism on the *political* errors which his party imposes on him; but in reference to this important subject we cannot refrain from stating that the various steps taken by the Government to which he belongs to affront the Established Church and to flatter and cajole the Roman-Catholic clergy, are signs and tokens of a miserable policy, the result of which will be a miserable failure. We have already expressed on every occasion our approbation of paying a due respect to that priesthood, and we have urged, with whatever power of reasoning or persuasion we may possess, that no measure of improvement—not even agricultural instruction—will or can be successful until that body is made independent in pecuniary circumstances and brought into harmony and closer contact with the state; but that is not to be done by unworthy truckling to their bigotry or their vanity—by insulting the Protestant Constitution of the country—and by, as happened on the Queen's visit, giving undue countenance and illegal rank, style, and precedence to the Roman Catholic prelacy, who, however, so little valued the ostentatious condescension which the Sovereign was thus advised to lavish on them, that they declined to acknowledge it *as a body*, and that a bare majority of *one* consented to present, as individuals only, an address to the Queen.

It was for about three weeks the fashion in Ireland to declaim on the vast benefit that the Queen's visit was to do there. We believe whatever effect it may have had is the very reverse of good. We have already lamentable indications that it has not reclaimed the turbulent and treasonable spirit which had been alternately smouldering and blazing for full fifty years. The English connexion and Constitution have not gained one friend, while the conduct that hereditary and official Whigs prescribed to her Majesty could not but create some alarm and more dissatisfaction amongst the old and tried friends of her family and crown—the Protestants of

of all denominations—the English garrison of Ireland—in whose eyes a series of trifles that were called accidents—though all those *accidents* tended, unluckily, the same way—gave a kind of additional sharpness to the hostile countenance of her Ministers. But exclusive of these considerations, we remember the delusive hopes that the visit of George IV. excited. For the benefit of our younger readers, we shall transcribe from that grave authority, the *Annual Register* for 1821, part of the account of that visit, which seems to have been adopted as a mould in which the Ministerial jubilations on the late occasion have been cast.

‘ On the 17th of July *His Majesty* made his public entry into Dublin amidst the most extraordinary and rapturous demonstrations of public enthusiasm that ever a sovereign received from his subjects.

‘ The very first announcement of the King’s intention to come to Ireland had been received in that country with symptoms of the utmost exultation. All classes, and, what is more, all parties, participated in the feeling, and seemed anxious to bury their political and religious differences in the expression of their common attachment to the King. Party and sect, the two fatal words that involve all that is most perplexing in the political distemper of Ireland, were for the moment wholly forgotten; Protestant and Catholic met for the first time in amity, animated by a common feeling and a common purpose. There can be no doubt that a better order of things was then prepared,’ &c. &c.—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 210.

This was the statement of the sober historian of the *Annual Register*; but he gives the following more glowing prophecy from the *Dublin Evening Post*—a print which, writing in the days of Liverpool and Londonderry, he describes as the ‘organ of the Anti-Ministerial—we might almost say the Anti-English—party in Ireland.’ After some slight allusion to the advantage to trade from the visit of George IV., that *Post* of 1821 proceeded:—

‘ But this visit will have a wider and deeper operation. Its beneficial effects are felt already. It has been the *harbinger of conciliation*. In the course of three short weeks greater strides have been made to allay faction—to remove prejudices—to diminish feuds—to decrease the ill blood generated by a collision of opposite sentiments—in short, to conciliate and unite in the bonds of one interest and one loyalty, than all the exertions of good and wise men had been able to accomplish in thirty years. *No King that ever reigned has rendered such a service as this to Ireland*; if our factions, losing all their asperities, shall ultimately be melted into one feeling of devotion to the sovereign, and of rational attachment to the country, posterity will attribute this blessed work to the Fourth King of the Brunswick line—to the First King that ever visited Ireland in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious peace:—

with much more in the same style which the *Evening Post* of to-day

to-day has in substance repeated in honour of Queen Victoria. But with what result in either case? In the very next page of the *Annual Register* that contains those halcyon prognostics we find—

‘It is matter of regret that we cannot here close our account of Irish affairs for the present year, but the King had hardly reached England on his return, when with him came intelligence that in several counties acts of violence had been committed which, from their nature and frequency, too clearly indicated the renewal of a system of outrage which had so often disgraced the peasantry of that kingdom.’—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 222.

The Queen is not yet come back to England—(we are writing on the 26th of September)—but in every other point the tragic epilogue to the melo-dramatic farce is the same to-day as it was then.

Sir George Grey, who accompanied the Queen to Ireland, and whom we cannot congratulate either on what he did prepensively, or on the *accidents* which he permitted to happen, has been more unlucky than the ministers of George IV., who were too prudent to pledge themselves for the Royal visit’s tranquillising Ireland. On his way home Sir George Grey stopped at Newcastle to dine with his constituents, and on that occasion he made a speech, in which he enlarged on the conciliatory and tranquillising effects of Her Majesty’s visit, and on his own proud privilege of witnessing them.

‘Ah luckless speech and bootless boast!’—

for the very next mail brought from Ireland accounts of extensive conspiracies and rebellious outbreaks of the same kind as those that followed equally close upon the visit of George IV.

And why should it not be so? The triumphant tone in which Sir George Grey and all the numerous organs of the Ministers affect to cry up *this* Royal Visit and its consequences, obliges us to say that the visit had nothing in its character that was calculated to produce any better effect than that of George IV.—nay, that no one could have rationally anticipated even so much from it—and that, in point of fact, its *feu de paille* has already burned out.

The Irish, whatever other defects may be imputed to them, have no deficiency of shrewdness; they are, if not the most penetrating, at least the sharpest people in the world; and it required less than their sagacity to draw comparisons between the two royal visits, not altogether favourable to the latter. George IV.’s visit to Ireland was early, gracious, and official—he was crowned at Westminster on the 19th of July, 1821, and—feeling it to be his *next* sovereign duty to extend to his Irish subjects the grace of his royal presence—he set out for Dublin *within a fortnight*



*fortnight* after the coronation. Queen Victoria was crowned in June, 1838. She has in successive years visited her husband's relations in Germany—the King of the Belgians at Brussels—and the King of the French at his country seat in Normandy. She has visited her ancient kingdom of Scotland—once in state, and twice with less ceremony; and now—*after eleven years*—happening to have to pass the coast of Ireland on her way to a sporting box in Scotland, She is advised that it will be hardly decent to pass the very door of so touchy a neighbour without just '*looking in.*' Is it from a visit so tardy, so casual, so hurried, and in all (except her Majesty's own personal deportment) so ungracious, that we are to expect the regeneration of Ireland? Those who think so must have, indeed, a very low opinion of either the taste or intellect of the whole Irish people.

But we know that all this has not escaped the quick-sighted and sensitive Irish. They were amused by the novelty of what they already call 'a tawdry pageant' in their deserted and sickly streets—they were struck, perhaps, with something of instinctive reverence to the Sovereign, and more of national gallantry towards an august Lady. The female crowd—the ragged one in the background as well as the gay one in front—were charmed with the manly figure of the Prince. Indeed, the whole people could not fail to be attracted and conciliated by the personal advantages and gracious deportment of her Majesty and her royal Consort. The Irish are naturally apt to boil over—they boiled over for George IV., and they have boiled over for Queen Victoria; but the froth and bubbles were in the latter case rather lighter, and have been, we believe, even *more* evanescent than in the former. In estimating popular impressions, trifles otherwise inconsiderable are worth notice—even the poetry of *Punch* is a straw which indicates how the wind blows, and the following stanzas of an address from '*Hibernia to Victoria*' are but a paraphrase of what may be read in treasonable prose in some Irish papers:—

'They talk mighty big of the good that will come  
From your kindly *look-in* on poor PAT in his home:—  
So list while I tell, what's less pleasant than true,  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do.*

You saw me, *Ashore*,\* in my moment of mirth—  
Not crouched in my dwellin' of darkness and dearth;  
You heard the loud cheers of my young and my old—  
Not their moans for the hunger—their cry for the cold.

You walked in my palaces, *Cushla-ma-cree*,\*  
But divil a cabin, at all, did ye see;

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\* Irish terms of endearment: '*Precious*'—'*Joy of my heart.*' We have Anglicised the Irish spelling of the original.

You took bite and sup from my aldermen's dish,  
But not the black roots from my cottager's *kish*.\*

You could toss the poor beggar a morsel of mate,  
But you can't lift the pauper to man's true estate ;  
You could smile on my sons, *but not teach them to know*  
*The sins that they do, and the duties they owe.*

Sure, it's sorry I'd be, Dear, for aught upon earth,  
To dash with a sorrow the light of your mirth ;

"Tis love true and loyal, that thus brings to view  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do !*"

These comments are indeed 'less pleasant than true,' and Ministers would have acted more discreetly in not provoking them by their silly glorifications.

Let us give a less painful example of the value of the ideas of Ireland which her Majesty was likely to carry away. There is no crop in that fertile land from north to south so plentiful as the weed Ragwort—in Ireland called Benweed and Ragweed (*Senecio Jacobaea*)—too often to be seen even in England in some neglected pastures and in all hedges. In Arthur Young's time it could hardly have been so general a plague in Ireland as it now is, for he mentions it as the peculiar deformity of two or three localities. If he were at this day to travel from Lough Foyle to Bantry Bay, he would, we believe, scarcely find a grass-field, beyond a gentleman's demesne, that is not—as Mr. Howitt tells us of the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown (see *ante*, p. 525)—overrun with it, or with rushes, or with both. If a traveller should venture to notice this miraculous crop to an Irish farmer, his first impulse would be to deny its existence ; but if, on this denial, you take him into one of his own fields and show it to him *up to his knees*, he then defends it as a useful vegetable, and tells you 'the cattle like it.' When you venture to observe, in reply, that if the cattle liked it they would hardly suffer it to grow so hard and tall, while all the other vegetation of the field was eaten bare, he has another excuse, that 'it is very conducive to the growth of the other herbage by spreading its roots along the surface and levigating the mould.' To which—if you could bring yourself to give a grave answer—you might say that it was in fact the very reverse, and not only a sad eyesore, but a great exhauster of the soil. Well ; this universal ragweed was, of course, to be found in its usual yellow abundance in her Majesty's own park, the Phoenix—and we wonder what stranger eye it was—we suspect the Lord Lieutenant's, or some other dainty Englishman's—that thought a crop of ragweed an unseemly harvest to exhibit to her Majesty in her

\* The potato basket.

own ornamental park. Somebody, whoever it was, gave orders (which must have made the Irish park-keepers stare) to mow and remove the ragweed from the probable reach of the Royal eye. So it was mowed; and if her Majesty should happen to detect ragwort in some corner of Windsor Park, she may say, 'I saw nothing like *that* in tidy, well-cultivated Ireland.'

Another more significant mark of the inefficacy of the royal visit is, that it was immediately followed by the reappearance of the *Nation* newspaper, the organ of the Young-Ireland rebels, suppressed when they were put down, and now within ten days of the Queen's visit revived with a spirit of sedition deeper and bolder, and expressed with not less vigour and ability than in its former state. Its editor, Mr. Duffy, has been twice tried for his share in the Smith O'Brien rebellion; but the juries were twice discharged—one or two jurors, said to be Roman Catholics, having in both cases held out against a conviction. The Habeas Corpus Suspension Act *having been permitted by the Ministers to expire*—(we should like to hear *why*?)—Mr. Duffy has been released from Newgate, and has lost not an hour in recommencing a still more formidable career of agitation. In his second number the Queen's visit is openly ridiculed and denounced, and particularly in a passage which, as we shall have to quote it presently for another purpose, we omit here.

But, in short, all the accounts that reach us from every part of Ireland impress us with the melancholy conviction that, except perhaps some Radical corporators who have been knighted, or baroneted, or in some such way *soft-soldered* by Government favours, there is not one heart in Ireland more loyal to the Queen, the Constitution, and British connexion, than there would have been if her Majesty had travelled to Scotland by the Midland Railway.

It is not by opening our ears to the shouts of the crowd, while we shut our eyes to the condition and spirit of the people, that Ireland can be saved; she must be first taught to obey the law, and next to feed herself—or rather, indeed, these results would be simultaneous. If life and property could be secured, there is no country in Europe more likely to attach its native landlords or to attract new ones—but life and property cannot be secure in such a state of habitual defiance of the law—no prudent man will venture his life or his capital in a country where his residence must be a fortification—his daily walk or ride an armed *reconnaissance*, and his attempt to collect his rents a regular campaign.

How is this miserable state of things—this *anarchy* to be mended? Must we despair? No. We persuade ourselves that we see, as clearly, as certainly as any such problem admits of—three remedies, any one of which will do *much*, and a combination  
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wine was seized, or wantonly wasted ; their domestics were beaten and pricked with bayonets and sword-points to induce them to betray deposits. Horses and provender were demanded—provisions of every sort for the valorous defenders of the breach—beds and linen for the wounded patriots. Several hospitals were converted into places of diversion, where women even of the better ranks, under pretence of attending the sick, gave a vent to those loose passions which in a more orderly state, of society they had been forced to repress—and the confessor was driven from the couch of the dying for fear of having to witness scenes of unbridled debauchery.

A melancholy picture of human depravity was presented on every side. Treachery and cowardice combined to exhibit the worst features of our evil nature. Servants long cherished by their masters, and pampered with every indulgence, now turned traitors, and denounced the secret hoard to the rapacious agents of confiscation. With trembling anxiety and emulous baseness they brought forth such articles as might tempt the cupidity and secure the favour of the licensed robber. These domiciliary visits had at first been conducted with an air of decency and an assumption of gravity. A catalogue was made, and a receipt offered ; the forms of business were observed. We think we have read that the Arab in the desert strips his victim with a sort of apology :—‘ Brother, give thy cloak ; thy aunt is cold, and has need of it.’ The wants of a Republic in danger afforded a more plausible pretext. But by degrees these forms were abandoned, and pillage assumed a more downright character ; the demands were still made in the name of the Committee, but the warrant exhibited was the pistol of the soldier, like that which Ensign Joyce presented to his King.

It is not the least singular feature of this singular period, that while the attack and defence were conducted with every show of animosity, the belligerent parties were all the time in correspondence. The notes and dispatches will be found in the ‘ *Bollettino delle Leggi*,’ and will furnish the best materials for the future historian. The hollowness of the whole transaction is evident ; but both parties felt themselves secure in their knowledge of the perfidy of the other, and in the means that each possessed to expose their antagonists. France had protected the political crimes of every country in Europe : killing was no murder, robbery no theft. Mazzini and his accomplices did not share the danger they compelled others to brave :—even without the protection of an English passport, they deemed themselves certain of the forbearance, if not of the favour, of a victorious enemy ; the people feared the cannon of the besiegers  
less

for the spiritual welfare of their fellow Christians; but it seems to us, in the present state of things, more charitable, as well as more reasonable, to leave each flock to the guidance and responsibilities of its own shepherds. What can be the Protestant motive but the expectation that the free use of the Scriptures will wean the Roman Catholic children from the faith of their fathers?—a very probable and very desirable result in the minds of us and of all who think that faith erroneous—but one that is obviously incompatible with a system that professes to abstain from proselytism; and the very insistence of the Protestant clergy seems to us a practical justification of the resistance of the Priests. Action and reaction will be always found *equal and contrary* in morals as well as physics.

There are two other reasons against the Protestant claim—one from analogy and one of expediency—which, though we by no means rely on them as conclusive authority, seem worthy of consideration in a practical point of view. The first is that, in none of the great schools or colleges in England, nor even in the Protestant University of Dublin itself, is the vernacular Bible a class-book; why then attempt to force it on these inferior schools? The second suggestion is that the National Schools are supported out of the public revenues levied from all sects; and though we cannot question the abstract right of the State to dispose of the national funds irrespectively of individual opinions or pretensions, we think that *those* who object to a particular grant on a plea of conscience, should recollect that a counter-plea of conscience might also be raised on the part of the Roman Catholic tax-payers. Such pleas are double-edged tools which wise men do not willingly handle.

These reasons, however, did not prevail, and the result has been most unfortunate. Mr. Thackeray says:—

‘The Protestant clergy have always treated the plan with bitter hostility; and I do believe, in withdrawing from it, have struck the greatest blow to themselves as a body, and to their own influence in the country, which has been dealt to them for many a year. Rich, charitable, pious, well-educated, to be found in every parish in Ireland, had They chosen to fraternize with the people and the plan, they might have directed the educational movement; they might have attained the influence which is now given over entirely to the priest; and when the present generation, educated in the National Schools, were grown up to manhood, They might have had an interest in almost every man in Ireland. Are They as pious, and more polished, and better educated, than their neighbours, the Priests? There is no doubt of it; and by constant communion with the people they would have gained all the benefits of the comparison, and advanced the interests of their religion far more than now they can hope to do. *Look at the National School: throughout the country it is commonly by the Chapel side—it*

*is a Catholic school, directed and fostered by the Priest; and as no people are more eager for learning, more apt to receive it, or more grateful for kindness, than the Irish, He gets all the gratitude of the scholars who flock to the school, and all the future influence over them, which naturally and justly comes to him.*—*Irish Sketch-Book*, vol. i., pp. 101, 102.

This is but too true. Here is a great National system supported by National funds which has been thrown into a state of separation from, and even hostility to, our National Church; and, as Mr. Thackeray says, the National School-houses—next to the Poor-houses the most remarkable class of buildings throughout Ireland—are almost everywhere placed by the side of the Chapel, as if adjuncts to each other. The consequences of this juxtaposition are obvious.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Established Clergy were, and still less that they are, unanimous in this resistance. At first a great majority, perhaps three-fourths, took that line, from a strong, though we think misapplied, sense of duty, and in the hope, we dare say, that so vigorous a demonstration would force the Government to adopt their views. But in that they were, as might have been foreseen, mistaken; and we are convinced that their own scheme, if accepted, would have been found impracticable. There were, we apprehend, but two possible courses: either the *common* system, with a *common* Fund,—which was adopted,—or a separate system of two sets of schools, with separate appropriations of the Fund. Such appropriations must, of course, have been in proportion to the respective numbers of pupils; and what then would the Protestant clergy have said, if of every 5000*l.* expended on Education the Catholics should have 4000*l.*, and all classes of Protestants but 1000*l.*; while the main point in dispute—the prohibition of the Bible—would be thus directly sanctioned in principle and extended in practice? These obvious truths have not failed to make their way amongst the clergy. The number of the opponents of the National system is certainly—and as we are informed, rapidly—diminishing; some of their most influential leaders have retracted their opposition; and there are few, we believe, who do not see—and, of course, regret—the practical result of their well-meant resistance. Much mischief, no doubt, has been done; but nothing, we hope—except the position of the school-houses—that may not be in time remedied by the general adoption and prudent management of the National system.

We highly disapprove of the proceedings of the Government in all the earlier stages of the affair, and we repeat that their mismanagement and ill-disguised hostility to the Establishment increased

increased the inherent difficulties of the subject ; but on a calm revision of the whole case, we entirely agree with Dean Newland, (whose well-reasoned and temperate work we recommend to those of our readers who wish to follow up this discussion,) and with the minority—soon, we hope, to become the majority—if not so already— of the Irish clergy, that something like the neutral principle of the National Board was the only practicable solution of the question, if there was to be a system of public education at all. And let us add the important fact that this system was voluntarily adopted by the Protestant founders of the Templemoyle School, and has been now twenty years in operation there with complete success, and without any complaint or scruple that we have heard of on any part. (*Sketch Book*, vol. ii. p. 292.)

An adverse system, even if possible, would only extend the alleged evil by throwing the whole of the existing schools into the *unbalanced* management of the Romanist body. Being therefore more than ever convinced that the surest hope of the redemption of Ireland from a state so close on barbarism is Education, we respectfully but most earnestly entreat those of the Established Clergy who still hold out against the National Board, to reconsider their position—to weigh all its consequences both as to their country and *themselves*—to recollect that imperfect education is better than none at all—that it is an essential property of education to grow and extend itself beyond any limits that jealousy or bigotry may attempt to impose upon it—that a single grain of truth will soon fructify a thousand-fold ; and that if—as they and we think—the Roman Catholic form of Christianity is unsound in itself, the contiguity of the School-house to the Mass-house will not prevent, and may even accelerate, the downfall of error. We implore them, therefore, to hasten to extend to their flocks the full benefit of the educational grants, and to set themselves manfully about the only duty remaining to them in the present state of affairs,—the maintenance in the schools of a sound system of general instruction, and a *bonâ fide* neutrality as to religious tenets. If they will adopt and pursue this course, we venture to predict that a very short time will prove that the effects of the National system will be the very reverse of what they at first apprehended ; and that by and bye, the anxiety of the Government Board may be—not, as now, to invite our clergy to bring in Protestant children, but—to induce the Roman Catholic priests to permit theirs to remain.

We wish indeed that we could persuade ourselves that there were amongst the Roman-Catholic clergy a general and active zeal in the great cause of education—even on the National system—or that they really desire that their people should learn any-  
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thing beyond what they themselves choose to teach them. We fear it is not so. Considering the unbounded influence they undeniably possess over their flocks—the close intimacy in which they live with them—and the comparative leisure which a life of celibacy in retired districts affords, we should have expected *a priori* that they might have raised their people above the abject state of filth and ignorance in which we find them—and when to this state of filth and ignorance we add the monstrous propensity to outrage and crimes of blood which marks in so peculiar a degree and indeed *exclusively* the Roman-Catholic population, we are forced to disbelieve that the priests fulfil the ordinary duties of instruction to their people, and to suspect that it is, at the same time, one of their most assiduous cares that no instruction should penetrate their parishes but through their own channel. In fact, starving as these poor people may be, they are still, we fear, ‘better fed than taught.’

We find in the *second number* of the revived *Nation* a letter, to which we have already alluded, signed ‘Nicholas Coghlan, C.C.’ [Catholic Curate?] of Waterford, which concludes with a passage that—considering the quarter whence it comes—emphatically corroborates all that we have been saying both of the condition of the people and of its causes:—

‘In the cantons of Switzerland you see a marked contrast between the Catholic and Protestant villages—the one cleanly and comfortable, the other too often with a cess-pool at the door. Ask the cause, and many will at once point to the religion. The priests, they say, keep never minding, so long as they are, themselves, trim and respected; and so remorselessly do they levy in this item—so much respect do they arrogate to themselves—as to leave the people bankrupt—without one particle to spare for themselves or their children. The same will be sometimes told you by the Irish Protestant. Need I tell you how gross is the calumny in each case? No. The priests look for no respect beyond what their pure and devoted lives exact from the people; and they feel every honour done them the greater in proportion as the people honour themselves. They hold that *filth and sin are found generally wallowing in the same sty*, and that *a man’s house and person are largely typical of his soul*. Every priest, and most of all the Irish priest, is, and *should be*, *an advocate for this virtue* [cleanliness]. And *yet how little of it is among us!* Had we even a small share, how many a dismal farce should we have been saved from enacting before Europe! But for us—*hawking our sores and hugging our rags*—we are ready on the spur of a moment to sally forth, and like mere animals of impulse, dance to *any* tune, at the bidding of the *juggler*. Nay, did he but grant us a holiday, to run and stare, and crow, and clap our hands at the tail of some *tawdry pageant*, I doubt me if we should not fall into such ecstasies as to forgive or forget all our grievances, past and present, in the tumult of the hour. So it is with the Irishman nowadays; and so too is it, though



though the comparison may look queer, with the Irish turkey-cock. Under a like agency, he acts very much in a like fashion; for at the unfurling of a red rag you *throw him likewise* into fits! I may again return to this subject. Meanwhile, I am yours,

NICHOLAS COGHLAN, C.C.

‘Waterford, September 5, 1849.’

—*Nation*, Sept. 8, 1849.

Our readers will observe in this obscurely-worded but in substance very candid paragraph that the ‘*calumny*’ which this bold and zealous vindicator of himself and his reverend brethren denies is not the existence of the evil—nor the assertion that cleanliness is the Protestant and filth the Romish characteristic. No; *that* he admits: what he denies is that his fellow-priests ‘remorselessly levy’ the pecuniary means of keeping themselves ‘trim,’ while they leave their unregarded flocks in filthy misery. This greediness imputed to the Priests is, he says, ‘a calumny,’ but he admits the main fact, that ‘though the priests *should be advocates for cleanliness—how little of it is amongst their people!*’ Mr. Coghlan does not condescend to say how it happens that these respected and honoured priests fail to accomplish what even he, one of their body, considers as a primary duty: if ‘filth and sin wallow in the same sty,’ why do not these pastors endeavour, as the first social reform, to get rid of the filth? These admissions, strange from the mouth of a Romish priest, are evidently the ebullitions of his indignation at the ‘juggling’ loyalty—the ‘tumult of the hour’—displayed at the Queen’s visit; but he might have spared some of his indignation—the loyalty was, we fear, as short and as shallow as Mr. Coghlan could desire—half *minus* one, as we before said, of the Romish hierarchy stood aloof—the ‘tawdry pageant’ vanished in an hour, and all that remains of the various topics of this extraordinary letter is the awkward but indubitable confession that cleanliness is the virtue of the Protestant,—that the squalid dress and residences of the Roman-Catholic peasantry ‘are typical of their souls,’ and that they ‘hawk about their sores and hug their rags’ with a scandalous and shameless levity. Mr. Thackeray does not say more—nor more strongly. We should not have ventured, on our own responsibility, to have said so much.

But on the important question which Mr. Coghlan has, judiciously for his purpose, blinked—namely, the influence of the priests in these matters—we feel ourselves justified in concluding both from what he says and what he omits to say that our original impressions were correct; that the priests have little active anxiety about the civilization of their flocks; that, if they had, their power would have been long since victorious over sluggishness and filth, and their child—starvation. In the very next number of  
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the *Nation*, Mr. Duffy endeavours to enlist the priesthood in his new agitation by confessing their omnipotence over their flocks :—

‘The Irish priesthood have long *held in their hands the soul of Celtic Ireland*. For a period of at least sixty years they have, as a body, been in a position to feel *every throb of the inmost heart of the country*.’—*Nation*, Sept. 15, 1849. •

From this extraordinary but we believe perfectly accurate statement, coupled with the preceding admissions of Mr. Coghlan, are we not entitled to charge upon the Romish priesthood all the social misery of Ireland? A grievous charge! But let us on the other hand, in justice or at least in extenuation, admit that it would be unnatural, and contrary to all the better and the worse instincts of human nature, to expect that they will help you to elevate their people while they themselves remain in so anomalous and humiliating a condition.

The importance which all the Reports of Lord Clarendon’s Instructors attach to the co-operation of the priests is very significant. Their countenance is everywhere acknowledged as the first element of any approach to the success of even a lesson in digging, and he who offers to lecture the people on hoeing turnips or planting cabbages only obtains their ear by the recommendation of the priest.

We have already said that by a prudent choice of the Instructors and this deference on their parts the goodwill of most of the priests seems to have been conciliated to Lord Clarendon’s measures, and we earnestly hope that this good understanding may continue and increase. And we must take this opportunity of expressing our pleasure and surprise that the Agricultural Society should have been able to furnish at such short notice and at such poor remuneration so many Instructors of so much ability, good temper, and good sense as their reports evidence. Those that can speak Irish seem to have a peculiar influence, and in any case in which it might be suspected that the priest was adverse or indifferent, a person speaking Irish should if possible be employed. We are not indeed quite satisfied that all these reverend gentlemen have entered into the Instructors’ views so cordially as could be wished. Of this we have nothing but slight indications—for, of course, neither would any Priest venture to show, nor any Instructor to report, a downright indifference to this work of charity—but such passages as the following are not promising. One of the Instructors—after visiting a parish through which he was accompanied not by the priest but by his clerk—

‘complained bitterly [to the priest] of the misery and wretchedness existing in that locality; and the reverend gentleman in reply said that, in his opinion, if *6d.* would sow an acre of turnips or any other green crop, they could not afford paying for the seed.’—*Report*, 1 May, 1849.

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Now, this discouraging observation was made in a district in which, however, the people found means to procure seed enough for following their own 'defective and deplorable' system—though the very next page of the Reports informs us that 6*d.* worth of turnip-seed would plant as much land as 3*s.* 6*d.* worth of potato-seed—'making a saving on seed alone of 3*l.* 4*s.* per acre.' The reverend gentleman' was clearly either no calculator or very lukewarm in the cause.

And this case suggests one practical observation, with which we shall conclude. It appears that this question of *seed* is one of paramount importance. In all the recent Reports the want of *seed* is the most urgent complaint, and marked advantage had ensued from the *Societies*' sending *premiums* of seeds to the farmers who had shown the best disposition to improvement; but there has been a great disappointment in many neighbourhoods from the bad quality of the seeds. Many bought from local dealers—even some benevolently contributed by the Society of *Friends* and other charitable persons—turned out to be bad, and even fraudulent. The Instructors when pressed, as they frequently were, for seeds by those who were willing to use but unable to obtain them even by purchase, had to answer reluctantly that they had none to give. We trust that Lord Clarendon will not have overlooked so striking a feature in these Reports, and that he will not have hesitated to demand from the Treasury one or two, or if necessary *five* or even *ten thousand pounds* for this vital object. Nor would the supply of seed be liable to the same objection as a supply of money. ● Seed could hardly be wasted or misapplied or jobbed, if distributed by the Instructors at a low price, or at no price, in the way of premium to those most deserving of it. It is an expense which, we think, the most rigid economist in the House of Commons could not complain of. We trust also that, this being the season in which Irish laziness is most remarkable as well as most injurious, Lord Clarendon will be enabled to make a large addition to the number of his thirty Instructors, whose timely and little-costly intervention may save in the next year thousands of lives and millions of money. The ancient apologue was never more true—was never so true as to-day in Ireland:—there is a pot of gold in every field if the labourer will only dig for it—and not gold only, but a still richer treasure of industry, of comfort, of order, of independence—of intelligence—of true liberty and of rational piety—they are all *there* if you will dig for them. But whether this incomprehensible people can be persuaded to work for their livelihood or no, we trust that we shall hear no more of the vile cant about 'hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.' The bondage was and is no other than the bondage of obstinate ignorance, and the tyranny, the tyranny of inveterate sloth.

- ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy*, 1846, 1847 (folio, pp. 299). Presented to both Houses of Parliament by order of Her Majesty, July, 1849.
2. *Repubblica Romana: Bollettino delle Leggi*. Edizione ufficiale. Roma, 1849.
3. *Regno temporale di Pio Nono*. Compilata da B. Grandoni. Anno primo e secondo. Roma, 1848.
4. *Gli ultimi Sessanta-nove Giorni della Repubblica Romana*. Compilata sugli Atti ufficiali, pubblicati per comando del Governo, e per la massima parte inseriti nel *Monitore Romano*. Roma, 1849.

THE contest which for two years disturbed the peace and destroyed the prosperity of the Italian peninsula has at length been brought to a close. Piedmont, prostrate at the foot of her outraged ally, having exhausted every art of petty chicane, and induced, we fear, less by a sense of honour and gratitude than by the terror which her own newly-elected parliament justly inspires, has accepted the peace which a generous conqueror accorded. Austria retains her revolted provinces in the strong grasp of military possession. Tuscany, reduced to obedience, is maintained in tranquillity by Austrian garrisons, and the Roman States are in the occupation of French and Austrian armies. All this was inevitable, and those who indulged expectations of a different complexion understood neither the nature of the struggle nor that of the parties engaged.

An act of the portentous drama, then, is closed. It would be premature to offer conjectures as to its final 'dénouement';—in the mean time, however, the characters have been brought out, their true objects disclosed, the secret springs of action revealed.

The official folio which we have placed at the head of our list, carefully as its materials have been arranged for public inspection—failing altogether where explanation was most needed—contains nevertheless much curious matter; and by its help, together with such historical documents and information as we have been able to collect from other quarters, we purpose to trace the gradual development of revolution in the Roman state up to its present disastrous and inconclusive stage.

Our readers, we doubt not, are sufficiently acquainted with the general outline of events to render a minute recapitulation of them unnecessary. On the 1st of June, 1846, Gregory XVI. breathed his last, and on the 16th Cardinal Mastai was proclaimed in the shortest conclave that had sat since the election

election of Gregory XIII. in 1572. The discontents which had long been smothered during the life of the late sovereign, burst out even in the first moments of the turbulent and indecent popularity of which his successor became the object. His first acts were popular: he promised reforms and railroads, and in the mean time published an amnesty to political offenders, embracing all except those, only 70 in number, who had added breach of trust to the crime of rebellion.

These vague promises, but especially this sweeping amnesty, rapturously applauded by the multitude in all quarters, excited the gravest apprehension among those who had been compelled to make the state of Rome and of Italy a main subject of study and reflection; and it was not long certainly before the voice of warning reached Downing Street. As early as July 17, 1846, Lord Cowley writes from Paris—'Prince Metternich disapproves of the measure of a general amnesty, and wishes that the proposed reforms in the Papal States should be confined to those recommended to the late Pope by the congress of ministers who assembled at Rome on the appearance of those discontents with which his reign commenced. The Pope (he adds) has shown no disposition to acquiesce in the Prince's views, though the majority of influential persons at Rome are favourable to his Highness's policy.' The very rejoicings to which the new measures gave rise were conducted in a manner disrespectful to the sovereign and insulting to his order, and served as a pretext for assembling crowds and for uttering sentiments dangerous to public tranquillity. We need not dwell on the rancour with which the memory of Gregory was held up to execration, or the ferocity with which his servants were denounced for public vengeance: already a far wider scope was taken. On the 14th of August, Mr. Moore, the British consul at Ancona, reports that the Austrian and Russian consuls had been personally insulted by the people, and still more deliberately outraged by offensive inscriptions on banners carried in the processions. Similar demonstrations occurred in the capital itself. A feeble prohibition was attempted by the Papal functionaries, but the language of adulation and cajolery in which the people were addressed was calculated to have any effect rather than that of repression. The few Swiss troops, on whom alone the Pope could depend, were pointed out as the fit objects of popular hatred, and were loaded with insults, from which Government did not protect them, and from which they were not allowed to protect themselves. It was not pretended that their conduct was censurable, or that their number could fairly give umbrage; but this was part of a plan deliberately formed to deprive authority of its arms, and to transfer them to the hands of its opponents

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The Secretary of State, Cardinal Gizzi, who had been appointed in the hope of conciliating the democratic faction,\* was unequal to his place and to the crisis. The Pope, divided between the old and the new counsellors of the throne, alternately swayed by the love of his order and by his passion for popularity, steady to no purpose, and faithful to no party, committed the unpardonable error of giving 'his countenance against his name,' by permitting himself to be made the object of vulgar idolatry at the expense of his government. Thus the republicans found their most efficient auxiliary in the sovereign himself, who accepted his ministers from what he took for the public voice, and seemed eager to anticipate every demand. The mask was not yet thrown off: the emancipated press still flattered, and Europe still resounded with 'highly satisfactory' accounts of the 'march of reform,' the 'liberal policy of the Pontiff,' and 'popular gratitude and affection.' But every step was in the downward direction of revolution. The people were confirmed in their idle and disorderly habits, the finances became more and more involved, and crime increased daily. The few attempts which the Pope made to restore order only served to show that his authority could be braved with impunity. Every hour added to the boldness of the leaders of the movement. Among those whom the amnesty had assembled in Rome, we will venture to say not one returned a 'wiser and a better man;' none had merited indulgence for the past, none gave hopes of amendment for the future. Closely united and steady in pursuit of their object, unscrupulous as to means, with absolute command of the press, these practised outlaws played at fearful odds against the weak and vacillating Government.

It is no wonder that Pius began to tremble. His popularity and the vanity which led him to trust in it could no longer deceive him as to the dangers of his position. He cast a wistful eye towards Austria, and seriously thought of calling in her protection to prevent his reforms being turned against himself in aid of revolution.

As early as July 14, 1847, Lord Ponsonby wrote to our Government from Vienna, to prepare them for such an event. What might have been the result of such an application it is now difficult to say; but the republican party were greatly alarmed—they resolved to avert the danger by a resolute stroke—and they readily found those tools with which knaves are said to work. It was industriously circulated that a counter-revolution was planned; mysterious

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\* This cardinal, when nuncio at Turin, had interchanged compliments and civilities with the Marquis Azeglio, and hence was at first excluded from the sweeping condemnation pronounced against his order by that champion of liberality.

hints of hidden dangers were thrown out; the popular timidity and love of excitement were alternately played upon. The progress of the scheme is detailed in a letter (July 5) from Mr. Freeborn, our vice-consular agent at Rome, who corresponded *directly* with Lord Palmerston, while the communications of Mr. Petre, the diplomatic agent, were transmitted through the legation at Florence. Mr. Freeborn, it seems, 'had always entertained fears for the tranquillity of the town, unless the Pope pursued his liberal policy, and gratified the people with still larger concessions.' This was precisely the opinion which the conspirators desired to spread abroad. Riotous mobs, he says, were sent to parade the streets, with cries of 'Death to the Cardinals!'—'to M. Corboli,' the Under Secretary of State, and 'all the Papal evil counsellors!'

'The higher classes and people of property,' Mr. Freeborn proceeds, 'could not look on such proceedings without alarm; and it was resolved that Prince Borghese, Count Pianciani, and others, should wait upon the Pope, and state to his Holiness the causes of discontent of the people; and farther to pray his Holiness to take such measures as might protect the lives and property of the inhabitants from the possible violence of irritated mobs, *as the military and police did not think it prudent to interfere*, and therefore this protection could only be afforded by a powerful National Guard, and by the fulfilment of the hopes raised and promises given of reform and improvement.'

The Pope, it should seem, acquiesced in this conclusive reasoning, and demanded the advice of his intelligent monitors:

'It was then suggested in clear and energetic language by the Prince that the first step to be taken was the formation of a *national guard*; the next to organize the *consultive* body from the provinces, to organize the municipality of Rome, and to dismiss those persons from his presence who had deceived him by not representing to his Holiness the *real state of affairs*. His Holiness, after a few minutes' consideration, assured the Prince that his suggestions should be adopted without delay. If the promises made by his Holiness to Prince Borghese are fulfilled without delay, the country will be placed in tranquillity; but if not, *the present state of anarchy* will increase, and violent measures will be adopted by the malcontents, which will fall heavily upon the Cardinals, Jesuits, and Anti-Progressists, long before the Austrian intervention can save them.'

In other words, the advice of the Prince and his colleagues amounted to this—Because you have paralyzed all the springs of legitimate authority by your weakness and timidity, you must now place arms in the hands of the anarchists themselves, since no one will oppose them; and having transferred the weapons from your own hands to those of your enemies, you must trust to their generosity not to use them against yourself. Such were the views in which

which Mr. Vice-Consul Freeborn agreed ; and it was from him that Lord Palmerston had his direct Roman intelligence !

Cardinal Gizzi, whose ' moderate and liberal ' views had been so vaunted, and who had hitherto shown himself sufficiently submissive to mob dictation, plucked up courage to oppose these fatal concessions. His consent to the establishment of a National Guard in the capital was wrung from him ; but when he found this institution was to be extended to the provinces, he protested, and resigned.

From this period, July 6, 1847, the Roman revolution dates. All power was then transferred to the mob, and the direction of affairs to the clubs, who alternately coaxed the populace or were coerced by it. Mr. Petre had previously described the authorities as acting under mob-terror—the Pope himself compelled to prostitute his dignity by appearing at the call of ' base and abject routs countenanced by boys and beggary.' After the formation of the National Guard all hopes from foreign powers were annihilated. To have implored assistance would have been a declaration of civil war ; and there soon followed the quarrel with Austria, which more than any other event hurried on the calamities of Italy and the ruin of the Pope. As the circumstances which led to this quarrel have been much misrepresented, and as the English cabinet thought proper to take part in the dispute, we shall briefly notice some of the documents relating to it which are now at last placed before the public.

Our readers are aware that Ferrara, together with the other three northern Legations which composed the largest and most productive portion of the Papal dominions, had been ceded by treaty after the first conquests of Buonaparte—had formed a part of the kingdom of Italy—and were afterwards occupied by the troops of Murat when he joined the coalition against his brother-in-law and benefactor. It was from him then that they were reconquered, when he again changed his policy and deserted his new allies on the return of Buonaparte from Elba. Though it was by Austrian troops that the Neapolitan army was defeated, it was in the name of the Allies that the conquest was made, and to them belonged according to agreement the right of disposing of the conquered provinces. When at the general peace the Legations were made over to the Pope, it was stipulated that ' les places '—the fortresses—of Ferrara and Comacchio should be garrisoned by Austrian troops. Pius VII., it is true, appended his protest to this article of the treaty ; but this protest was understood to signify a mere reservation of right—a formality in compliance with the old rule of the Tiara never to record the surrender of any claim—in short, just such a protest as was uttered  
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on the same occasion against the detention of the county of Avignon and against the non-restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. So far from the occupation having been really offensive to the Pope, in subsequent years the garrison was more than once increased at his urgent entreaty, and the city gates guarded and the streets patrolled by imperial soldiers. In quiet times these precautions were avoided, and the military commandant was recommended on every occasion to testify his respect for the legate, with whose duty as governor he was instructed not to interfere. This good understanding was interrupted on the present occasion by the weakness of the Papal authorities, who lent their influence with emulous zeal to forward the schemes of the Republican sect. What these schemes were may be learnt from a letter written on the 4th October, 1847, by Mazzini, a copy of which was transmitted on the 2nd of November following by Prince Metternich to Downing Street. The plans of Signor Mazzini and his party are here developed with a clearness that we must now be astonished did not open the eyes of the British minister:—

‘The affairs of the Pontifical States, as you say, go ill, but the uncertain or retrograde steps of him who governs will not change the law which regulates events. The impulse is given, and, well or ill, it must make progress. The Italians are mere children, but with good instincts. They have not a shadow of intellect or political experience. I speak of the multitude, and not of the *few leaders*, whose sin is the want of resolution. If, however, these few will act with prudence and without precipitation, the *illusion* will pass away. Pius IX. is what he appeared to me from the first, a goodnatured man, who wishes his subjects to be a little better off than they were before—*coilà tout*. All the rest is but an *échafaudage* that the so-called Moderates have built around him, as they have built another round Charles-Albert. The illusion will disappear slowly, but surely; the moment will arrive in which the people will discover that, if they wish to become a nation, it must be by their own exertions, and will break forth into such measures as must compel the Austrians to attack them with or without consent [that is, the consent of these princes]. Then the struggle will commence, if indeed the Italians have one spark of courage or of honour. The *good* should prepare themselves cautiously for that moment, accumulate means, acquire for themselves influence with the people, let *illusions* wear out, without directly assailing them, and limit themselves to instructing the people, particularly the peasants—educating the youth to arms—increasing more and more the abhorrence for the Austrians—and irritating Austria by every possible means.’—*Corresp.*, p. 223.\*

\* We do not in all cases adopt the English translations in the Blue Book. They are often done by persons alike without knowledge and reflection. One, for example, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany in a proclamation speaks of himself as the *nipote* of his *avo*, adroitly translates ‘the *nephew* of my *grandfather*.’—*Corresp.*, pp. 66, 67.

What Signor Mazzini means in his closing sentence by *illusions*, need not be explained to any one at all acquainted with his Philosophy. Meantime his Ferrarese disciples, in admirable obedience to his rescript, proceeded to try the patience of their unwelcome guests with every invention of ingenious malice. It is needless to ask at what point the forbearance of the Austrian cabinet and the endurance of Austrian soldiers would have failed under this treatment; soon such acts of open hostility were committed as could not be overlooked. One night in August, 1847, an Austrian officer was waylaid and surrounded by about eighty men, variously armed with bludgeons, swords, and muskets; seeing he could not regain his quarters in safety, he returned to the main guard, and having procured a couple of rank and file, put his enemies to flight. It is to be remarked, that previously to this the streets had nearly every night been the scene of 'demonstrations' in which 'Death to the Austrians!' had been cried in the face of the main guard and in front of the citadel. The consequence of the danger in which Capt. Sankovich had been placed was the immediate establishment of patrols, to preserve the peace of the city; and against this reasonable precaution Cardinal Ciacchi, the legate, was weak enough to protest. The relative position of the civil and military authorities was still more materially changed by the establishment of the National Guard: for no sooner was it known at Ferrara that this measure had been conceded at Rome, than a petition was presented to the Cardinal Legate for a similar institution within his government; and although he agreed to refer the decision to Rome, the idle and dissolute youth of the city, without waiting the permission of the Pope, proceeded to arm themselves and to exhibit every symptom of the most extravagant joy in their newly acquired privilege.

Neither the newspapers, still under the nominal censorship of government, nor the pamphlets with which the presses teemed, nor the harangues which were daily poured forth, attempted to conceal that this menacing attitude was assumed against the imputed designs of Austria—while at every tipsy banquet in the neighbouring cities of Romagna, the assembled youths were accustomed to vow they would never sheath their swords till the *Tedeschi* were expelled from Ferrara. Under these circumstances, the Austrian commander-in-chief judged it prudent to reinforce the garrison and to avail himself of the undoubted right of guarding the gates of the city. It is not to be supposed that Marshal Radetsky, who knew Italy so well, could entertain any serious apprehensions from the attacks of the National Guard; but it was his duty to establish order and to

show that his military authority could not be braved with impunity: moreover, though he might defy open hostility, his troops were not exempt from the sort of danger to which Captain Sankovich had been exposed. Indeed, Mr. Petre, in a letter from Rome (August, 1847), states that the immediate cause of the Marshal's resolution was 'stones having been thrown from a window on one patrol, and another having been fired on.'

Against this measure the Cardinal Legate renewed his protestation—in language and in form the most unusual and intemperate. His conduct was approved at Rome. The Pope himself protested; and willing to regain at any price a small portion of his popularity, he gratified the public animosity by pretending to believe his states and even his person in danger, and suffering it to be supposed that he had applied to the King of Sardinia for a vessel of war to conduct him to a place of safety.\* In every part of the Papal States, and indeed throughout Italy, the measure was made the excuse for fresh 'demonstrations,' and more extensive armaments. The tone the Pope had assumed excused the violence of his subjects, and Mazzini and his sect must have smiled as they saw their schemes thus forwarded. Their feelings, no doubt, resembled those of a gang of burglars, who, embarrassed how to effect an entrance, are suddenly relieved by hearing the master of the house reproach the police for lounging about before his door. But if Mazzini rejoiced in the Pope and his Legate for colleagues, he could hardly be less obliged for the assistance afforded him by the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the subaltern instruments of his subversive policy. Lord Palmerston has recorded his opposition to Austria in every shape, and has registered remonstrances in every variety. The information that reached him was vague, contradictory, and mostly incorrect; but he himself was strangely ignorant of circumstances with which he should have been familiar: he does not seem either to have consulted a map or the terms of the Treaty of Vienna; nor does any one appear to have supplied him with the real details of the topographical position of Ferrara. Mr. Abercromby, our minister at the Sardinian Court, is prominent, as usual, for the inaccuracy of his reports and the obstinacy of his prejudices. While Cardinal Ciacchi

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\* Our minister at Turin, who by a sort of fatality seems to be incapable of conveying a piece of correct information, writes to assure his government that this application was actually made. Our ambassador at Vienna, however, corrects the error into which the Foreign Secretary had been led, and explains the truth. The vessel was placed at the orders of the Pope, not to facilitate his own flight, but to conduct a nuncio to the Sublime Porte; one of the many errors and mistakes of this pontiff, who was equally anxious, as it would seem, to extend the authority of the church abroad and to curtail it at home,

had violated all diplomatic decency in the tone and manner of his protest, and while banquets and 'demonstrations' took place in every town in Italy, and while Ferrara, when it recovered from its first panic, was renewing every former excess, this functionary writes from Turin, Aug. 24, 1847 :—

'The *moderation* and firmness of Cardinal Ciacchi, *under circumstances so trying*, joined to the calmness of the populace, have alone saved the town of Ferrara from becoming the theatre of disorder, if not of bloodshed; the greatest merit is due to the Papal subjects of Ferrara for the *wise and politic* course they have followed.'

A word or two will clear up the question thus *begged* by Mr. Abercromby. In the 103rd article of the Treaty of Vienna it was, as our reader has already seen, stipulated that garrisons should be kept by Austria—'*dans les places de Comacchio et de Ferrare.*' Ferrara is surrounded by walls, and protected by all the means of defence understood and practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period it was regarded as one of the strongholds of Italy. The citadel is a small internal fortress connected with the other works, utterly useless unless in connexion with them, and itself incapable of containing the garrison necessary for the defence of the town: this citadel had, moreover, been destroyed by the French, and *did not exist at all* when the Treaty of Vienna was signed; it has subsequently been rebuilt at the expense of the Imperial Government. The small garrison maintained in the city according to the treaty of 1815 had all along been accommodated in two adjacent buildings, desecrated convents, for which the Austrian Government paid a rent to the town of Ferrara. At Comacchio *there is no citadel whatever*. No stipulation was made as to the amount of either garrison, and their strengths had ever varied during the last thirty-two years according to the exigence of the times. No formality had been neglected in forwarding the recent reinforcement. All these facts are explained by Prince Metternich with the forbearance and the lucidity for which his dispatches are so remarkable. Assurances poured in from every quarter of the pacific dispositions of Austria. Lord Ponsonby, the ambassador at Vienna, whose share in the Correspondence affords a striking contrast to most of the English materials of our Blue Book, appears to have done all in his power to open the eyes of his political superior:—

'Non-intervention (he writes, 30th September, 1847) is the policy of the Austrian government. I take the liberty now of again making that assertion, and to observe that Austria has not, up to this time, interfered by arms or threats with any country in Italy. Prince Metternich has formally declared his adhesion to the principle that every independent country

country has a right to regulate its internal affairs according to its own will. That principle has been acted on. . . . . Prince Metternich has strong reasons for maintaining his principle of non-intervention, and, unless forced to do so, will not have recourse to any other mode of action. Before concluding this dispatch I wish to say a word on what took place at Ferrara. Your Lordship's desire has been to prevent Austrian interference in the affairs of Italy. May it not be, that if the Austrian government in that place had not been reinforced, so as to render it efficient against all attacks, some enthusiastic partisans might have ventured upon aggressive acts, which would have made an intervention by force on the part of Austria almost inevitable? \* \*

It will probably seem strange enough that such explanations produced no effect, and still more so that a statesman of Lord Palmerston's experience should not have taken the trouble to secure correct information before he committed himself with groundless complaints. One should have thought moreover that he must have been aware that, in the language of strategy and diplomacy, the word '*place*' no more means a *citadel* than, in common parlance, a *castle* means a *guard-room*. This incident of Ferrara is the fertile subject of many a grandiloquent epistle and many a sage reflection; it was discussed at Paris, London, and Vienna, and at Turin the zeal of Mr. Abercromby elicited an expression of disapprobation from the Count Solar de la Marguerite, then Minister for Foreign Affairs to King Charles Albert. The grounds of the Sardinian Minister's dissatisfaction are curious, as giving the first indication of the ambition which tempted his master to his ruin. In a dispatch, dated 25th of August, 1847, Mr. Abercromby writes:—

'Count Solar de la Marguerite proceeded to state that, in the opinion of his Sardinian Majesty and of his Government, the only two national Italian sovereigns of Italy were his Holiness the Pope and his Sardinian Majesty;—the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Ducal Families of Modena and Parma being branches of the House of

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\* It would occupy many pages to show on how many important matters Lord Palmerston might have saved himself vast trouble and ultimate confusion, had he listened to the ambassador at Vienna, instead of confining his trust to those counsellors who habitually flattered his own bias. For example—Lord Ponsonby writes from Vienna, September 25, 1847, that the Duke of Lucca had applied to Vienna for counsel, 'which Prince Metternich refused to give.' Again, the Grand Duke of Tuscany had equally applied to Vienna for advice, and Prince Metternich had refused it in the like manner. 'His Highness,' Lord Ponsonby writes October 26, 1847, 'replied that he was unable to give him any advice as to the measures he should take; that the Grand Duke alone could judge of what was required in his own states; and that he, Prince Metternich, could only give the Grand Duke the full assurance, that whatever the Grand Duke might think fit to do, the Austrian Government would throw no obstacle in the Grand Duke's way.' It is now most curious to contrast these faithful reports with those which won and long retained our Foreign Secretary's confidence.

Austria; the King of the Two Sicilies and the Duke of Lucca members of the House of Bourbon:—that proceeding on *this basis*, his Sardinian Majesty would consider any attempt by a foreign Power to attack the independence of the Pope as equally directed against his own and the national independence of Italy.'—*Corresp.*, p. 99.

The Count de la Marguerite must have carefully measured the diplomatist on whom he bestowed this historical information. *He* could not be ignorant that the Duke of Modena represented, and was endowed with all the rights of, the ancient and illustrious house of Este, whose heiress married his grandfather; neither could *he* have forgotten that the Duke of Parma was equally the representative of a reigning Italian family, the heiress of which, the celebrated Elizabeth Farnese, having married Philip V. of Spain, the duchy was settled upon his descendants, entirely independent of the Spanish crown. We know not whence the Count had drawn his legal or his political notions; neither can we understand the prudence or the courtesy of his enlarging on the nullity of claims conveyed by female descent to the minister of a *Queen* whose crown has come to her through a succession of such descents. The great-grandfather of the late King of Naples, it is true, recovered his kingdom by conquest from the Austrians, to whom it had been assigned on the great partition of the Spanish inheritance; this branch of the Bourbons holds it, however, as the descendant in the female line of the elder branch of the house of Austria; nor did any of the princes who have ever reigned in Naples belong to families of Italian origin. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, it is also true, holds his duchy on no better tenure than that by which the provinces of Novara and Vercelli, and the duchy of Genoa, were added to the territory of the King of Sardinia—namely, the decision of a congress of European potentates and the faith of a treaty. His family, however, had reigned in happiness and affection for upwards of a hundred years; nor did we ever hear of wrongs to be redressed or abuses to be amended, till the English Government joined a crusade to provoke revolution and propagate anarchy.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the preconcerted plan, the agents of the Republican party used every means of irritating the popular mind everywhere against the Court of Vienna. There was, for example, a confident report at Turin that the Austrian Envoy there, Count Boul, had addressed to the Court of Sardinia some offensive remonstrances—nay, had made demands grossly derogatory to the dignity of an independent state. This story Mr. Abercromby forthwith communicates as a fact, of which he gives all the details; and on the receipt of the information

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Lord Palmerston instantly addresses to the Ambassador at Vienna a dispatch, subsequently laid on the table of the House of Commons, in which he intimates the intention of Great Britain to oppose the hostile designs thus alleged and credited. This dispatch is dated September 11, 1847. Prince Metternich's reply to Count Dietrichstein is dated September 23, and contains these words:—

‘Le Principal Secrétaire d’Etat a bien voulu informer votre Excellence du contenu des nouvelles mandées de Turin par M. Abercromby. Je regarde comme un devoir de donner à ces nouvelles *un démenti formel*. Jamais le Cabinet Impérial n’a fait à la Cour de Sardaigne une ouverture pareille à celle que cet Envoyé a mentionnée, et qui se trouverait être en contradiction ouverte avec notre marche politique.’

In the same week Count Revel, Sardinian Minister in London, transmitted to our Foreign Office a dispatch from Count Solar de la Marguerite—dated Turin, September 13—which concludes in these terms:—

‘La prétendue note du Comte de Boul, dont il est question dans vos dernières dépêches, ne nous a point été adressée : il est vrai que le bruit en a couru ici, et que plusieurs personnes haut placées y ont ajouté foi, dans la persuasion que, si la note n’avait pas été adressée, elle le serait incessamment ; mais le fait n’en est pas moins entièrement supposé, et aucune communication de la nature de cette note, ni relative à notre attitude politique, ne nous a été faite de la part du Cabinet de Vienne. Je crois superflu d’ajouter que la nouvelle qu’on a répandue de la demande de la forteresse d’Alexandrie est aussi fausse que l’autre.

‘Vous voudrez bien, M. le Comte, à la première occasion que vous aurez de voir Lord Palmerston, lui donner cette explication, et *démentir* également la chose auprès des autres personnages qui vous en ont aussi entretenu.’

Here at least are denials which no one could dream that even Lord Palmerston would refuse to credit; yet in the month of February, 1848, he communicates to both Houses of Parliament his own note to Lord Ponsonby in which he made the accusation, and withholds the double contradiction which he had received five months before. The foregoing formal contradictions by Prince Metternich and by Count de la Marguerite are withheld, we say, until the session of 1849 is about to close!

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons on the affairs of Hungary on the 21st of July in the present year, Lord Palmerston denies having ever been influenced by any feelings of hostility towards Austria, coupled with the broad assertion ‘that it is impossible for any man charged with the foreign relations of this country to be influenced by other feelings than those which, according to his political views, he deems  
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for the interest of the country and the civilized world. Such imputations, let them come from what quarter they may—whether they are written or spoken—if they be sincere, are the result of ignorance or folly; if they are insincere, I leave others to qualify them as they may.’ We are sorry to hear this, for we are reduced to accept the alternative of folly or malice which his Lordship offers us, since, so far from retracting our former opinion, or in any degree consenting to modify it, we are enabled to re-assert it on evidence which was before known to ourselves, and which is now equally at the command of the whole world. Our readers will judge for themselves; we have simply stated the facts, and, imitating the forbearance of Lord Palmerston, we will ‘leave it to others to qualify them as they may.’

As yet there had been made against Austria no accusation of greater gravity than that of tyranny and arrogance. We are now to notice one for which not a shadow of evidence existed, but which, if substantiated, would deprive that government of all title to respect or consideration. Our readers must oblige us by bearing in mind the letter of Mazzini, which contains the key to all that now occurred in Italy. The National Guard was established throughout the Papal dominions; and a camp of observation had been decreed in the provinces of Romagna, to which all the military *suspected of fidelity* might be dispatched. Still, much was to be done. The attitude of Austria was perversely pacific, and the Pope himself was not yet deprived of the counsel of all those whose honesty and intelligence might have assisted him to recover freedom of action. It was judged expedient to call into play the supposed plot which had already done the republicans such good service, and which was still the subject of conversation in the clubs and coffee-houses. It was now enlarged and developed: the National Guard had been its first result; that measure was to be justified, and its necessary consequences to be followed out. To increase the abhorrence with which Austria was regarded, plans the most desperate and atrocious were attributed to her, and being circulated among the people with all the ingenuity of malice, were swallowed with all the credulity of ignorance. A letter addressed by Mr. Petre to Sir George Hamilton, dated July 16, 1847, details the rumours with which Rome was filled, and the alarms of the people on the discovery of a deep-laid plot, the object of which was to effect a counter-revolution, to secure the person of the Pope, to put a stop to all further reform, and to make a general attack on the people during a festival by a portion of troops gained over for the purpose. Cardinal Lambruschini, Monsignor Grassellini (Governor of Rome), the King  
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of Naples and his minister of police, the Emperor of Austria and the Jesuits, the Duke of Modena and the Archduchess of Parma were announced as the instigators of the scheme—‘to corroborate,’ says Mr. Petre, ‘the talk of the clubs and the assertions of the *Bilancia* newspaper that quantities of foreign coin have of late been in circulation, brought by emissaries from the provinces.’ Besides these illustrious conspirators, whose names were placarded in capitals at the corner of each street, there were associated with them many persons, some of the lowest class and the worst characters—others who had been employed by the late government, and were obnoxious to the people generally, or to individuals—all held up as participators in the scheme, and openly denounced as the worst of criminals. The timidity and duplicity with which each step of this revolution was accompanied were signally manifested on the present occasion. The government seemed by its measures to believe in the conspiracy—while the police made a feeble attempt (soon abandoned) to tear down the proclamations which named the conspirators, and pointed out so many individuals to popular vengeance. The consternation was general—the governor of Rome was dismissed from his office—or he resigned it—many persons were frightened into exile—while others, proclaiming their innocence, demanded a trial, and petitioned to be placed meantime beyond the risk of violence in a prison.\*

For the conspiracy—a story so absurd could only have been credited, we should have thought, by a people such as Mazzini describes the Italians, ‘without a shadow of sagacity or political intelligence.’ He calculated largely on public credulity, and was not mistaken; but he could hardly have hoped to deceive a minister of undoubted talents, long versed in affairs of state, and in active correspondence with numerous political agents. We ourselves are perfectly astonished that it could ever have been hoped to found on such nonsense an accusation against a government highly honourable in its general dealings, conducted by men of unimpeached integrity, and to whom their worst enemies had always attributed prudence at least and dexterity. We should be very glad to hear that Lord Palmerston possessed information which he has judged it prudent to suppress. That several of the British diplomatic agents were not

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\* The procedure against certain obscure individuals, accused as the accomplices of such illustrious delinquents, was published in Rome in the course of last year. We recommend the volume to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Abercromby, if he can understand the language in which it is written;—they both merit the penance of wading through its pages—(we have suffered the penalty without having shared the crime)—and we think even they will regret having lent their ears to such improbable accusations, and supported by such a farrago of irrelevant absurdities. The work is entitled ‘*Supremo Tribunale della Sagra Consulta Romana pei Cospirazione per la Curia e Fisco contra Individui nominati*,’ &c.

on this occasion guilty of nourishing his illusions, we have ample proof from these documents. Sir George Hamilton, in a dispatch dated from Florence, July 26, 1847, informs Lord Palmerston that the Roman police has been unable to discover any trace of the conspiracy which had been so much spoken of, and that it was certain the Austrians had not proposed an intervention; which was to have been part of the scheme for the accomplishment of the counter-revolution. Mr. Petre, whose authority Sir George quotes, 'could not be mistaken,' he adds, 'as he is on the spot, and draws his information from the Cardinal Secretary himself.' Prince Metternich, in a letter, in which a sense of dignity and self-respect can hardly conceal the surprise and indignation with which he finds his nation and his sovereign involved in so foul an imputation, had already disclaimed all knowledge of a plot and all belief in its existence. His patient courtesy could not be ruffled, but it was with something like warmth that he announced the steps he had taken to unravel this unintelligible business. The Austrian Ambassador at Rome had been instructed to ask this simple question—'Was there or was there not a conspiracy? If there was, we demand to be made acquainted with the discoveries your police has elicited. If there was not, why is the delusion still kept up by the silence of the Government?' The allegations are in themselves so childish, and at the same time so atrocious, that we are reminded of nothing so much as the evidence of Titus Oates and his accomplices on the imaginary Popish plot, where popes and sovereigns, princes and bishops, are represented as conspiring with discharged convicts and drunken tapsters to debauch the royal guard and to assassinate the king, and exporting large quantities of Spanish pistoles and butcher's sheep-knives to forward 'the purpose.' We did not expect to see similar romances revived in our own enlightened days, still less that they should be sanctioned by such high authority. However—Prince Metternich's indignant dispatch to Count Lutzow, dated 15 August, 1847, was communicated to Lord Palmerston on the 18th of September (*Correspondence*, p. 122); and nine days later Lord Palmerston writes thus to Lord Ponsonby (*ibid.*, p. 145):—

'Foreign Office, September 27, 1847.

'MY LORD,—With reference to your Excellency's dispatch of the 9th instant, enclosing the copy of a note which has been addressed by Prince Metternich to the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, upon the subject of a conspiracy recently discovered in that capital, and attributed by the Pontifical Government to the instigations of Austrian agents, I have to state to your Excellency, that I learn from undoubted sources of information, that at Rome it is the general opinion that Austrian agents were concerned in the plot, and that the plot was connected with  
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*the military movements of the garrison of Ferrara ; and I believe that this is the opinion shared by persons of high station at Rome.*

‘ I am, &c.,

PALMERSTON.’

- We never traced lines with greater regret. We are equally astonished that they should have been written—and that, having been written, the writer should wish to disclaim the strongest feelings of aversion to the government which he believed could be guilty of such enormities. The noble Lord, out of regard to common consistency, should have pleaded a well-grounded horror of the ministers who contrived such crimes and the country that tolerated them.

In a very few days the report of the conspiracy was suffered to die away : it had served its turn of ‘ increasing the hatred to Austria and of irritating that power ;’ and before Lord Palmerston made it the subject of serious diplomacy, it was discarded in Rome, and treated even as a joke—as a clumsy fiction which, with more luck than merit, had answered the purpose of the contrivers, and which they were now willing to forget.

In the mean time nothing could provoke Austria to abandon her prudent and conciliatory policy. She refused assistance to Lucca and Modena, and restored Ferrara to the Pope—a concession, in our opinion, which should never have been made, as none was more calculated to raise the hopes of the Italians, who will never believe that moderation proceeds from any other cause than fear.

It would appear almost inexplicable that this moment, when every circumstance combined to recommend caution and reserve—when any other minister, not exactly in the hottest period of youth, would have rejoiced in the possibility of suspending his judgment and of assuming an attitude of simple observation—should have been the precise time selected by Lord Palmerston for sending an ambassador to Italy with extraordinary powers, not so much to the princes as to their insurgent subjects, with instructions to support the cause of reform, and encourage still further concession to popular exigence. One solution only has been offered, and that solution these documents favour. It has often been asserted that the politics of the English Cabinet were guided by pique and resentment towards Austria, who had not joined in opposing the late Government of France with reference to the Spanish marriages. It was believed, most erroneously, that the consent of Austria to those marriages had been purchased by the promise of French neutrality in the affairs of Italy. We say erroneously—for the reluctance of Austria to all such interference, which these papers amply prove, discountenances  
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this supposition; nor has any fact or document whatever been adduced in support of it. Louis-Philippe and his ministers have paid dearly for the Spanish marriages—but all that they did or did not do as to Pius IX. and Italy is quite intelligible without reference to those matters, and was indeed in accordance throughout with the usual policy of that ever anxious Government.

Mr. Abercromby writes from Turin, July 24, 1847:—

‘To succeed in the objects which his Holiness has proposed to himself, it is evident that he stands in need of the moral support of the liberal and constitutional Powers of Europe; and since *that of France appears no longer* to be so cordially afforded as heretofore, that of England not unnaturally offers itself to the imagination to supply her place. . . . By encouraging the Papal Court to persevere steadily and honestly in the course of liberal ameliorations which it has commenced, England would not only be affording a real and efficient support to his Holiness as a liberal and temporal sovereign, but she would be justly acquiring for herself a claim to the *lasting gratitude of the Liberals of Italy.*’

If this last object was ardently desired by the noble Lord, we cannot congratulate him on his success. The name of the Emperor of Russia or of Prince Metternich is pronounced with not more dislike, and with somewhat less contempt.

With the season in which travelling in Italy is thought to be agreeable, Lord Minto was ready to start on his crusade. On the 18th of September, 1847, Lord Palmerston furnishes him with his instructions—such instructions as, we will venture to say, were never before furnished to an *English* diplomatist:—

‘When your Lordship has communicated with such persons in Switzerland as you may be able readily to meet with, who, on the one hand, may be competent to inform you what are the real views of the leading men on both sides—and to whom, on the other hand, you may think it would be useful that the *sentiments of Her Majesty’s Government should be known*—you will proceed,’ &c.

We had heard it asserted that Lord Minto was accredited to Cicerovacchio; but we had no idea that we should see it under the hand of Her Majesty’s Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that a Cabinet Minister and Extraordinary Ambassador was to communicate with, and take counsel from, those desperate outlaws, whom even the amnesty of Pio Nono (practically much farther extended than the proclamation authorized) had not recalled to their country, or those exiles of other nations who had not ventured to avail themselves of the suspension of all authority to accomplish a similar purpose—and that to *them* he was to be the interpreter of the British Cabinet!

We are very glad to learn from Lord Minto himself that he  
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neither followed the letter nor the spirit of these instructions—that he did not accord his society to the sort of persons with whom he was recommended to take counsel—that he avoided the contact of the Italian republicans, and never encouraged them in their subversive schemes. We rejoice in having this contradiction of the common reports from his own lips, and we consider it as an additional proof of the inveterate falsehood of the party which the Chief Secretary patronises, that they still persist in boasting of the favour of the noble ambassador, and in asserting that their purposes were understood and approved by him. We are bound, however, in candour to admit that—(however prudent his personal conduct may have been)—his mission was as injurious in effect as it was in origin and design hostile to the cabinet of Austria and the authority of the princes generally. Taking merely the Blue Book for our guidance, every circumstance that accompanied it marks the signification the Italians gave it, and their increased audacity in consequence. His dispatches are full of the confidence he was treated with, and the flattery he received. He could not be acquainted with the country—he must necessarily be ignorant of the feelings of its inhabitants; he could only believe what he desired, and report for fact what he wished to be true. His stay in Italy was long enough, however, to witness the ruin he had, no doubt unconsciously, forwarded; to discover the hollowness of the cause he was sent, as the devoted colleague and representative of the Cabinet, to support, and the fallacy of the advice he had been instructed to obtrude.

We cannot here dwell upon that miserable series of intrigues, of which we noticed the first indication in Count Solar's historical lecture to Mr. Abercromby. While—every advantage being taken of princely cupidity and short-sighted dishonesty, no less than of the want of 'intellect or political experience' among Mazzini's 'mere children'—the quarrel was pushed on between the sovereigns of Piedmont and Lombardy, and between this last province and its Government—the affairs of central Italy were becoming each day more involved, and both the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany found themselves under the humiliating necessity of seeming to rejoice in their perilous position, and of confiding in the very men who were not less diligently working *their* ruin. All power had passed from the cabinet of Pius, and even the last shadow of popularity was fast deserting himself. The rude crowds that nightly assembled, disturbing the peace and menacing the safety of the capital, were kept in a temporary subjection by a sort of popular Tribune, whose authority was more dangerous than the worst licence of the mob. This person has already been alluded to:—Angelo Brunetti  
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by name, but better known as Cicerovacchio—a man already advanced in life, and possessed of considerable fortune, which he had acquired as a timber-merchant and seller of corn, oats, and hay, both in wholesale and retail—what is called a *mercante di campagna*. Whether or not he was originally enrolled as a member of the political sects, we are unable to state positively—we rather believe he was; at any rate he soon became a promising disciple, and finally an active leader. Gross and coarse in person, manners, and habits, and utterly without education, his blunt and rough demeanour could not deceive his own countrymen, who quickly discovered the restless ambition and perfidy lurking beneath an exterior that did not seem to announce the vices of refinement. This man, in the dress of a peasant and with shirt-sleeves turned over his elbow, was admitted to the conciliabulum of the clerical and political conspirator, and even to the table of the luxurious noble. His entire command over the populace gave him a powerful voice in every discussion, and made him an able coadjutor of the clubs, to whom all the powers of government had now been transferred. The ‘Circolo Romano’ contained amongst its members the greater part of the noble as well as of the learned and scientific society of Rome: originally assembled under the pretence of literary and scientific discussion, it had now become an exclusively political body, and by its influence the first lay ministry was imposed on the Sovereign Pontiff. The feeble ministries of the Cardinals Gizzi, Ferretti, and Antonelli had successively given way—and this last-named prelate, to retain his place at the council board, was obliged to admit the colleagues assigned him by the clubs, and to secure for them moreover the approbation of the Pope. Amongst names of less importance, the club placed at the head of the list that of its president, the Prince of Teano—a man of illustrious birth and possessing the highest talents and accomplishments—one whom perhaps the voice of all Rome would have united in recommending for the foremost station. He soon found, however, that it was neither the intention of those who had thrust him into office, nor of those who had unwillingly admitted him, that he should exercise any independent authority, or attempt those wholesome and reasonable reforms which under happier auspices he would in all probability have achieved. He felt the degrading perplexity of his situation, and ere long took that resolution which perhaps alone was open to him—he resigned his trust into the hands of the Pope, having first solemnly urged him to recover if possible the independence he had lost. ‘Your Holiness,’ he is understood to have said, ‘has but one choice: you may place yourself at the head of reform, or you will be dragged in

in the rear of revolution.' The Pope admitted the self-evident proposition, sighed over his embarrassing position, and suffered himself to be led unresisting to the shambles: it was only at the threshold, and when he smelt the flavour of blood, that he started back in horror and dread. '

While concession followed concession, till nothing remained to grant, and while all power and influence were descending lower and lower in the social scale, it is worthy of remark that no attempt was made towards administrative reform. Mr. Petre had long before lamented that the Romans were more occupied in their schemes of driving the Austrians from Italy, and in attending meetings to promote the unity of the peninsula, than in correcting the abuses of their own administration. The simple truth is, that revolution, and not reform, had from the first been the object—the abuses, in fact, were little felt and still less disliked. The Italians have less than any people in the world an abstract love of justice; and we have before expressed our conviction that even the dislike to the Austrians arose much more from their order, method, and strict impartiality, than from any of the defects of their government.

One of the first promises made by the Pope, and that which gave the greatest pleasure, was the assurance that railroads should be established throughout his dominions. 'Soyez tranquille, M. l'Ambassadeur,' said Cardinal Ferretti to the unfortunate Rossi, 'nous aurons les chemins de fer et l'amnistie.' The sweeping amnesty of Pius could never have been regarded by any impartial eye as less than a sign of the blindest fatuity. The establishment of railways in Italy, so far as accomplished, has been converted into mischief by the bad spirit of the people: but for the facilities which the railroad afforded, the revolution at Florence could hardly have occurred. A mob by this means was ever at the disposal of Guerrazzi. When defeated at Florence by the good conduct of the people, he used to send for a reinforcement from Leghorn, and on one occasion no less than six thousand, Sir George Hamilton asserts, came thence to assist at a political demonstration.

The desire for railways sprang from no necessity in the commercial or social state of Italy. With the best roads in Europe, the public conveyances have long been the worst, the slowest, and the dearest. The mode in which an Italian loves to travel is not unlike that which we may suppose was common in England in the days of the Stuarts. A party desirous of travelling the same road is tardily formed by a coachman or his agent standing at the corner of the streets, and inviting passengers to take places in his huge conveyance. When the party is complete, and every excuse  
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for delay is exhausted, the caravan sets forth; and, with repeated stoppages, at length arrives at its destination, having proceeded, like 'the pampered hollow jades of Asia, at most but thirty miles a-day.' The railroad between Florence and Leghorn was constructed by foreign engineers, and with foreign capital. About one hundred miles of the projected line between Milan and Venice have been slowly accomplished in little less than ten years; and, as in the case of the Tuscan project, with small assistance of native skill or native capital. The Italians severely resented that Jews and bankers from Trieste and Vienna should have the right of deciding on matters of purely Italian interest, which nevertheless they themselves had abandoned. At Rome, the refusal of Gregory and the permission of Pius are equally nugatory. The enterprise is not one that will captivate the foreign speculator, and the Romans themselves have not the requisite skill, industry, or capital.

No person who has figured in these days of folly and madness has been more misrepresented than Pius IX.—none, we believe, who ever played so conspicuous a part, was less remarkable for eminent qualities of any sort. Hardly raised above the lowest grade of mediocrity in talent or acquirement, he was utterly unprepared to meet the difficulties of his position. With a mystical devotion, with a minute and scrupulous observance of forms, and with irreproachable moral conduct, he has no elevation of sentiment, nor any lofty conception of the duties of man. Obstinate in trifles and immovable to reason, he readily gives way before intimidation. Soft and well-meaning, he possesses neither sensibility nor active benevolence. Selfish from want of imagination rather than from calculation, he is indifferent to evils he does not witness, though incapable of resisting an importunate appeal. His good-nature concurred with his vanity to give him a keen delight in the applauses of the mob. Yet it was rather from his timidity that the greater part of his popular concessions were extorted. Loving trifling conversation, talking of himself and his early history with an undignified prolixity, ignorant of business, indolent and immethodical, he can with difficulty be induced to form a resolution; and infirm of purpose in all that does not regard himself, he revokes in the evening the *irrevocable* decision of the same morning. Like all feeble persons, he is frequently false, not because falsehood is congenial to his disposition, but because his temperament shrinks from the avowal of conviction. His weakness is gratified by cowardly and time-serving counsels. Uneasy in the presence of superior men, he naturally prefers mediocrity. Incapable of friendship, he falls easily under the dominion of low favourites, and is fond of being  
entertained



entertained with tales of gossip and the childish buffooneries that delight the vulgar. Without being attached to the pleasures of the table, he is whimsically particular in the observance of all his tastes and habits: such is his devotion to them that neither business nor distress of mind could wean him from them. In the midst of the dangers and difficulties that pressed round him during the last few weeks of his stay in Rome, neither sleep nor appetite deserted him; and so deficient is he in sensibility that he actually grew fat in his humiliating retreat at Gaeta. A prince of such a character could hardly fail at any time of exercising a sinister influence on the destinies of his country. Under the present circumstances of difficulty, he has been the ruin of Rome and the papacy, and a scourge to Europe.

The revolution in France, so destructive by its example to other countries, hardly served to give a spur to the rapid pace at which Rome was advancing to perdition. The lay minister that succeeded to the Prince of Teano was one Galletti—a man who had been doomed to death for open rebellion about two years previously, but whose punishment had been commuted by Gregory into imprisonment, and who now, by the recent amnesty, had been liberated and turned loose upon society to plot new mischief, and to merit a fresh condemnation. Trusted, consulted, and benefited by the Pope, for several months he haunted him like an evil spirit; he first betrayed and then deserted him; and it was by his lips that the dethronement of his confiding master was pronounced in the Constituent Assembly.

During this time, Cardinal Antonelli, a man of moderation and ability, still retained his place at the head of the council-board, powerless it is true, but obnoxious to the republicans as recalling the ancient form of government, and reminding them of a possible return to it. The Pope, amidst his numberless yieldings, had positively refused to declare war on Austria. An encyclical letter containing his reasons was pronounced reactionary, and was attributed to the influence of the Cardinals. The Pope, fearing an invasion of his palace, had ordered the doors to be closed. The people were very indignant; Cicerovacchio instructed them that the Cardinals had poisoned his mind against them; and the appearance of Pius in the streets the following day, without his usual attendance, was understood as an act of humble apology. It was not accepted however; Cicerovacchio forbade all applause. 'The Pope must be taught,' he observed, 'that he should depend on the people alone.' The removal of Cardinal Antonelli was determined on, and the plot framed for its accomplishment had perfect success.

The *Circolo Popolare*, the new democratic club, invited the members

members of the *Circolo Romano* to join it for the discussion of important matters. It held its meetings in the *Palazzo Fiano*, and adjourned to the neighbouring *Cassè delle Belle Arti* to concert its plans. On the present occasion the club-room was guarded by civic soldiers, and sentries were placed at the door. The galleries were filled with partisans of the movement, many of whom brandished their weapons in ostentatious defiance. Orioli opened the debate in a studied harangue, in the course of which the country was pronounced in imminent peril; the fearful dangers of reaction were eloquently pointed out; and some measure, worthy at once of the Italian name and of modern civilization, was warmly recommended for immediate adoption. Cicerovacchio sat beside the orator in the coarsest dress in which the lowest people pursue their daily avocations; and in their grossest dialect he claimed the right to be heard. 'These are very fine words,' he said, 'but of what use are they while we are enslaved by priests and old women? I am for washing out this stain in a little blood. Let the Cardinals be brought to their trial before the tribunal of the people, and let them pay the penalty deserved by those who betray their country.' He sat down amidst a thunder of applause. The Duke of Rignano, when he heard the proposal, fainted away, and was carried from the house. Another member rose in his place, and replied, 'I approve of the motion of the honourable citizen, but it is difficult perhaps to execute. The public is hardly advanced enough in political liberality to approve. I propose, as a preliminary step, that the Cardinals be impeached by this assembly, and confined and guarded in their own apartments.' This resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice. The next morning each Cardinal found the door of his palace and that of his bed-chamber guarded by civic soldiers—that force on which Mr. Freeborn had calculated for the preservation of peace in the city. Cicerovacchio—a subtle jurist—proclaimed that, as the people were supreme, the choice of their ministers lay with them; and, approaching the window, he asked the crowd assembled in the *Corso* if they chose Cardinal Antonelli to be their minister? Startled and alarmed, they made no reply. 'I say,' reiterated the corn-chandler, 'are you willing that any priest, red or black, should remain with the power to betray you?' The voices of a few accomplices shouted a negative. 'Whom, then, do you choose?' The names of Mamiani and his still more obscure colleagues were proposed, declared to be accepted, and forced on the Pope.

From this time the person of Pius was no longer safe; he was but a prisoner and a hostage. The gates of the city were guarded by the conspirators. The cardinals had hitherto been

a shield around him, or rather, we should say, a target against which were aimed those popular attacks which henceforth would be directed immediately against the Pope. The arrest of the cardinals he heard with much alarm and with real regret. The liberation of some he found means to procure immediately ; others, more obnoxious, he sent to invite to the Quirinal Palace, promising them protection beneath his own roof. The instinct of respect in some cases prevailed, and the civic guards suffered the princes of the church, before whom they were wont to kneel, to escape from their custody. Some, among whom was the honest and high-minded Lambruschini, rejected the Pope's invitation with disdain. Cardinal Bernetti replied with characteristic liveliness that he was obliged for his kind intentions, but that he felt as safe in his own house as in that of his Holiness. Prince Rospigliosi, the colonel of the National Guard, was sent to the Cardinal by the Pope to urge the invitation, and to afford the support of his presence and authority. He presented himself in full regimentals, but the sentry at the palace door opposed his entrance by pointing his bayonet against the breast of his general. Prince Rospigliosi resigned his command. The new ministry soon gave way to another, who only plunged deeper and deeper into the abyss of anarchy. At length the eyes of the most determined reformers—of all such as were not at heart anarchists—were opened to the magnitude of the danger, and an attempt was made to re-establish order.

Count Rossi, the late ambassador from France, had remained at Rome since the revolution in his adopted country, and the ruin of the government by which he had been favoured. Intimately acquainted with the different parties that disturbed the peace of the Roman States, moderate and cautious, as well as resolute, he inspired great hopes in the well-disposed by his promotion to office ; and for a time those hopes were not deceived. The new constitution had been promulgated, and the assembly was about to meet ; he had restored tranquillity to the streets—he imposed decency on the clubs, he repressed the licence of the press—and had appealed, it was hoped effectually, to the honour and fidelity of a portion at least of the troops. The most riotous part of the population had been dispatched on the crusade against Austria, but the Swiss unfortunately had been suffered to depart on the same errand. On this measure the demagogues had insisted, and the government had weakly yielded in the hopes of preventing a collision between the people and those faithful mercenaries. The appearance of returning tranquillity and recovered confidence inspired the Republicans with serious fears that the establishment of the constitution which they professed to desire might not be so impossible

impossible as they had supposed it: they knew a vast majority of the people to be favourable to the Pope; they believed in the fidelity of the carbineers; and in the firmness of Rossi they had an ever present cause for apprehension. The death of this minister had, soon after his nomination, been decreed in the clubs and secret societies—the moment of consummation approached. It was not at Rome, however, that the plan was matured; at least it is the general belief that the ultimate decision was taken when some of the leading Liberals, one of them on his way back from exile, met in a steam-boat in the port of Leghorn. A man of princely title, and many others of inferior note, are accused by public opinion at Rome of having been early acquainted with the scheme. Mystery still hangs over the transaction; the newspapers of the day, all in the hands of the demagogues or in terror of them, either never mentioned the crime at all, or spoke of it only with praise. It is certain, however, that many were in the secret of the plot, and that some of them incautiously revealed their knowledge: one, in a coffee-house at Bologna, drew forth his watch, and observed that it had struck 12 o'clock, and that by this time the minister Rossi had been assassinated. Bets were laid, in as well as out of Rome, that he would not see the opening of the chambers; and the unfortunate man himself had warnings of his doom. Before proceeding to the Chamber, he attended at the Quirinal Palace to take the Pope's commands. In mounting the stairs he had received a note from a lady acquainting him with his danger; and he showed the paper to the Pope, who entreated him not to brave a fate which seemed but too probable. He replied with spirit that when he accepted office he accepted with it its risks and dangers. He proceeded to the Cancellaria, accompanied by his colleague Righetti. It is believed that three poniards were ready, and placed in successive ambush—at the foot of the stairs, at the top of them, and at the entrance of the chamber: but the mob had closed round him before he began the ascent, and the first of the assassins did the deed. The three ruffians are publicly named in Rome: nay, one of them accepted the honours of a triumph; he was carried on the shoulders of his partizans, preceded by the bloody knife, while 'young-eyed massacres'\* sung patriotic hymns around him.

The first act of the bloody drama was closed; the following morning opened with the second. A petition was to be presented

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\* The 'Speranza dell' Italia' was composed of boys under fifteen years of age. Perhaps the establishment of such a regiment was the very worst act of revolutionary Rome. The depravity and ferocity which these unhappy children learnt may be imagined—they could not bear to be expressed. The effects of this horrible corruption will not speedily disappear.

to the Pope, entreating, or, rather, demanding, the appointment of a democratical ministry, together with other measures which the government had hitherto resisted. The doors of the palace were closed on the importunate petitioners, and the Swiss body-guard opposed itself resolutely to their violence. The native troops betrayed their trust, and joined the mob in their attack on the doubly consecrated person of their sovereign. A person of high title, and enjoying some reputation in the pacific realms of science, volunteered to go and bring up two pieces of ordnance. The gates were assailed with fire and with cannon, and the bullet that was destined for the Pope himself reached the breast of his secretary. He escaped the successive volleys that were fired on his bedchamber, and disappointed part of the plot by his submission to popular dictation. He prohibited all resistance; but the Swiss on duty, with that obstinate fidelity which forms so striking a part of their national character, and redeems so many of its defects, refused to obey the order, and ranging themselves (they were but sixteen in number) in order of battle, prepared to die at their post. Several of them fell before the orders of the Pope were obeyed. It was an affecting spectacle to see the chaplains and the household attendants of the palace placing themselves before these self-devoted soldiers, and tearing from their hands the weapons with which they were struggling to perform their last earthly duty.\* The Pope, deserted and alone, received the commands of the mob. His murder had been determined—no hand, perhaps, had been deputed to strike—perhaps no tongue had uttered the fatal word—

‘ But they understood by signs,  
And did in signs again parley with sin.’

The Republican sect, who now exercised unlimited authority, resolved on a fresh stroke of audacity—the Pope must at least be deprived of his temporal power—and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly was the means by which this object was to be accomplished. The Quirinal was again assailed on the 24th of November—the mob broke into the Pope’s bedchamber, whither he had already retired to rest, and extorted his consent to this fatal measure. The next day the consternation was general on learning the flight of Pius; it was some time before his place of refuge was ascertained, and there is to this hour some doubt as to the manner in which his escape was accomplished.

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\* While the Republic lasted, these faithful soldiers refused every offer that was made them: they lived in abject poverty and in perpetual danger. We have pleasure in learning that they have now resumed their charge of the papal palaces, and, in their picturesque uniforms, new and brilliant, recall the remembrance of the arduous and peaceful days of Rome.

It was now that the most desperate of the original agitators rose to power, and none of these exercised a greater or a more fatal influence than Sterbini, on whom a peer of England (Lord Beaumont) has pronounced an eulogium in his place in Parliament. A native of the Roman States, a lawyer and a poet, but equally unsuccessful in both callings, he first became a conspirator and then an exile. This man was long the director of the revolutionary committee at Marseilles. Restored by the amnesty to Rome, he became the editor of the '*Contemporaneo*,' a newspaper remarkable even in Italy for its hypocrisy and profligate disregard of truth. Unrestrained by moral scruples, or by any check excepting that of fear, he became the soul and centre of sedition, the moving principle of evil, and held the place of first conspirator, till Mazzini himself appeared upon the stage.

The flight of the Pope was the signal for the departure of those cardinals and nobles who had lingered on in Rome; some few indeed of these last, unable or unwilling to move, purchased their security by a mean compliance with the exigencies of the democrats, by the bribes which they paid into ultra-patriotic hands, and by the sacrifice of all principle and independence.

Till the Constituent Assembly could be elected, the government was carried on in the name of the Legislative Chambers, and was conducted by the ministers, all members of the revolutionary list—Mamiani, Sterbini, Sturbinetti, Galletti, with others hardly less unworthy, and even more obscure. All were 'men of literature'—poets, pamphleteers, journalists;—like those worthies who published liberty and fraternity at the Luxembourg, they added the petulant vanity and the mean malignity of petty authorship to the rapacity and violence of a more masculine ambition. Socialists in principle, and the enemies of all religion, they found it convenient to cover their purposes with a mask of devotion. The doctrines of the Communists are in direct opposition to those of Christianity, upon which they profess to be grounded. Christianity inculcated subordination, and never promised equality upon earth. The Socialist demands for all men that immediate equality of ease to which the immutable laws of Providence are opposed, and in the pursuit of which the whole social frame is broken. So specious, however, are these theories, that religion only can combat them; and in proportion as religion diminishes, their baneful influence must increase. In France they have long been inculcated in every varied form of repetition—in essays, speeches, poems—in novels, in histories, and in sermons: to a certain degree also they had been familiar in Italy, even before the revolution gave currency to the wildest speculations, and placed their propounders in situations

of power and responsibility. Socialism is a delusion singularly agreeable to the vanity of obscure and half-educated scribblers. In Italy there had now started up a host of these, to propagate the most extravagant doctrines, and to abuse to the uttermost the newly acquired liberty of the press. The language of moderation was rejected as cold—even that of mitigated hostility as tame; and both were soon stigmatized as treasonous. In the hands of the new government the press became the most formidable engine of tyranny, the most effective instrument of private revenge. It did not supersede the use of the dagger, but was its ablest assistant and boldest apologist. The ‘freedom of the press,’ it is hardly needful to add, meant the most unbounded licence in one direction—in all others the most abject thralldom. A lawyer, a man of retired and studious habits, was preparing a volume of original documents illustrative of the history of noble families—he received an intimation to discontinue his aristocratic labours if he placed any value on his life. The Padre Ximenes, editor of the ‘Cassandrino,’ a newspaper which supported the Papal cause, was murdered as he returned to his dwelling, and his body was found near the Church of the Jesu. He had previously conducted the ‘Labaro,’ but had resigned it to the care of another priest, who met with a similar fate. It was the fatal influence of the press that had hurried on the war with Austria, that doomed Rossi to death and the Pope to deposition, and which now promoted the open confiscation and the secret murders with which Rome was filled.

The British public is still, we believe, in utter darkness with regard to what happened during that melancholy period. Those who abetted this revolution, or who constituted themselves its champions, would shrink with horror from the cause they espoused, could they know one half of the crimes by which it was supported. It is not in the nature of Englishmen of decent conduct and regular habits to conceive the iniquity of men long exiled from social ties and domestic affection, and relieved from all the restraints of public opinion. The unanimity of which the demagogues boasted—impossible, under similar circumstances, in a really free state—should have opened the eyes of the intelligent to the true condition of the people, which was simply the submission of fear. If they took up arms, it was in the dread of violence from their own defenders. The Romans, accustomed to obedience and now drilled into slavery, dared not raise a voice against the oppressor—nay, to such an excess did terror influence, that the injury itself was denied: as the patient wife of some brutal husband conceals her bruises and stifles her cries. In proof of this unanimity the press cited the sums extorted from the timidity of wealth and  
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from the helplessness of poverty, and vaunted them as the spontaneous offerings of patriotism. The assassinations were concealed or denied, and those who complained, or who mourned the dead, saw their names posted up at the Caffè delle Belle Arti (Palazzo Fiano) as doomed to a like fate. Two youths (brothers) who, united by an instinct of humanity, rushed forward to staunch the blood of the dying Rossi, were denounced for this crime; and the firemen who repaired to the Quirinal Palace to extinguish the flames by means of which the mob had accomplished their entrance, were warned that their lives were forfeited to the just indignation of the people.

Bribes poured in on the demagogues, and money disappeared in proportion as silver was carried to the mint. The quantity of precious metal robbed from the churches and extorted from the people was enormous. In Italy, though few families even of the highest distinction can display the quantity of plate that will be found in English houses of much less consequence, the possession of a few articles of silver is far more generally diffused. The hotels and coffee-houses all have articles of value; the humblest families—raised above actual want—are provided with a few silver forks and spoons; when we consider that all these were seized, and that jewels and gold-plate were also confiscated largely, the computation that this usurping violence gathered in to the value of a million of ounces is probably not an exaggerated one. It is certain that under these circumstances the precious metal in currency should have been incomparably greater than it had ever been in the most prosperous periods of the papacy: nevertheless, not one dollar was seen to circulate. There was coining enough—but not for any of the usual purposes. The government had taken the precaution of using the die of Gregory XVI.,—consequently, wherever it might go, the new coinage could not be traced nor the possessors challenged. Copper disappeared no less than silver, and saucepans and coffee-pots followed spoons and salvers, yet copper money became equally scarce, nor has it yet returned into circulation. The issue of paper by the democratic government far exceeded the amount of specie which was usually in circulation—and to this paper they gave a forced currency. If the patriots wish to clear themselves of the imputation that rests on them, let them explain all this mystery. Much money (paper money, we mean) was spent in corrupting the people; the government spared some cash to salary sedition at Florence and at Venice—though it also levied a forced contribution under the name of fraternal assistance to the Venetian rebels;—the Parisian agitators had their share of the gold; it is understood that every motion on Italian affairs in the legislative chamber was a severe drain on the



the exchequer of the Roman republic. Making every allowance for these payments, however, and admitting that large sums are still secreted in Rome and in the provinces, we cannot think the public voice has greatly erred in assigning 100,000 dollars as the share of each of the principal demagogues, or in supposing that their active subordinates were hardly less successful. Garibaldi, who to his native instinct added the experience of South America, is commonly said to have appropriated half a million of dollars; and if so, as he did not appear till the eleventh hour, it must be allowed that his gleanings denote the richness of the previous harvest.—We are glad to mitigate our censure where we can, and we cheerfully admit that the regenerators of Roman glory showed discretion and judgment in their method of collecting contributions. Practical and utilitarian in their views, they laid hands on nothing that did not possess intrinsic value, or that could readily be claimed or easily traced. The sale of pictures and statues would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, and the possession of such articles would have been worse than useless. There is, we admit, a very general impression that the Vatican library has been plundered of some of its most portable treasures; but the terror which the late government still inspires imposes silence on the guardians of that establishment, and there has as yet been no distinct proof from remoter quarters.

The mere rapacity of the demagogues, however, was their most venial fault. The revenue officers, or *Financieri*, the worst and lowest description of government officials, men accustomed to smuggling, extortion, and robbery, were now organized into a corps in the immediate service of the *Triumvirs*—their ranks having been recruited with the robbers, pirates, and *sicarii* who had been brought from the Marches of Ancona and from Romagna, where the race has ever flourished. The extent of crime committed in these districts had alarmed the conscience of many patriots 'very far advanced in liberality'—to borrow an expression of Lord Minto's—and they remonstrated with one of the *Triumvirs* upon the impolicy of employing such agency in the capital. He was reminded that one hundred and seven persons were supposed to have fallen by the assassin's knife at Ancona alone, while Bologna, Ravenna, Pesaro, and other cities of Romagna each presented lists of slain and missing hardly less numerous. The *Triumvir* affected to pay attention to these observations. A member of the Constituent Assembly, one Orsini, was sent to Ancona with authority to seize the murderers of that district, and to convey them as prisoners to the Castle of Spoleto. When they arrived at Foligno, however, they were all set at liberty by order of the *Circolo Popolare* of that city, and were recommended to proceed

to Rome, where large pay and employment awaited them. The Triumvir, when reproached with his breach of promise, replied that he had reflected on the case—that such men were necessary to preserve the vigour of the sect, and that as faithful members of it he was not at liberty to punish them. This Triumvir was a man eminently fitted for the task which he had assumed; every quality he possessed excepting courage, and in that particular he resembled some of the most admired heroes of the French revolution. In explaining his principles of government to a trusted confidant, he observed that he must adapt his policy to the country and the times in which he lived:—‘what Robespierre could do in open day, he must accomplish in secret: while the former could command the service of the executioner, he must deal the blow by the hand of the assassin.’ The man he spoke with was as far *advanced in liberality* as himself; he spoke without witnesses and at midnight, the light of a single lamp casting a hue yet more cadaverous over his sallow features—but his confidence was betrayed—the confidants of such counsel can rarely be faithful.

A great part of the wickedness now perpetrated from motives of private vengeance, and falsely attributed to public principle, must for ever remain unrevealed. No search was made for the criminal; no one dared to denounce the crime. The sword of Damocles was suspended over every man's neck, and by a submissive endurance of every injury each hoped to escape the fate of his less prudent neighbour; patient as sheep they awaited the preliminary operation of shearing, and were led with dumb submission to the slaughter-house. The weight of republican persecution fell principally on the priesthood—they were the most exposed to suspicion, and, to their eternal honour be it spoken, they exhibited throughout a courage and a resolution of which no other class gave an example, and in which they had no imitators. The principal scene of these cruelties was S. Calisto in Trastevere, a Benedictine convent, from whence the inmates had been ejected. It was here that Zambianchi, the captain of the Financieri, established his head-quarters. He was a native of Bologna, and had been released from prison, where he lay under the charge of seven homicides: grateful to the great men whom he regarded as his benefactors, and largely trusted and supported by them, he became the most useful instrument of their designs. Terror was to be struck into the ‘retrograde party,’ now stigmatised as the *Neri* or *Oscurantisti* (Blacks, or Lovers of Darkness); and those on whom the children of Light affixed this reproach—~~not less fatal than, the incivisme of the French Revolution—were~~ despoiled

despoiled of their property and inveigled to the gardens of S. Calisto, which they never left alive. Between forty and fifty bodies, in different states of decomposition, were discovered in one pit dug in those premises; and more recently, in turning the earth beneath a fig-tree near the same spot, the remains of seven others were brought to light. The desecrated convent of Sta. Sabina on Monte Celio, where a detachment of the Doganieri was quartered, was the scene of similar outrages, of which similar proofs have been found. To give a list of all the crimes committed during this period would be as difficult as it would be revolting; we select a few instances from among those most generally known, or which were perpetrated with the greatest publicity. The Abbate Maccioli, a canon of S. John Lateran, being seen by four Financieri, who were driving by in an open carriage, was captured and conveyed to S. Calisto, where he was stripped and robbed of a large sum which belonged to a public office; his life, however, was saved by the opportune intercession of powerful friends. A priest, driven by anxiety, or some impulse of irresistible curiosity, repaired to the walls during the siege, and was carried before one high in military command, who, while affecting to treat him with contempt, exchanged significant looks with the guard: the poor man left his presence full of hope, and was the next minute shot for a French spy. The curate of Monte Mario was murdered by the mobilized guard for having received in his parsonage the French soldiers, whom he possessed no means of keeping out of it. A priest, who was attending the sick and dying at the hospital of the Trinità dei Pellegrini, being found with a passport for Gaeta (whither he was obliged to proceed on account of a cause he was pleading before the Papal council), was shot on the spot. The curate of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, in company with four other priests, was shot at S. Calisto, Zambianchi amusing himself by forcing them to walk in the cloisters of the convent while he fired on them with his rifle. The minister Galletti, in the course of a military promenade round the walls, seized three peasants, who he asserted were disguised Jesuits, and, carrying them with him into the town, he abandoned them to the fury of the mob, who murdered them on the bridge of S. Angelo; an eye-witness asserts he saw the assassins lick the bloody weapons with their tongues. We are sorry to shock the sensibility—perhaps to provoke the incredulity—of English readers with this disgusting recital. We wish we could hold out any hopes that the accounts which we have given are exaggerated. Truth cannot long be stifled; and when the minute history of this melancholy period is known, it will be seen how much the picture we have given falls below the fearful reality.

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But we have been drawn somewhat out of the order of events. It was not till after the Republic was proclaimed that these enormities were perpetrated.

The Legislative Chambers, in whose name the government was conducted after the flight of Pius, possessed neither power nor influence. The upper chamber had virtually abdicated, and the lower was subject to the mob that shouted at its doors, and to the spectators in the tribunes, who for ever brandished naked daggers in the eyes of refractory members. The real power lay with the demagogues who had conspired the death of Rossi, and were masters of the clubs and the crowds. The election of a Constituent Assembly by universal suffrage was now announced, but the people took little interest in the farce that was played before them, and no election would probably have taken place but for the efforts that were made to secure returns. The names of the candidates to be elected were written on a card and given to the voters with a sum in paper-money varying from a dollar to one-half of that amount: few of those not actually belonging to the sect, and who were raised above the acceptance of such a bribe, gave any vote at all—while, on the other hand, many individuals voted at every polling-place in each town; but notwithstanding all the urgency of the chiefs, and all the falsifications of the returning officers, the number of voters was very small. In Rome the National Guard amounted to above 12,000 men, of whom not 300 could be brought to the poll.

On the 4th of February, 1849, the Constituent Assembly was convened. On the 9th of the same month its President pronounced the temporal power of the Pope to have ceased in fact and by right, and a Republic, purely democratic, was announced as the future government of the state; an executive committee of three persons was named, as well as the ministers by whom the public service was to be conducted.

In spite of the varied and incessant efforts of the Triumvirate, there can be little doubt that their rule, originally unpopular, soon became intolerable, and that, if Rome had been left to herself, a few weeks, or possibly days, would have brought it to a close. Mazzini had arrived at Rome to take the prominent place hitherto reserved for him; he had repaired to St. Peter's, and seated himself in the chair of the Pope to hear the *Te Deum* that was sung by a cowed apostate in honour of the proclamation of the Republic. But the priests, outraged, disgusted, and scandalized, were labouring slowly and dexterously in the cause of order; and persecution could hardly check their zeal, nor terrorism conceal its efficacy. Neither Mazzini nor any of his colleagues had faith in the duration of their power, or in the possible existence  
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of the Roman Republic. Italian vanity did not so far blind them to the estimation in which they were held as to induce them to believe they were to remain in permanent possession of the Papal throne. Under these circumstances the attack of the French was an unexpected stroke of good fortune. They were subsequently defeated, however, in their treacherous schemes of selfish aggrandizement planned with the French agent Lesseps; and then no course was left open to them but a loud appeal to the patriotism of the Italians, and, as they profanely boasted, a firm reliance on the favour of the God of battles. It was not that they deemed a successful resistance possible—but the weight of failure would not fall on them—the defence of the walls would devolve on other hands, and they were doubly safe in their reliance on foreign protection, and in the moderation imposed on General Oudinot by the peculiarity of his position. It was in the midst of these cunning and cowardly intrigues—it was while making the arrangements for *this* defence—that Mazzini represented himself and his colleagues as seated on their curule chairs in the palace of the Consulta in an apartment mined with gunpowder, holding the match in their hands with which they would fire the train should the modern Brennus presume to invade this last sanctuary of liberty.

It is very generally admitted that the French invasion was a political error, and has had the effect of injuring the military reputation of the country. It will stand recorded in future annals that for two months the crumbling walls of Rome withstood the siege of thirty-five thousand Frenchmen, conducted by the skill of the best engineers and backed by the well-known gallantry of that nation; and the pompous bulletins by which the invading general strove to throw dust in the eyes of his countrymen will but serve to attest the strength of the resistance he encountered. All this tends to inflate the national vanity of the Italians, and the siege is appealed to in proof of the awakened valour of the Roman people. The truth, however, is behind; the length of the siege is to be attributed even less to the incompetence of Oudinot than to his political timidity and the weakness of the government that employed him. His efforts were paralysed by the attacks of the Parisian press, and the intrigues of the Parisian demagogues, who held a secret correspondence with those of Rome, and encouraged their resistance to a French army. He could feel no certainty that the new Assembly at Paris might not order him to support the usurpers he had been commissioned to overthrow—and under such circumstances he could only negotiate, temporise, and spin out the time, while every hour that he wasted diminished his own strength and added to that of his

his enemy. While he was negotiating beyond the walls, and M. Lesseps was intriguing within them, and while his troops were languishing in a pestilential climate, defenders poured into Rome from every quarter—Poles, Germans, Lombards, Piedmontese, Tuscans—in a word, Garibaldi. The Romans, instead of having cause to boast of their long defence, should rather blush at it as the last of their degradations. They suffered themselves to be pillaged and slaughtered by hordes of foreign adventurers, who entered the city without their consent, and forced them by threats and blows to help in manning their own walls against an enemy for whose success they were secretly panting.

Garibaldi, whose first appearance with his turbulent train of outlaws, the sweepings of all nations, excited the alarm of the citizens, and the jealousy of the national guard, had been to get rid of him for a time at least, sent to the Abruzzi—with the order to guard that frontier against the expected invasion from Naples. He had since lived in this district at free quarters, permitting every excess to his followers and recruiting his forces by the promise of unrestrained licence. The dread of him had not diminished among those who had anything to lose at Rome—but he could no longer be dispensed with. The indisposition of the national guard was perfectly well known to the Triumvirs. Besides their avowed dislike to fighting, they were generally inimical to the republic, and it was necessary to collect some force to overawe them, and at the same time give them an example. The troops of the line were totally disorganised, and were, perhaps, even more averse than the national guard to the idea of an armed resistance. Garibaldi therefore was recalled to Rome, when the invasion was first threatened, but with a force whose nominal amount was not to exceed six hundred, though its effective strength was not less than two thousand. The day on which he re-entered the capital was warm for the season, and the citizens who flocked to the gate were struck with new terror as they gazed on him and his now augmented banditti—a savage crowd dressed in every variety of costume, the raggedness of their general apparel presenting a grotesque contrast with some rich ornaments or article of dress—armed with every description of weapon—women disguised in male attire—bearded cut-throats masquerading as women; some mounted on horses they had stolen, others on asses they had picked up on commons; some seated on carts, carriages, and whatever conveyance they could press into the service—the coach of the bishop of Rieti bringing up the rear filled with drunken volunteers, roaring at the top of their voices, and with legs protruded from the windows. No order was attempted in the march, and

march—an air of studied confusion and of affected ruffianism was purposely contrived to add to their naturally wild and forbidding aspect. Many were intoxicated; muskets and pistols were fired in the streets without any regard to the risks incurred, and menaces and curses mingled with songs of ribaldry and blasphemy.

The managers of this hideous melodrama had ordered everything with the view of inspiring terror. These desperadoes were intended to overawe the inhabitants of Trastevere, who, in spite of what had been done to corrupt them (and far too successfully), still it was feared entertained that partiality to the cause of the Pope which the priests might excite into actual resistance. It was not judged prudent to march the bandits at once to their destined quarters, and in the mean time the convent of S. Silvestro in Capite was appointed for their barrack. S. Silvestro is a convent of female Benedictines, and as the volunteers entered the gates, the nuns were forcibly ejected. No place of asylum was assigned to them; no preparations had been made for their reception; and military billets on the public-houses were tauntingly offered to them, when they intreated to be informed whither they were to go. It is not the least disgraceful chapter of this disgraceful history that the cruelty to which these recluses were exposed excited the derision of the crowd that pressed on their sad procession. Without protection and without a determined destination, the timid troop were driven along—the youthful novice about to pronounce her vows, the aged votaress who for fifty years had never strayed beyond the convent garden; tottering, staggering, they looked bewildered around, in hopes of seeing some symptom of pity, some touch of manly feeling; but hard eyes watched, and ribald jeerings mocked, their prolonged humiliation. Their situation at length became known to some other religionists not yet exposed to persecution, and a temporary asylum was found for them amongst the various convents still remaining in Rome.

It was not till after nightfall and in perfect silence that the removal of Garibaldi's head-quarters to Trastevere was accomplished. On the very evening of his arrival there occurred an act of severity that was destined to strike terror into the retrograde party. While sitting with a few followers in a neighbouring *osteria*, a priest of the parish church of Sta. Maria in Trastevere was brought before him, charged with having abused the Republic. Garibaldi listened to his defence with attention: the poor man alleged that it was true he was a faithful subject of the Pope, but that though he did not love the Republic, he had expressed no opinion on the subject. Garibaldi, with an air of solemnity  
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and gravity that never deserted him, remarked that in a republic all opinions were freely permitted, and ordered the liberation of the prisoner. Two rank and file escorted him, and when they arrived at a convenient spot he was stabbed to the heart. The next morning the altar was prepared and the congregation assembled for the mass he should have sung. The news was whispered that his dead body had been found in a neighbouring street, but no one ventured to inquire after the murderer.

Though the direction of public affairs was no longer in the hands of the Triumvirs, they did not the less continue their negotiations with the French, their intrigues with the chiefs of every party. Mazzini is now accused by the Romans of having been all along in the pay of Austria; this we do not believe—but we quote the opinion as illustrative of the Italian character, and of the sort of reputation this noted demagogue has left behind him.\* The terror that the Republicans still inspire, the impunity that has been secured to their crimes, and the dread of the knives of the sicarii, all conspire to conceal the truth and to suppress evidence. Enough, however, has come out to convince us that a more complicated web of treachery it never fell to the lot of an historian to unravel. Meantime the Romans saw their hopes of deliverance vanish. A little spirit on the part of the Roman people, a little vigour on that of the French general, and a capitulation must certainly have been signed which would have saved the city from the ruin of a siege and the French from the disgrace of such a victory. It was otherwise ordained; and the people, under the influence of terror, were compelled to resist, while the leaders, having secured their own ultimate retreat, were content to accept the reputation of heroes, which was thrust upon them. Committees were formed for the management of the various departments—a committee of defence, another of barricades, a third for enforced loans, and a fourth for voluntary contributions. The devastation of the suburbs and of their beautiful villas belonged to the first. This measure originated, doubtless, in the desire to occupy the populace, to excite their enthusiasm, and to furnish an excuse for keeping them in the pay of Government, but it would be injustice to the contrivers to suppose they had no other motive; whoever had a cherished grudge against a wealthy or arrogant neighbour had now but to denounce his possessions as an impediment to the national defence, and his woods were instantly levelled and his house thrown down. That belt of cultivation which surrounded the city like a fence against the desolation that lies beyond it, is now encumbered with a mass of crumbling ruins. The Milvian Bridge, its parapets overthrown and its arches broken, presents a spectacle of destruction such as eighteen centuries

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and countless invasions could not achieve. The road, cut up by barricades, leads to a suburb in which fire has been employed as the quickest means of effecting a wide-spreading demolition. The Villa Borghese, the haunt of the gay and the place of 'common recreation for the Roman people,' decorated by the taste of successive generations, abounding in grateful shade, in lakes, and sparkling fountains, diversified with meadows, woods, and lawns, and decorated with temples, statues, and casinos, the realization of all that the fancy can suggest for refined and luxurious enjoyment, has been consigned to utter desolation. The villa to which Raffaele retired, and which his genius had adorned with a fresco-painting in which it has been affirmed M. Angelo himself was surpassed—this sacred spot, which, with a well-considered taste, had been left in its venerable simplicity, was involved in the common ruin to which were doomed the possessions of the wealthy owner who had first espoused and then deserted the cause of the revolution.\* The whole circuit of the walls presents similar scenes, nor has the wayside chapel or humble dwelling of the peasant fared better than the casino of the noble. This havoc is the more lamentable, inasmuch as it was wholly useless; no attack was expected from that side of the city, nor, if it had, could the defence of the city have been facilitated by this devastation.† In Rome itself, besides the injury done to its antique walls, and that which barricades and fortifications accomplished in the streets, much has been inflicted in the mere wantonness of malice. Convents have been pulled down in hatred to the occupants, and round the Castel S. Angelo whole streets are levelled. A subaltern officer in the Papal army, a fellow of loose and dissolute habits, having been refused assistance by Torlonia, now saw his opportunity of revenge; promoted to a high rank, implying full right of demolition, the Tordinona theatre, the property of that banker, fixed his aim: he made considerable progress in levelling the adjoining street—

\* This noble villa, though adorned by the munificence of the Borghesi, was held by them on condition that it should be open to the public; a vast sum was yearly expended in preserving it in repair, and it is said that the revenues of the prince will be materially benefited by this public loss, since he will now bring those grounds into productive cultivation, by which he will realise more money than he before expended in preserving them in splendid inutility.

† The lovers of the picturesque have no greater misfortune to deplore than the loss of the row of trees that edged the path between the arches of Severus and that of Titus. Yet the few avenues of elms that lined the roads beyond the Porta Angelica and the Porta Portese are losses nearly as great: trees of any size are rare in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and the loss is irreparable. The last piece of destruction was accomplished under the pretext of the defence of the town; but in truth no better reason can be assigned than the five dollars a piece for which the trees were sold.

but as to the theatre itself, the surrender of the city disappointed him—as it did many others in similar projects of patriotism.

Meanwhile the foreign consuls protested against the injuries which the *French General* was inflicting—injuries for which he was in no degree responsible, unless by his inactivity he may be said to have given time for their perpetration. It was by the Aurelian Way that he had advanced upon Rome, and here those skirmishes took place which French exaggeration and Italian vanity have swelled into important battles. What can hardly be exaggerated, however, is the amount of damage done. Bridges broken down, crops destroyed, walls levelled, and tenantless houses perforated with bullets and tottering to their fall, prepare the traveller for the more extended ruin which the city presents. The Villa Pamphili-Doria, and the cluster of fine casinos that surround it, were alternately occupied by the French and the miscellaneous hordes of Italian allies; and while Oudinot's troops observed the exactest discipline, and abstained from all unnecessary mischief, the other party seemed to take a malicious pleasure in wanton destruction. The principal casino in the Villa Pamphili has been sacked, the gardens trodden down, and the marbles and fountains broken and choked up. Less extensive than the Villa Borghese, but more beautiful in position and more elaborately decorated, it was sometimes preferred to that delightful spot—the rivalry in future must be confined to the extent of their ruin. To catalogue the outrages performed would fatigue the reader, and would perhaps add little of reality to the picture his imagination will supply—the appearance of this part of the city and environs may furnish no imperfect idea of Lisbon after the great earthquake.

The conduct of the defence was committed to Garibaldi, who took up his quarters in the Villa Savorelli, and afterwards in the Villa Spada, both within the walls. During the armistice with the French, he made a sortie from the town, and occasionally annoyed the rear of the retreating Neapolitans; he generally avoided their encounter however—and was better pleased to gain those shadowy victories which were celebrated in Rome, and perhaps credited in Paris, than to seek the reality in the battle-field. But however small the harm he did to the Neapolitans, the misery his progresses created in the Roman States is no fiction. The convent of S. Silvester, on the Alban Mount, was sacked—those of the monks who were discovered were murdered—and the building was saved from destruction only by the influence of one of the party somewhat better disposed, who persuaded the soldiers to get drunk in the refectory in preference to burning the library, which had been their first project. Their buccaneer chief

returned from these expeditions loaded with spoil, and, the newspapers assured us, with glory.

This adventurer is in nothing, if we except his costume, the melo-dramatic hero that the newspapers have represented him. He is between forty and fifty years of age, of the middle size, with an active figure and well-knit limbs. His countenance, which expresses resolution without ferocity, gives character to features rather striking than handsome. His hair is of a light reddish colour, and, descending on his shoulders, is trimmed in conformity with a thick and bushy beard of a shade or two lighter. In his dress he consults the picturesque: his cap was of scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold lace and a plume of black feathers; he wore a tunic, or blouse, of the beautiful scarlet cloth which the Sultan presented to the Pope; and besides his sword he carried a dagger in his belt. His personal and favoured troops were dressed in most respects like himself. With a certain ease and natural grace in his motions he mingled that air of sober and stately dignity which is essential to those who desire to exercise authority over Spaniards or their descendants. In South America he had acquired the Spanish manner as well as tongue, almost to the exclusion of his own. Adored by his own band, he found the art of making the miscellaneous swarm of licentious Italians obey him. Scrupulously polite in his language, he was inexorable in his deeds; he would order the execution of a dozen deserters with the same breath that he asked for a cup of wine. A sort of Claverhouse among the brigands, he affected the same devotion to what he called his duty; and while hating the Republic and despising the Republicans, and intending to establish himself on the ruins of both, he blazoned an unflinching zeal in their cause, for which he was ready to sacrifice every thing. While taking the greatest care of his own person, he did not expose his proper followers to unnecessary danger. He forced the convicts to work in the trenches, and the volunteers he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in exposing. Well acquainted with the national character, he affected to doubt the courage of those who presented themselves before him, and when they protested their anxiety to fight, he used calmly to point to the breach, where he directed his own Myrmidons to yield them the precedence, with secret instructions that no retreat should be permitted. We do not mean that this man, 'a robber by land and a pirate by sea,' was deficient in the common courage of a common soldier, but that he was not animated by a chivalric love of glory or by the romantic daring which seeks excitement in danger. Nor do we believe that, though utterly indifferent to human life, he had a positive pleasure in shedding blood.

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He turned out to have no military skill beyond that which guerilla practice teaches. The fortifications raised on the side of the besieged were all constructed by French or Polish officers. In the absence of science he entertained extravagant fancies and wild schemes for the destruction of the enemy; it was not till after repeated experiments and much injury of property and waste of time, that he was induced to renounce his project of suffocating the French army with the water of the Pauline aqueduct!\* Had he possessed the tact or enterprise that had been attributed to him, there is little doubt that he could have destroyed the French army in its consternation after the first repulse, or forced it to capitulate. General Oudinot had exhibited such signs of weakness as seemed to invite an attack; but the moment of victory was lost, and the reinforcements dispatched from France made ultimate success certain and resistance hopeless.

While, however, Mazzini was aware all along that the future hopes of the republicans depended solely on the events in Paris, and close observers detected this, Garibaldi showed no want of confidence in his resources. His operations were conducted with an air of authority that imposed on his troops, and with a rigour that insured submission from all others. The Papal soldiery, who had to a man deserted the Papal cause, were among the most noisy, at least, of the republican army; their pay was raised to the extravagant sum of seven pauls a-day—nay, some favoured corps received three times that sum. We can hardly think they earned their wages however, since their principal occupation consisted in driving about the town in strings of thirty or forty carriages,† their muskets garnished with red pocket-handkerchiefs, and their faces glowing with heat and intoxication, bellowing obscene and democratic songs: upon these heroes the rhetoric of Garibaldi was ineffectual; they would testify their devotion in any manner but fighting—and it was to supply their place that the ‘Committee of Defence’ was obliged to *press* volunteers into the service. Those whom this Committee could persuade were dispatched with a light escort to the walls—those who resisted were urged on with blows, accompanied by shouts of derision from the mob, if they had at all the appearance or the dress of gentlemen. One instance will suffice to illustrate this method of recruiting. A quiet

\* He repeatedly summoned the colonel of the Pompieri to his presence to discuss this ingenious project.

† Few suffered more by the revolution than the livery stable-keepers. They, their carriages, horses, and servants, were at all times at the disposal of patriots, civil and military, without the slightest payment either for work or damage.

civilian, in the service of a noble family, was denounced by a secret enemy as a lukewarm patriot: he was summoned to the walls, and having pleaded sickness in addition to his peaceful habits of life, a mounted band clattered into the court of the palace, and driving him before them, forced him to proceed at a running pace to the breach. If suchlike reluctant warriors endeavoured to escape, or if their nerves gave way when exposed to fire, they were mercilessly condemned; and if, deceived by the calmness of manner with which their execution was commanded, they burst forth into entreaties for mercy, they but afforded the inexorable condottieri the opportunity they desired of exhibiting an impartial justice.

The 'Committee of Oblations' was active meanwhile in securing the gleanings that the 'Committee of Forced Loans' had left. The nobles in general had fled, and acted wisely in so doing: their lives were not secure, and their persons would have served as hostages; the moment for resistance had passed; the most influential of their number had exhibited a timid haste in complying with the demands of the Committee at the moment when a manly resistance could have been made.\* Others had joined the movement in the hopes of obtaining popularity; others again in the abject spirit of submission. None had stood forth to resist the oppression of the democrats, or to assert the rights of their sovereign. We would not, however, be too harsh in our judgment of their conduct, since there was not one gentleman to be found in either of the legislative Chambers of France, in February, 1848, to give a better example in withstanding anarchy than that now exhibited by these inexperienced and unwarlike nobles. The Triumvirs, and their tripartite Committees—(for they were all composed of three members)—were anxious to infuse an air of bustle and energy into their proceedings, as well as to keep the spirits of the people alive with perpetual excitement. The requisitions were reiterated with a superhuman activity. The churches and convents which had been plundered of their plate were again visited, to discover hidden treasures.† In the search great violence and brutality were exercised on the priests—their cellars were burst open, and their

\* A decree of the Constituent Assembly, dated 2nd March, 1849, taxes every income from two-thirds to one-fifth of its amount—from an annual income of upwards of 12,000 crowns a year, down to one of 2000. Prince Borghese is much blamed for having set the example of submitting to this extravagant demand. It is believed that had he not shown so much promptitude in paying the first instalment of this fine, it would altogether have been resisted.

† The Palace of the Quirinal had been plundered; those of the cardinals were deprived of their most valuable articles—their pictures, libraries, and museums were pillaged, while the similar property of seculars was as yet spared. The Palazzo Doria had been presented to Garibaldi as a testimony of the affection of a grateful people: he had not time, however, to profit by the donation.

wine was seized, or wantonly wasted ; their domestics were beaten and pricked with bayonets and sword-points to induce them to betray deposits. Horses and provender were demanded—provisions of every sort for the valorous defenders of the breach—beds and linen for the wounded patriots. Several hospitals were converted into places of diversion, where women even of the better ranks, under pretence of attending the sick, gave a vent to those loose passions which in a more orderly state, of society they had been forced to repress—and the confessor was driven from the couch of the dying for fear of having to witness scenes of unbridled debauchery.

A melancholy picture of human depravity was presented on every side. Treachery and cowardice combined to exhibit the worst features of our evil nature. Servants long cherished by their masters, and pampered with every indulgence, now turned traitors, and denounced the secret hoard to the rapacious agents of confiscation. With trembling anxiety and emulous baseness they brought forth such articles as might tempt the cupidity and secure the favour of the licensed robber. These domiciliary visits had at first been conducted with an air of decency and an assumption of gravity. A catalogue was made, and a receipt offered ; the forms of business were observed. We think we have read that the Arab in the desert strips his victim with a sort of apology :—‘ Brother, give thy cloak ; thy aunt is cold, and has need of it.’ The wants of a Republic in danger afforded a more plausible pretext. But by degrees these forms were abandoned, and pillage assumed a more downright character ; the demands were still made in the name of the Committee, but the warrant exhibited was the pistol of the soldier, like that which Ensign Joyce presented to his King.

It is not the least singular feature of this singular period, that while the attack and defence were conducted with every show of animosity, the belligerent parties were all the time in correspondence. The notes and dispatches will be found in the ‘ *Bollettino delle Leggi*,’ and will furnish the best materials for the future historian. The hollowness of the whole transaction is evident ; but both parties felt themselves secure in their knowledge of the perfidy of the other, and in the means that each possessed to expose their antagonists. France had protected the political crimes of every country in Europe : killing was no murder, robbery no theft. Mazzini and his accomplices did not share the danger they compelled others to brave :—even without the protection of an English passport, they deemed themselves certain of the forbearance, if not of the favour, of a victorious enemy ; the people feared the cannon of the besiegers  
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less than the knife of their defenders : hence the resolution of the one and the patriotism of the other.

It was while General Oudinot was feebly protracting the siege, —while Rome and her suburbs were thus given up to the vindictive malice of the worst and most depraved of her own citizens—and while the hopeless defence was prolonged by the foreign adventurers who had usurped the Government—it was then that the Foreign Consuls, at the instigation of Mazzini, made the protest to which we have before alluded against an imaginary bombardment and the consequent destruction of the great monuments of Rome. It might, perhaps, have been thought that the voice of the Consuls, like that of the domestic birds in the Capitol on a former occasion, would awake the vigilance of the garrison ; but it could hardly be seriously supposed that the modern Attila would be scared from the walls of Rome by the apparition of the consular body. Some of the resident Consuls refused to sign this senseless protest ; others have since declared that their compliance was compelled ; and all, we believe, have expressed their regret that they were ever induced to put their signatures to it. The Portuguese withheld his adhesion till he was told that the property and the lives of his countrymen were menaced, and that their national church would be pillaged by the mob.\*

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\* If it is established that Consuls and Vice Consuls are essential to the public service, we could earnestly desire that the nature of their functions, as well as their extent, were accurately defined. We are averse to suggesting reforms, which we would willingly leave to the proper authorities ; but the recent events in Europe, particularly those in Italy and Sicily, have exhibited the abuses in this branch of the public service as utterly intolerable. How, we would ask, is the British traveller to derive protection in future from a British passport, when it is no longer a guarantee that he is not a foreign emissary of anarchy ? In the present instance we would further ask, had Mr. Freeborn orders to give passports to the republican leaders, or did he act on his own authority ? Those who do not know our country, feel certain that without authority no Deputy-Vice-Consul would have ventured on such a step. Unable to assign any other adequate motive, they pay Lord Palmerston the compliment of supposing he desires to revolutionize Europe for the purpose of obtaining some advantageous commercial treaties for England ; and to this object they believe him to be sacrificing the legitimate influence of his country and the untarnished honour it had hitherto preserved. It is believed in Rome that Mazzini carried on a personal correspondence with Lord Palmerston, and the passport of Mr. Freeborn is converted, by popular credulity, into a safe conduct from her Majesty herself, transmitted through the hands of her Chief Secretary of State. We have heard, that should Mr. Freeborn not be recalled by his own Government, that of Rome would be seriously inclined to withdraw the *exequatur*, which was firmly refused by Cardinal Bernetti when Secretary of State, and finally granted with reluctance. We must add, that however honourable Mr. Freeborn may be as an individual—and we believe him to merit that character—his position as a banker could not well fail of giving rise, in such a society and at such a time, to disparaging surmises.

Other inconveniences have arisen from this abuse of passports. The governor of Malta, Mr. More O'Ferrall, most properly refused to admit a cargo of persons furnished with such documents, while their chief, Avezzana, was only allowed to disembark with the express understanding that he would leave the island within five days.

The

The protest of the consuls was attended (as they themselves probably anticipated) with little effect. General Oudinot, when rid of the treacherous assistance of M. Lesseps, pursued his attacks with more vigour, and fortunately with a better result. While the patriots were endeavouring to fix the reputation of a 'barbarian' on this commander, they did their utmost to force him to commit the ravages he sedulously avoided. By mounting batteries close to St. Peter's and the Vatican palace they endeavoured to draw his fire upon those wonders of the world; yet, thanks to his forbearance, neither of them has suffered. It is true the interesting church of S. Pietro in Montorio has been seriously injured, and the annexed convent destroyed; but the fault lies with the defenders, who planted one of their principal batteries on this eminence, and who, after sacking the church and turning it into a stable, broke its finest monuments,\* and even robbed the vaults of the leaden coffins. It is also true that some palaces have been struck with balls, and the church belonging to the Priorato di Malta is sadly defaced; but we repeat that the Romans themselves, or rather their self-constituted defenders, are responsible for the far greater part of the mischief that has been accomplished.

After a siege of sixty-nine days the French can scarcely be said to have entered Rome as conquerors. The honour of their arms has been tarnished, and the besieged derived more credit from their defeat than the besiegers from their success. The subsequent policy of General Oudinot was timid in the extreme, and denoted a total ignorance of the people with whom he had to deal. He did not exact the immediate departure of all those foreigners by whom he had been opposed—he exercised no wholesome rigour—he enforced no unqualified submission,—he effected no general disarmament; the consequence was, his troops were murdered by the dozen. After the exit of Garibaldi and his band, who should instantly have been pursued and taken, above five thousand of the Legion still remained in Rome, consisting of the very worst of the bravoës and cut-throats who had belonged to the company of the 'Financieri.' It was several days before the most noted of the demagogues left the town, and Mazzini himself, having taken sanctuary in the counting-house or the wine-vaults of Mr. Freeborn, proposed residing at Rome under the ægis of British protection. It is needless to say

The rejected patriots, we perceive, now loudly complain that a fraud has been practised upon them, since they were not allowed to avail themselves of the protection for which they had paid the English Consulate at Rome.

\* The lovers of art will rejoice to hear that the fine fresco by Fra Sebastian del Piombo has escaped injury.

that



that this extension of consular privileges was not admitted, and Mazzini was forced to retire from Rome: he has retreated to England, where, as he writes to his admirers in Italy, he has found sympathy, affection, and succour. He will now have the advantage of a personal communication with Lord Palmerston, who will have the best opportunity 'of ascertaining the views of the leading republicans' from the fountain-head, and of communicating to them in return 'the intentions of her Majesty's Cabinet.\*

The assassinations were not confined to Oudinot's soldiers; all those who showed any satisfaction in their presence were exposed to insult or worse. Several murders were committed the very day the French effected their entrance. A labourer was massacred by five 'Financieri' in the Piazza di Monte Citorio and his body cut to pieces, because he was seen endeavouring to understand what a couple of French soldiers were asking him; and from the spot the murderers went into the Corso, brandishing their bloody weapons and boasting of their deed, which was rapturously applauded. A French priest, who had the misfortune to meet a band of these ruffians, was put to death simply on account of his nation and his profession. His remains were mutilated and exposed in a manner which we cannot particularize, but the shocking details of which had been learned in the pages of M. Lamartine. Another priest, who was imprudent enough to exclaim aloud, on seeing the entrance of the French, 'Rome is free!' was instantly murdered. All these crimes were perpetrated with impunity. A stop has at length been put to this open system of assassination; but the men of blood yet remain to threaten vengeance and to paralyze the efforts of justice.

Notwithstanding all that has now been stated, it is certain that the Romans *generally* saw the entrance of the French with satisfaction: it gave them present relief, and promised a return of tranquillity; but still it is equally true that neither the nation nor

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\* Since his flight from Rome, Signor Mazzini has written a letter—which, through Mr. Freeman's intervention, it is said, has become public—in which he affirms that the Republic is not overthrown, and that the seat of its government is only removed. He promises to return in glory, and in power, to punish his enemies, and to reward fidelity. Our readers will remember that it was to the plottings of this philosopher, when formerly an exile in England, that our late Government opposed itself; they cannot have forgotten the odium Sir James Graham incurred for intercepting his treasonable correspondence—the unwearied violence that made Sir James's name a proverb,—or his dignified conduct in scorning to explain, until the affair was alluded to in parliament, that in point of fact he was *not* the minister to whose department the interception fell, and that he personally had had no more to do with the matter than any one of the wise and farsighted statesmen who called in question the right and duty of the Government to thwart noxious adventurers in conducting, on our soil, conspiracies against foreign states and the peace of Europe. At present no Secretary of State will interfere with his letter-bag.

the mission were popular. The Papal party dreaded and disliked the former, and the republicans were justly incensed at the latter. The French, moreover, had exhibited those defects which most serve to destroy confidence, and, we may add, some of those virtues also which with the base multitude seldom inspire respect. Such was their moderation that it was found they might be insulted with impunity, and both officers and men were exposed to that description of ill-treatment which the Germans had long endured with such admirable patience in the north of Italy. There can be but one opinion of the conduct of the army since its occupation of the town. The officers have uniformly conducted themselves with exemplary delicacy, and the men bear the various privations and insults to which they are exposed with patience and good-humour. While we bear this willing testimony to the character of the army, we must again reiterate our condemnation of the policy that has been all along pursued by France, and which is still continued. That policy has neither been upright, nor rational, nor clearly defined. Shuffling and trimming have marked it in every stage—most conspicuously in the last. The tyranny of the usurpers having been abolished, the immediate restoration of the rightful government should have followed; no other course could justify the intervention. The recognition of the Pope, nevertheless, was long delayed, and, when professedly acknowledged, his authority was paralyzed in every act. The French leaders, refusing to take on themselves the responsibility of government, yet pertinaciously interfering in it, speedily reduced the administration of affairs, which before was difficult enough, to an absolute impossibility. The relations between them and the Cardinal-Commissioners became from day to day more uneasy. Very few, if any, of the nobles have even yet returned:—their continued absence is considered as a proof of *obscurantism*—it certainly is of cowardice and of extreme folly, and takes away the only chance of authoritative and effectual support for the cause of their sovereign, and the cause also of their own ultimate safety. It is understood that so far from withdrawing the whole or any part of their troops, the French are about to strengthen their Roman garrison—and the impression is universal that, on whatever pretext, they will be in no hurry to drop their hold of Italy. Their diplomacy, alike inconsistent and unexplicit, continues to increase and prolong suspicion; and we believe if the Romans were polled to-morrow, they would vote by an immense majority for the instant departure of the French, and the substitution of an Austrian army, whose chiefs should content themselves (as at Ferrara) with the military guardianship, and leave the natives undisturbed in the civil government.

It is said, and we can well believe, that the eyes of the Pope are fully opened to the folly of the course he had so long trodden. He has had fatal proof of the hollowness of the popularity on which he built, and he must now be aware that his early measures only alienated the friends of order, and rendered his enemies more powerful. Those enemies used their time to the best advantage. To men so depraved all means of corruption were familiar, and the *moral* state of the city is more dangerous to it than the material ruin with which it is threatened. Up to the month of May, in the year 1848, the influence of the Pope in the regions of the Monti and the Trastevere was unabated—in neither of those could Cicerovaccino show his face with impunity, nor could he ever have fixed his authority in those important quarters but for the weakness of Pius, who contributed to give him credit by appearing to trust and caress him, while in fact he was perfectly aware of his true character. We much fear that all the loyalty and ardent devotion which redeemed many of the defects of this primitive race have totally disappeared before the influences to which they have been exposed.

The measures of the restored government, it is true, have neither been very prudent nor very consistent; but the censures upon it are premature and unfair, nor till absolute freedom be restored to its action do we see how it can properly be held responsible. The reduction of 35 per cent. on the value of the Republican paper-money gave serious dissatisfaction; but it must be allowed, on the other hand, that the discount on those notes had exceeded this sum before the Government ordonnance limited it. The measure itself, moreover, is said to have been of French suggestion. Whatever the faults of the restored Government may be, they certainly are not those of over-harshness. Few imprisonments have taken place, and no punishments have been inflicted; we must add that the influence of the French has been invariably exercised in protecting the guilty and throwing discredit on the Government they came to restore. A decree has been promulgated cancelling all the appointments made by the Republic—a measure of indispensable necessity, since no government can leave power in the hands of its avowed enemies, and the Republican party had shown itself equally treacherous and implacable. The army has been disbanded; but those men who bear the best characters, who wish to continue in the service, and will promise amendment, are to be re-enlisted. This reduction also was a measure of prime necessity, since that army had exhibited every quality that could make it dangerous to the country and contemptible to the enemy: it was disaffected to the core, without discipline, and without even courage. We wish we could add that  
these

these measures had been followed up by any vigorous effort towards the reconstruction of society. If this be possible, it must be the result of a series of endeavours accomplished by the will of a resolute authority, claiming hereditary respect:—not, most assuredly, of the restoration of that hastily-devised Constitution which was overset, as soon as installed, by an act of deliberate murder.

Early in August it was confidently reported that the authorities of the French Republic, existing in habitual dread of all true Republicans, and willing at any cost to avoid the additional odium which a new flock of Roman exiles might excite against them, would ere long proclaim a line of policy, as to Roman affairs, calculated to repair in some measure at least the damage which their military expedition had done them in the eyes of the Liberals throughout the world. It was asserted that an universal amnesty would be exacted from the Pope, with the restoration of the National Guard, the adoption of the Code Napoléon, and the secularization of every office of Government. Such conditions, however, we conceived it impossible that even French audacity could propose—no matter with what alternative—to the sovereign in whose cause they had so lately erected their banners. To assume in the first place that the Code Napoléon is the best of possible codes, and in the next that it is suited to the Roman people—above all to impose any code at all on an independent state, and that too in the name of non-intervention—seemed extravagances unworthy to be seriously discussed. The Constitution, whatever might have been its merits, had been overthrown by the Roman people themselves, and another form of government substituted; nor could we conceive on what pretence it was now to be forced back on a prince and people who had both repudiated it. As the former unlimited amnesty granted by the Pope was the original cause of all the disturbances in his states, a repetition of the same measure—at the dictation, too, of a foreign power—could only, as we thought, be proposed in order to raise an insurmountable barrier to his return, and with the purpose of advancing some ulterior project of the French Cabinet. The National Guard had already proved itself worse than useless; and the secularization of the whole machinery of an ecclesiastical government was practically as absurd as would be the proposal to select the ministers of France from amongst the corporals of the mobilized guard.—When England and her allies interfered to prop the falling monarchy of Turkey, do our readers think their object would have been accomplished had the Sultan been compelled to name a divan of Greeks, presided over by an Armenian or Catholic vizier—to appoint a kislar-aga from the Jewish quarter—and to select the  
chief

chief mufti from amongst the infidel Christians of the Fanar?—And could it be denied that throughout the recent convulsions in the Papal States, the priests were the class that exhibited most principle, honour, and courage?—Finally, even were all these measures adopted, what effect could they have in conciliating the movement party in Italy? If any one still believes that any constitutional monarchy, whether headed or administered by priests or by laymen, could satisfy their aspirations, we decline arguing with persons whom experience can teach nothing.

The world had never, indeed, been told distinctly by the French Government upon what conditions the Pope originally accepted the assistance of their arms—no, nor even that he had accepted it at all before their troops sailed. It had indeed been asserted with an air of authority in our own Parliament, that France had moved in concert with Spain and Austria, and that she would continue to act on principles adopted by those Powers. To this declaration we should have attached very little weight; because we could well suppose of any mystification being hazarded by the French Republicans, and proving successful with the English Whigs; but we thought that there were better reasons for believing that there *had been* a real concert between the three Powers—(and such indeed we still believe to have been the fact). We therefore considered the rumours above stated as mere rumours, until there appeared in the newspapers a very remarkable document—viz., a letter of the French President, addressed to a personal friend of his, serving on the staff at Rome, and fully setting forth the writer's adhesion to the programme of the Liberal press. This production is in all its circumstances too curious not to be quoted entire :—

‘ A M. LE COLONEL EDGAR NEY.

‘ Paris, le 18 Août.

‘ Mon cher Ney,—La République Française n’a pas envoyé une armée à Rome pour y étouffer la liberté Italienne, mais au contraire pour la régler en la préservant de ses propres excès, et pour lui donner une base solide en remettant sur le trône pontifical le prince qui le premier s’était placé hardiment à la tête de toutes les réformes utiles.

‘ J’apprends avec peine que l’intention bienveillante du Saint-Père, comme notre propre action, reste stérile en présence de passions et d’influences hostiles qui voudraient donner pour base à la rentrée du Pape la proscription et la tyrannie. Dites bien de ma part au Général que dans aucun cas il ne doit permettre qu’à l’ombre du drapeau tricolore se commette aucun acte qui puisse dénaturer le caractère de notre intervention. Je résume ainsi le pouvoir temporel du Pape : amnistie générale, sécularisation de l’administration, code Napoléon, et gouvernement libéral.

‘ J’ai

‘ J’ai été personnellement blessé en lisant la proclamation des trois Cardinaux, où il n’était pas fait mention du nom de la France et des souffrances de ses braves soldats. Toute insulte à notre drapeau ou à notre uniforme me va droit à cœur. Recommandez au Général de bien faire savoir que si la France ne vend pas ses services, elle exige au moins qu’on lui sache gré de ses sacrifices et de son intervention.

‘ Lorsque nos armées firent le tour de l’Europe, elles laissèrent partout comme trace de leur passage la destruction des abus et la féodalité et les germes de la liberté. Il ne sera pas dit qu’en 1849 une armée Française ait pu agir dans un autre sens et amener d’autres résultats.

‘ Priez le Général de remercier en mon nom l’armée de sa noble conduite. J’ai appris avec peine que physiquement même elle n’était pas traitée comme elle méritait de l’être. J’espère qu’il fera sur-le-champ cesser cet état de choses. Rien ne doit être ménagé pour établir convenablement nos troupes.

‘ Recevez, mon cher Ney, l’assurance de ma sincère amitié.

‘ LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.’

Never, we believe, were matters of such moment treated in such a manner, and by such agents. The Emperor Napoleon would have dictated his will to an oppressed sovereign in his cabinet, and through an acknowledged minister. The Turkish Sultan, in the plenitude of oriental insolence, announced his pleasure to the Divan, and communicated it by means of a firman ; it was reserved for M. Louis Buonaparte, the temporary and elective President of a Republic, to prescribe the conditions upon which an independent sovereign should exercise the authority which it had been declared the welfare of Christendom requires him to possess—in a familiar letter addressed to a friend, who happens to hold an appointment on the staff of a General of Division. But the substance is as remarkable as the manner of the communication. This irregular missive makes no reference to the policy of allies, or to the interests of the Pope, or even to the opinion of the French cabinet—the sentiments only of the President are given. It must be allowed that the air of the Elysée seems as autocratic as that of the Tuileries was ever supposed to be! Furthermore, in the grandiloquent taste in which all Frenchmen delight, the President informs us that French armies have made the tour of Europe :—that this is not strictly the case, we need neither remind that magistrate nor our readers—nor can either have forgotten that the armies of Europe in their turn have made the tour of France, and even prolonged their visit into a military occupation. This fact, however, is infinitely less humiliating to that nation than their recent ‘ successes ’ at Rome, and was incomparably less calculated to injure their military reputation in the eyes of Europe.

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On the appearance of this lofty effusion, it was classed very generally with certain freaks of the writer's earlier days, which the general decorum of his conduct since his election to the Presidency had been disposing us all to forget. Others, however, suspected something not quite so visionary; that the letter was a cunning device, at once to prepare the world for the Pope's own announcement of his intended procedure, and to persuade the Liberals that, if that announcement should not come up to their wishes, its shortcomings had not been occasioned by any lukewarmness in the cause of reform on the part of the French President, or of the Ministers whose submission to his irregularity formed so notable a feature in the novel case. And we think the latter opinion has been justified by the *Motu Proprio* of Pius IX.—‘*datum Neapoli, Suburbano Portici, die duodecimo Septembris, 1849, Pontificatus nostri anno IV.*’—in which his Holiness explains to his *amatissimi sudditi* the concessions he is willing to make.

Art. I. announces a Council of State to examine and deliberate on projects of law before they are submitted for the sovereign's approval: the number of the councillors, their quality, and their prerogatives to be subsequently defined. Art. II.—A Council of Finance to determine the amount of revenue and the method of collecting it. Art. III.—Communal Councils to treat of matters of local interest; and Provincial Councils, the members of which are to be selected by the sovereign from lists presented by the Communal Councils, but whose powers and privileges are to be decided on hereafter. Art. IV.—Municipal Councils—elective bodies, the right of election depending on property, but the amount of property not yet fixed. Art. V.—Reform in the Courts of Law both civil and criminal. Art. VI.—An amnesty for all political offences—with certain exceptions.—The exceptions are considerable—they include the members of the Provisional Government—those members of the Constituent Assembly who took part in its debates—the Triumvirs and the Government of the Republic—the heads of the military departments under the usurpation—all those who took the benefit of the former amnesty and have since rebelled again—lastly, all who in the course of the late rebellion committed offences against the ordinary laws of the land.

However inadequate to the ‘*idées Napoléoniennes*,’ these concessions certainly go as far as the Pope could in reason be expected to do—and are such as, under circumstances less unfavourable, might well extinguish all schemes of revolution. But, even if no foreign influences should interfere with the experiment, we fear they would avail little in quieting the general disaffection. The country

country is divided between apathetical indifference to anything but material comfort, and the subversive energy of Communism. The nobles, the middle classes, and the proletarii, have all manifested their character and disposition. If Pius IX. can work the new scheme to a satisfactory result, it must be by firmness in his own conduct such as he has not hitherto exemplified, and by a continued reliance on the only class of his subjects who have shown qualities at all deserving of his respect and confidence. The curtain has been drawn up for another Act—we shall watch the scenes with anxiety.

Whether an ecclesiastical government is, or can be made, a good one, is a question on which we have not time now to enter. To such a government in the abstract we feel the dislike which is doubtless shared by the majority of our readers, and which confuses not a little at this moment the reasonings of our countrymen on the prospects of Rome. But communities, like individuals, cannot possess contradictory advantages; they must make their election; and a state of things which would be intolerable in one country may be the *sine quâ non* of another. This much is clear. If Rome desires to retain her prosperity, we might almost say her *existence*, it can only be as the residence of the Papal Court. Works of art and the monuments of antiquity will not infuse life into a state where the usual conditions of vitality are wanting. When Rome ceases to be the spiritual capital of Christendom, she will soon be what Agrigentum and Ravenna are—or what she herself was forty years ago, when a department of the French Empire.

The siege of Venice is also brought to a close, and the unfortunate inhabitants of that city will now be relieved from the injuries and privations their intrusive garrison inflicted upon them. The story of Venice is that of Rome: both were defended against the authority to which the *people* desired to submit, by foreign freebooters who inspired more terror than the enemy. Genoa alone has made anything like a national resistance. In proof, no doubt, of the fraternal affection of the Italians, that city was bombarded by the Piedmontese, taken, and a portion of it sacked—in revenge for the obstinate defence which it had dared to exhibit. The Lombard troops, on the other hand, which had so recently formed a portion of the Piedmontese army, and in the cause of whose own rebellious province the King of Sardinia incurred defeat and exile, had marched to Chiavari with the intention of assisting the Genoese insurrection against their late General; the *cit-devant* SPADA D'ITALIA—but the capitulation was signed before these tardy warriors could draw the sword against their brothers in arms.



It is to be hoped that the last spark of resistance having been overcome, a moment of breathing time will be accorded to this unfortunate country to heal its differences and to cultivate peace. The two powerful nations on its frontiers must dispose of its destinies. As yet, it must be owned, the horizon of Italy continues sufficiently murky. We desire thereon, however, one bright spot. In future, we can hardly anticipate that Lord Palmerston will discover an excuse to interfere with advice, encouragement, or protection.

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## I N D E X

TO THE

## EIGHTY-FIFTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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